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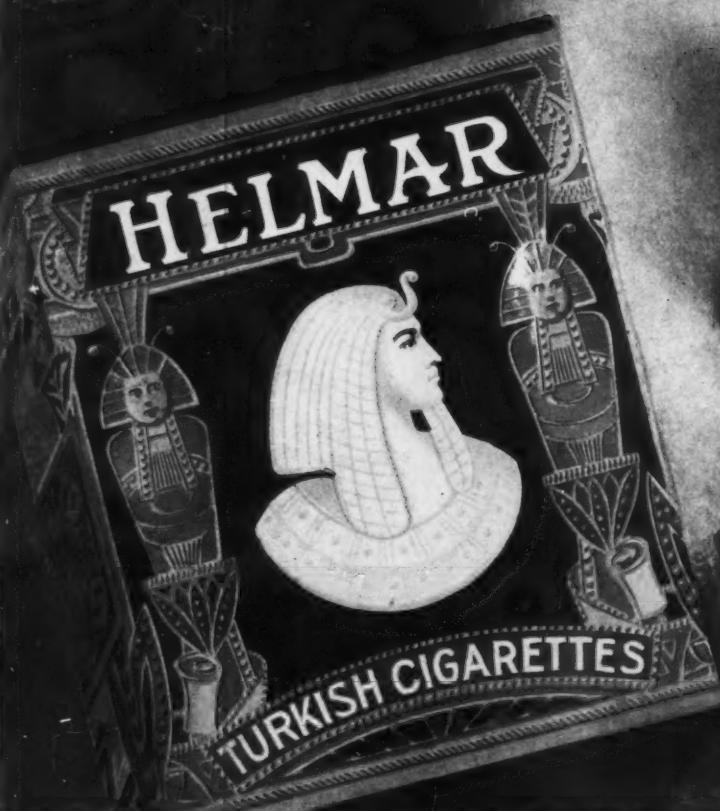
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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

This Month

Harrison Fisher

Cover: The Doughboy's Friend

Meredith Nicholson

Be a National Asset!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Prayer

Decoration by Frank X. Leyendecker

Cynthia Stockley

Lost Loraine Lores

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Rupert Hughes

Read It Again

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Frank R. Adams

The Last Adventure

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In the Enemy's Country

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Henry Leverage

The Petermen of Providence

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

The Stage To-day

Photographs in Artgravure

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The Colleen Rue

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Horses' Rights for Women

Illustrated with Photographs

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Next Month

A New Chambers Novel

WHAT is it the young woman of to-day needs? She is developing the strangest ideas of life, love, God, and man—especially of man. Her unrest has been accentuated by the war. What is the cure? Is it, as one man says, for her to marry and have numerous children? Or is it the revolutionary course adopted by Palla Dumont, the heroine of *The Crimson Tide*, a new novel in a startling new vein by Robert W. Chambers, which begins in June COSMOPOLITAN?

Boston Blackie

JACK BOYLE, author of the absorbing stories of Boston Blackie, knows the aristocracy of the underworld. He is one of the few men in the United States who has a real acquaintance among the powers that prey. He is in the confidence of men and women on the other side of the legal line. They trust him, because he never betrays their confidence. And because, when he writes of them, he writes understandingly. The stories of Boston Blackie are the best of their sort ever written. So, of course, they are to be a feature of America's Greatest Magazine. Read *The Daughter of Mother McCinn*, by Jack Boyle, in June COSMOPOLITAN.

The Butcher's Daughter

WHO but Rupert Hughes would ever think of finding a heroine in a butcher's shop? And who but Rupert Hughes would ever think of beginning the story of his hero on the night when he made his most unheroic appearance—the night when, as a kid in short trousers, he took his "girl" to a church sociable? From that start, this master of short-story writing has told one of the most extraordinary dramas that ever has been written in English. Let no mishap prevent you from reading *The Butcher's Daughter* in the June issue. It is a story of stories.

Gouverneur Morris

A NEW story by Mr. Morris always is good news. This one tells what one of our soldiers found when he returned to the home where he had left his happiness.

Those Curwood Stories

OF course you are reading James Oliver Curwood's stories of Swift Lightning. No one could resist them. The next one is called *Swift Lightning Runs Alone*. It will be in the June issue.

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI

MAY 1919

NO. 6

Be a National Asset!

By Meredith Nicholson

THE test of all love is service, and to love America is to serve America. Soldiers and sailors receive an honorable discharge when the nation no longer needs them, but no discharge is possible for the loyal American citizen. He is always on the job. Something clearer and finer and sweeter than the bugle sounds the call of Duty in the hearts of the true lovers of America. Peace changes the nature of the need; it does not alter the obligation to serve.

We are debating how best we may express gratitude for the triumphant conclusion of the war. Monuments of stone and bronze we shall have, but the imperishable commemoration will be the prompt putting-over of the Fifth Loan.

Seven billion dollars out of America's abundance is not to be weighed against a certificate of Peace—a peace that has broadened the vistas of freedom for all mankind.

This outpouring of dollars will be a thank-offering to the Lord God of Hosts for America's preservation and the dawn of a new era of Justice, Mercy, and Peace throughout the world.

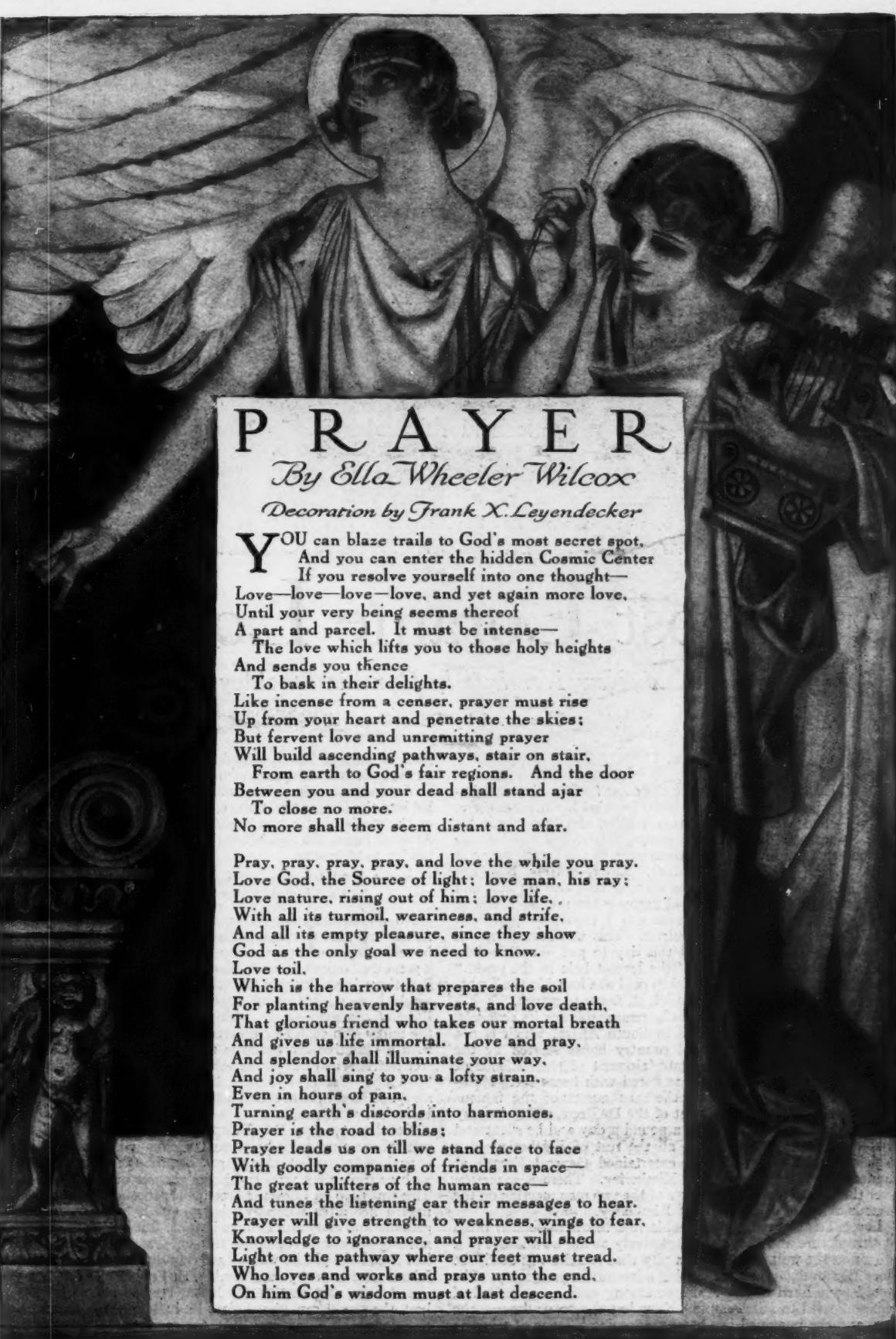
Failure would be a confession of weakness, a monstrous demonstration of ingratitude in the hour of victory. We have won the war; the immediate and pressing business is to pay the bills.

Your bond is the government's liability, but it makes *YOU* a national asset. With a bond in your pocket, you may lift your eyes to the bright flag of the stars with an honest sense of proprietorship. Your bond is proof that you have willed to serve America.

The Victory Loan! Rather, the Thanksgiving Loan! The invincible spirit so manifest in the fiery trial of yesterday must not falter before the imperative need of an hour blessed and crowned with victorious peace.

Buy a bond! Buy more bonds, and strengthen your membership in the great communion of American Democracy!





PRAYER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by Frank X. Leyendecker

YOU can blaze trails to God's most secret spot,
And you can enter the hidden Cosmic Center
If you resolve yourself into one thought—
Love—love—love—love, and yet again more love,
Until your very being seems thereof
A part and parcel. It must be intense—
The love which lifts you to those holy heights
And sends you thence
To bask in their delights.
Like incense from a censer, prayer must rise
Up from your heart and penetrate the skies;
But fervent love and unremitting prayer
Will build ascending pathways, stair on stair,
From earth to God's fair regions. And the door
Between you and your dead shall stand ajar
To close no more.
No more shall they seem distant and afar.

Pray, pray, pray, pray, and love the while you pray.
Love God, the Source of light; love man, his ray;
Love nature, rising out of him; love life,
With all its turmoil, weariness, and strife,
And all its empty pleasure, since they show
God as the only goal we need to know.
Love toil,
Which is the harrow that prepares the soil
For planting heavenly harvests, and love death,
That glorious friend who takes our mortal breath
And gives us life immortal. Love and pray,
And splendor shall illuminate your way,
And joy shall sing to you a lofty strain,
Even in hours of pain.
Turning earth's discords into harmonies,
Prayer is the road to bliss;
Prayer leads us on till we stand face to face
With goodly companies of friends in space—
The great uplifters of the human race—
And tunes the listening ear their messages to hear.
Prayer will give strength to weakness, wings to fear,
Knowledge to ignorance, and prayer will shed
Light on the pathway where our feet must tread.
Who loves and works and prays unto the end,
On him God's wisdom must at last descend.



The drive into the veld was renounced, but home was reached only by a route both long and devious

Lost Loraine Loree

A New Novelette by Cynthia Stockley

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

PART I

KIMBERLEY was once the most famous diamond diggings in the world. Rhodes founded his fortunes there, and the friendships that backed him throughout his career. In the tented camps, hundreds of men became millionaires, and hundreds of others went to jail for the crime of I. D. B. (illicit diamond buying). Later, stately buildings and comfortable homes took the place of tent and tin hut, and later still, the town, like a good many other mining towns in South Africa, became G. I. A mine is G. I. (meaning "gone in") when there is no longer any output. This was hardly true of Kimberley. It continues until this day to put out diamonds, and still may be found there "the largest hole in the world." But Kimberley's day was over when gold was found in the Transvaal and the adventuring crowd left it, never to return.

At the present time, it is chiefly remarkable for its scandals, dust, heat, and the best hotel in South Africa, which is not so much a hotel as a palatial country house started by the De Beers' magnates for the entertainment of their friends or for their own use when they are bored with home life. Notabilities are often entertained there as guests of the famous company, but, even if not a guest of the De Beers, a traveler may stay at the Belgrave for about a pound a day and be silent and cool as in an ice-house while all the rest of Kimberley is a raging furnace. Mr. Rhodes entertained General French at dinner here after the relief of Kimberley. There is a picture over the dining-room mantelpiece of the two men meeting on the famous occasion of the relief of Kimberley.

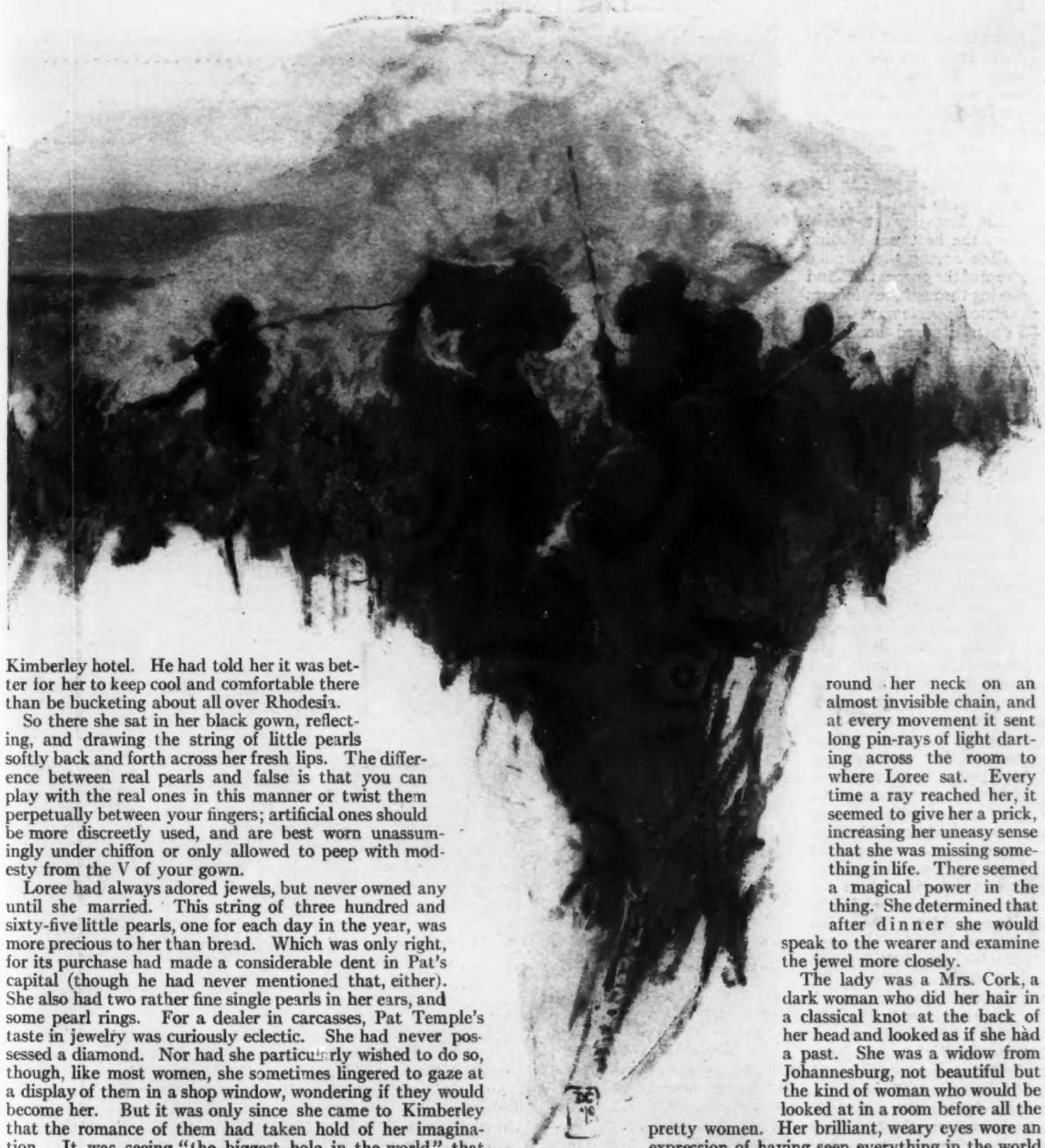
Loree Temple, seated at a table just below it, looked often at this picture and then contemplatively at her own image in a mirror on the wall. It seemed a pity that Rhodes was dead, the Boer War over, and all the mining adventurers gone away. She would have liked to live and love among such men instead of being married to Pat Temple. None but the brave deserve the fair, and she imagined her beauty adorning a scene of triumph and roses and wine when gallantry returned to white arms and the soft rewards of victory. She had often dreamed herself

back in ancient Rome, seated in a chariot beside some blood-stained general, with pearls strung in her hair and immense uncut rubies and emeralds against her dazzling whiteness. Or perhaps led into the banquet as a slave, with chains upon her wrists, part of the spoils of war, proud and sad and exquisite in her doom. At other hours, she remembered the words of Arthur, bitter and tender to his queen:

With beauty such as never woman wore
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee.

No doubt she took an exaggerated view of her own case. At any rate, her women friends would have found much pleasure in telling her so. It was only natural she should think herself a great deal more beautiful than she was. All pretty women do. But there is no denying that the sight of her, as she sat there, would have spoiled many a woman's sleep and gladdened the heart of any man—a girl with red hair and a redder rose in it, the milky skin such hair ensures, a sweet, ensnaring mouth, eyes with a plaintive expression in them, a string of small but perfect pearls round her young throat, and a black georgette gown by Viola. Pat always liked her to wear black while he was away. The simple soul had an idea that in black she would not be looked at so much.

Needless to say, Pat Temple was neither a blood-stained general nor a mining adventurer. He made his income honestly enough out of cold-storage plants, and though indirectly he dealt with corpses, they were legitimate corpses of beef and mutton. This was hard on Loraine Loree (as her mother had romantically named her after Kingsley's poem), with her secret thirst for glamour and glory and strange jewels. But husbands often know nothing of their wives' secret thirsts. Pat Temple knew that he had found the girl he wanted growing like a flower in a Channel Island garden—a "Jersey lily," with French blood in her veins—and that was enough for him. He meant to get her the best the world can give before he had finished, but he never mentioned his intentions. At the moment, he was up North trying to persuade Rhodesians to install cold-storage plants in all their big towns. That was why Loree was alone in the luxurious



Kimberley hotel. He had told her it was better for her to keep cool and comfortable there than be bucketing about all over Rhodesia.

So there she sat in her black gown, reflecting, and drawing the string of little pearls softly back and forth across her fresh lips. The difference between real pearls and false is that you can play with the real ones in this manner or twist them perpetually between your fingers; artificial ones should be more discreetly used, and are best worn unassumingly under chiffon or only allowed to peep with modesty from the V of your gown.

Loree had always adored jewels, but never owned any until she married. This string of three hundred and sixty-five little pearls, one for each day in the year, was more precious to her than bread. Which was only right, for its purchase had made a considerable dent in Pat's capital (though he had never mentioned that, either). She also had two rather fine single pearls in her ears, and some pearl rings. For a dealer in carcasses, Pat Temple's taste in jewelry was curiously eclectic. She had never possessed a diamond. Nor had she particularly wished to do so, though, like most women, she sometimes lingered to gaze at a display of them in a shop window, wondering if they would become her. But it was only since she came to Kimberley that the romance of them had taken hold of her imagination. It was seeing "the biggest hole in the world" that started it. She had gone by herself, and gazed long into the vast excavation delved by the hands of man in the search for those strange little *cadres* of imprisoned light, each with a mysterious past behind it and an almost eternal future before it. She wondered what became of diamonds. They seem indestructible, yet where were all the millions of them that had been taken from this one great hole alone—that, down there, out of the light, were still being dug and groped and sweated for?

And it was all for women! That gave her a thrill she had never felt before. Men slaved and wore out their lives and were killed down there, so that women might wear diamonds. Those little sparkling stones were tokens of love between men and women—imperishable counters of passion!

It began to stir her uneasily from that moment to think she had never possessed a diamond. Why had Pat only given her quiet, peaceful pearls? Perhaps she was missing something. Perhaps the great things of life were passing her by.

Her eyes wandered round the dining-room. There were not many women, but every one of them had a glimmer of light somewhere—in her ears, at the bosom, or on her fingers. One woman who, like Loree, was dining alone, wore a single stone slung

round her neck on an almost invisible chain, and at every movement it sent long pin-rays of light darting across the room to where Loree sat. Every time a ray reached her, it seemed to give her a prick, increasing her uneasy sense that she was missing something in life. There seemed a magical power in the thing. She determined that after dinner she would speak to the wearer and examine the jewel more closely.

The lady was a Mrs. Cork, a dark woman who did her hair in a classical knot at the back of her head and looked as if she had a past. She was a widow from Johannesburg, not beautiful but the kind of woman who would be looked at in a room before all the pretty women. Her brilliant, weary eyes wore an expression of having seen everything in the world worth seeing, and finding that nothing was worth having. Loree admired and intensely envied her air of "having lived," and the cynical flavor of her speech. They had already exchanged smiles and fragments of conversation when meeting in the lounge and drawing-room, and Mrs. Cork had told her that she was in Kimberley to consult a noted pedicurist about some trouble with her left foot.

Another person who interested Mrs. Temple now entered the dining-room and sat down at a table a few yards away, with his chair so placed that there was nothing between him and an uninterrupted view of Loree except the little delicately shaded electric lamp. Very unobtrusively, he moved the light slightly aside. Immediately Loree experienced the same odd prickling in her blood as the rays of the diamond seemed to cause her. Only, she no longer felt that she was missing something, or that life was passing her by on the other side.

For three days he had deliberately courted her with a pair of fine, golden-brown eyes that contained melancholy, power, a whimsical reflective expression, and a whole world of admiration for Loree Temple. He was a dark, gracefully built man with thick dark hair brushed back smoothly on his well-shaped head.

Everything about him was right, from his hair to his shoes. He was the kind of man who could not make any mistake about dress, and gave distinction to anything he wore. His name was Quelch, and Loree was aware that he was a power in the hotel and in Kimberley.

The first day at lunch, when the heat was sizzling outside among the fernlike leaves of the pepper trees and coming through the windows in almost visible waves, Mrs. Temple's red head had drooped rather like a poppy overtired by the sun, and she had fanned herself a little wearily with the menu-card. A low-spoken word at Quelch's table and a shade at the outside veranda was moved by swift hands, so that it darkened the window behind her without shutting off the air. A moment later, a huge block of ice standing in a deep tray of greenery miraculously appeared on the window-sill, and a fan daintily composed of lace and ivory lay at her elbow. In the evening, she found that beside her table a wooden tree had sprung up through the floor and blossomed into an electric fan whose zephyrs were for her exclusive refreshment. There were lovely flowers everywhere, but a silver bowl of deep-red roses distinguished her table from the others. There are some things you know for certain without knowing them for sure, as the saying is. Without any evidence, Loree was aware of Quelch's responsibility for these delicate miracles. He was a power. He spoke, and things happened.

The roses were there again to-night, deep and red and dewy, as if they had been plucked in a misty valley and were still wet with the dawn.

As she left the table, she took one from the bowl and stuck it into the V of her gown. It was carelessly done, but her hands trembled a little and her veins thrilled again as if in answer to some magnetic current which, whether it came from a magic stone or from a man's eyes, made her feel curiously alive and daring. There is no thrill like the thrill of playing with fire that may blaze out and consume you (but you won't let it), or standing on the edge of a precipice where you might fall over (but you are not going to).

Betaking herself to the cool gloom of the veranda, where coffee was served, she sat down by Mrs. Cork. Out in the garden, spectral figures were drenching the trees and flowers with water after the cruel heat of the day, and the place was full of the scent of wet earth. Said Mrs. Cork:

"I have been so dull all day. Not a thought but to lie *perdue* under my mosquito-curtains until the sun went down."

"Do you dislike the heat?" said Loree. "I find it stimulating."

The other woman considered her with heavily shadowed eyes. "It flattens me out like a glass of spilled milk. You haven't



A moment or two later they were

been here long enough for it to take toll of you, but it will—body, soul, and spirit."

Loree laughed, secure in her fresh beauty. Besides, it felt very safe to be Pat Temple's wife.

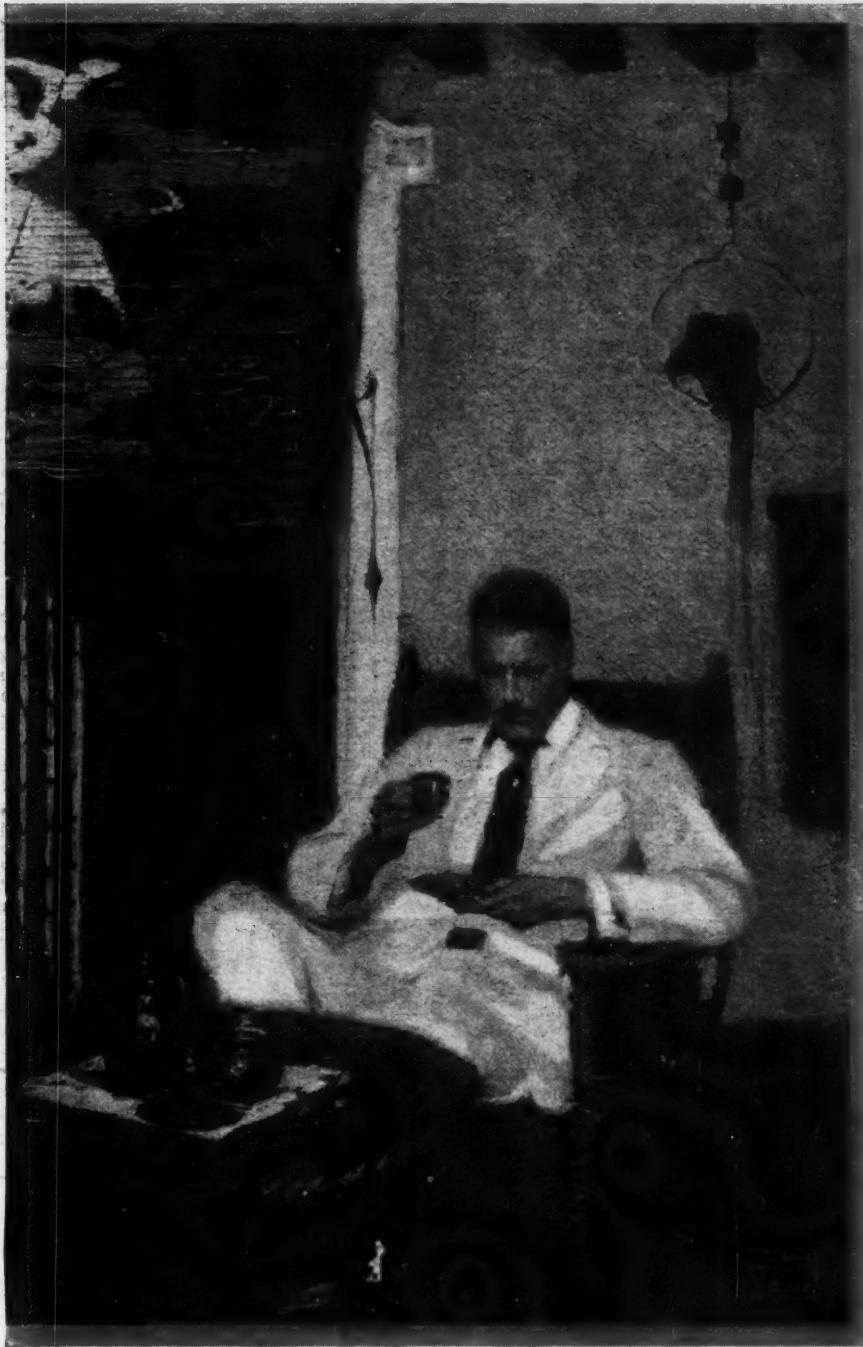
"I should be inclined to challenge that if I had come to stay. We are only out here on a trip."

"You're lucky. Africa is all right as long as you can get away from her. But you should not challenge her! Like Fate, you never know what she has up her sleeve."

She sipped her coffee, looking moodily into the dark garden. Loree snatched this opportunity to scrutinize the diamond. It winked at her like a little demon with bluish-green eyes.

"Would you think me very inquisitive if I asked whether your diamond came out of the Kimberley mine?" she asked.

Mrs. Cork smiled indifferently.



sitting together, discussing the matter

"No; it is a Brazilian. Are you interested in diamonds?"

"They exercise a sort of fascination," said Loree slowly. "I never thought about them much before."

The other woman examined her thoughtfully.

"Yes; one does begin to think about them here. Kimberley is a wicked place."

The statement gave Loree a sensation—not altogether disagreeable.

"It seems so quiet and peaceful."

The other smiled cryptically.

"There is a *not* current in South Africa with regard to the degree of wickedness to be found in different towns. It runs: 'Kimberley, first prize; Cradock, second; Hell, highly recommended.'"

Loree could not help laughing, and at that moment Quelch sauntered out from the hall and stood in the light close beside

them. Mrs. Cork, lifting her voice slightly, addressed him.

"Mr. Quelch, come here and help me convince Mrs. Temple that the wickedness of Babylon was as nothing compared to the wickedness of this sweet and tranquil town."

He laughed; they all laughed, and a moment or two later they were sitting together, discussing the matter. Quelch repudiated the libel on Kimberley. If "wickedness" was in question, he thought that Johannesburg ought, at any rate, to receive an honorable mention.

"There are no diamonds in Johannesburg," said Mrs. Cork.

"Diamonds!" Quelch looked musingly at Loree. "The most exquisite of gems, known only to kings." Pliny wrote that of them in the year 100 Anno Domini!"

His voice had a melancholy cadence; the dark beauty of his face suggested the East, where women are addressed with a musical, caressing softness. Loree was susceptible to voices, and she listened, fascinated. It appeared that the Tintara, a mine outside Kimberley which had produced some remarkable diamonds, belonged to him, but he spoke of it carelessly, as if it were a broken-kneed horse he owned. He showed them a stone that had been discovered that day. It was rather like a piece of washing-soda, with no glitter or spangle at all. Difficult to believe that it could be cut and polished into dazzling beauty. It must go to Europe for that, though. There are no lapidaries in Africa.

Before they parted that night, he invited them to go next day and see the diamonds at the De Beers offices. They accepted with fervor, and he said he would have a car waiting for them.

"He is not a De Beers man himself," Mrs. Cork told Loree, as they went up-stairs, "but immensely rich and hand in glove with the diamond crowd here. He can do anything he likes in Kimberley. Fascinating brute, isn't he?"

"Why 'brute'?" asked Loree, surprised. It was not a word she

would have thought of applying to him.

"He has such a gentle voice," Mrs. Cork said, and seemed to think that answer enough. "He had a wife once—a lovely woman, they say. He is mad about beauty. She died in childbirth about fifteen years ago, leaving him a son whom he adores. He has the reputation of being extreme in his loves and hates. Extreme people are always dangerous."

Smiling her weary enigmatic smile, Mrs. Cork bade her good-night.

A beautifully-appointed car fatched them the next day in the cool of the afternoon, and Quelch met them at the door of the famous Diamond Office, a substantial stone building with no hint in its squat face of the romance it housed. Quelch trod its corridors as if he owned them. Because of being his guests, they were not constrained, like other visitors, to stand behind a rail, but invited to approach the counter where men and women

Lost Loraine Loree

sat pushing innumerable little objects that looked like dull bits of broken glass into cone-shaped heaps. It was difficult to believe in the concealed splendor of those dingy heaps. The two women lingered, plunging their fingers into hidden glory and speculating on the possible future of each stone. Some were for the engagement rings of little shop-girls, some might gleam in a crown, and be dyed with a queen's blood, as were the diamonds of poor Draga, of Servia. The past of each was silence, a secret buried in the earth's bowels, its future endless, almost eternal, like the hills.

There were freakish stones, too. Curiosities kept just as they had been dug from the mine. One had the face of a clock clearly marked on it, though by no human agency; another showed a church window, another a perfectly shaped capital V. One was like the bead of a rosary, with all its points pushed in instead of projecting. Mrs. Cork exclaimed much over these, but what moved Lorree most was the sight of the cut and polished gems which a clerk set out before them. These were the show-stones kept for the glory of De Beers and the ravishment of visitors, row upon row of them nesting in cases upon such delicate shades of velvet as best became their beauty.

Lorree's breath came in little gasps as she gazed upon them—rose-red, amber-colored, silvery, sherry-brown, smoky blue and water-white. It seemed to her that she was drinking some magic draft in an enchanted garden full of roses, dancing daffodils, and frozen dewdrops imprisoning a thousand spurts of flame.

Quelch stepped into the garden, too. The slow music of his voice as he gathered up the stones and let them fall from his fingers to hers was for her alone, and became part of the glamor and the dream. One exquisite thing, the color of a dog-rose and radiating a thousand minute roses of fire, fell into the pearly pinkness of her palm and nestled there.

"As if it wishes to stay," said Quelch. "As if it knows that for such hands diamonds are sought and found."

The words were spoken musingly and very low. Lorree heard them, but they did not disturb her. The spell of diamonds was on her. The garden had turned into enchanted woods, and Pan was fluting there.

When they were leaving the building, some minutes later, they met a man who stopped Quelch and showed him something he had picked up. Lorree recognized it, for already her eye had learned to discern a diamond in the rough. Quelch gave a glance and handed it back.

"Worth about a hundred and seventy," he said carelessly.

"What was it? Where did he find it?" asked Mrs. Cork eagerly, as they passed on.

"A seven-carat diamond. He found it in the street close by, and is going to hand it in."

"But may one not keep a diamond if one finds it?" asked Lorree wistfully. He smiled at her ignorance.

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Temple. Findings are not keepings here. Every stone within a large radius is the property of De Beers Company."

"How strange!" she sighed. "One would think that what is lying loose in the world would be everyone's property."

"On the contrary, if that fellow had kept it, he might have got from five to ten years in jail for illegal possession."

"And for being honest—what will he get?" inquired Mrs. Cork.

"Nothing. He is a company's man. De Beers employees are not expected to pick up seven-carat diamonds in the street. If encouraged, such accidents might develop into habits."

"And if I had found it?" she pursued.

"Ah! You, as an innocent stranger, would be paid a reward of twenty per cent. on its value."

"It seems worth while to keep one's eyes open," she laughed, and began to shuffle with the toe of her shoe in the dusty street.

"I should hardly advise that course," smiled Quelch. "There are detectives all about us, as well as in the office. The innocence of strangers is only presumed as long as they keep a roving look out of their eyes and do not stoop down to pick interesting things from the dust."

Both women looked startled. Mrs. Cork, indeed, was rather indignant.

"How horrible! Do you mean to say that even we might be suspected? That we were being watched in there?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted Quelch apologetically. "As you said yourself, it is a wicked place."

They got into the car, and he asked permission to accompany them, suggesting a drive round the open mine. Lorree did not mention that she had already been there. She longed to see it

again. Mrs. Cork sulkily declared that, though she did not mind prolonging the drive, she wanted no more to do with mines. When they reached the big hole, she closed her eyes, tucked herself under her mauve sunshade, and said they could inspect it if they liked, but that her interest in the diamond industry was damped forever.

"I believe she is really upset," said Lorree to Quelch, as they walked away.

"She need not be. The rule of watching is never relaxed. Everyone is suspect while in contact with diamonds, and no one trusted. Even the watchers are watched."

"How curious—and how terrible!"

"In spite of it, many thousands of pounds' worth are stolen every year."

They looked down into the mine. The pit's colorings ranged from surface red and yellowish clay to the famous "blue ground" in which the gems are found. Far below, amid the jutting blocks of rusty rock that are the barren "reef," tiny figures moved busily, pushing infinitesimal trucks. But Quelch explained that surface work had practically ceased. The real labor took place out of sight.

"It is down in the bowels of the earth that the work goes on," he said. "Thousands of natives groping and toiling in the gloom—for women." He had only put her own thoughts into words, but, somehow, spoken in his arresting tones, the fact became more potent. "I was going to say for women like you, but that would have been foolish. There is no other woman in the world like you."

His habit of looking abstractedly into distance while he talked lent an impersonal note to his remarks that was strangely contradicted by his voice. Young as she was, Lorree Temple had tasted the sweets of homage before now, and learned when it was fitting to lightly accept or coldly pass them by. But this man's homage, both bold and subtle, was outside of her experience. She was a little frightened—disturbed, yet held in thrall. She had an instinct that he was dangerous, but wild horses could not have dragged her away. In the mean time, she used such women's gifts as the good God had given her. She gave a little careless laugh.

"Oh—there are lots of women like me in the world. And diamonds are not for everybody."

He looked steadily across the mine.

"If I believed there was another—"

Perhaps he saw the fleeting glance she cast toward the car, for he broke off abruptly, and she did not hear what would happen if he believed there was another woman like her in the world. But her pulses were beating furiously. If some one had tried to push her into the mine and she had escaped by a hair's breadth, she could not have been more inwardly perturbed. Yet there was no outward and visible occasion for it. He was talking calmly and interestingly, as he had done the night before about diamonds. They were *not* for everybody, he said, but for beauty only. From Cleopatra down to Cléo de Mérode, it had been the same. The advent of a lovely woman, duchess, or actress into the world affects the diamond market as the sensitive plant is affected by the approach of a human hand. A thousand waves and wheels are set in motion. Dealers, designers, skilled workmen, and common cutters—all feel the magnetic thrill. Even the thieves in the underworld become busier, and greater quantities of raw diamonds are stolen. Buyers make hurried journeys to Amsterdam and Antwerp. Parcels of rare stones change hands. The jewels that fill shop windows are, it seems, only for ordinary women. For the extraordinary ones, something special must be made. For them the combination of flawless stones, exquisite enamels and rare design.

It was strangely interesting to hear these things. Lorree did not know why they should move her so profoundly, and become all mixed up with the sparkling joys of the flowers in her enchanted garden. Perhaps the fluting of Pan had something to do with it.

When they returned to the car, Mrs. Cork had recovered her good humor. Quelch proposed a drive to Alexandersfontein (a sort of Southern Coney Island) and, dismissing the chauffeur, took the wheel himself. Lorree had the sensation of tasting life very sweet between the lips as they flew along through the cooling air right into the heart of a blazing sunset. She knew that the strangely attractive man beside her was more than a little in love with her—and when will such knowledge cease to exhilarate a woman's blood? The only crumpled rose-leaf in her happy cup was an accident that happened as they dismounted from the car for tea. Quelch stepped on her frock and tore it from its gathers, necessitating the assistance of a maid, who took some time to fix it up. Mrs. Cork's temper appeared to be of uncertain quality



She looked ravissante. No wonder every man in the hotel found a good and proper reason for being in the hall while Quelch put on her wraps

and unable to bear strain of any kind. She looked very sulky at being kept waiting for her tea, and all Loree's apologies and Quelch's civilities, surmounted by a heavenly tea, could not disperse her gloom. She said that the drive had made her eyes ache and the sight of strawberries and cream made her sick. For the homeward drive, Loree offered her the front seat, but she preferred silence and solitude in the body of the car, and the others did not deny her. When two people are on the brink of an

entrancing flirtation, they cannot truthfully "grieve as they that have no hope," if they are left to themselves. In the warm, rushing darkness of the night, no word was exchanged between Quelch and Loree, but they advanced quite a long way on the perilous path of forbidden primroses. Arrived at the hotel, Mrs. Cork said abruptly:

"You won't see me again to-night. I've got one of my awful headaches and shall go straight to bed."

Lost Loraine Loree

They breathed sad sympathy over her, smiling in their hearts. It was plain to see that the poor woman was suffering. Her attractiveness had quite gone, and her skin taken a yellowish pallor with heavy lines about her eyes. Loree was really sorry, but the heart of youth is light, and the troubles of other people do not unduly depress it. Moreover, she was in the throes of the first interesting thing that had happened to her since she married Pat Temple a year ago. She was sure that she was very strong and clever and well able to look after herself, and keep Quelch where he ought to be kept—outside of Pat Temple's garden of happiness. But it was fascinating to philander over the gate, and would hurt no one who *ought not to be hurt*.

"I don't want to make him unhappy, of course," she murmured virtuously, as she hurried out of her afternoon things and splashed herself with cooling waters. "But if men will go looking for scalps, they must expect a few scars."

It was past the dinner-hour. She flung on the little black gown and fastened Pat's pearls into her ears and about her neck. They seemed extraordinarily unimaginative ornaments, somehow—not a sparkle or glimmer about them anywhere. More virtuous indignation moved her—this time against the giver of the pearls.

"If I flirt a little, it is his fault for leaving me behind in this dull place—while he is enjoying himself."

Even her own cheek blushed at this casuistry, and a photograph of Pat on the mantelpiece gave her a reproachful glance. She remembered that she had not written to him that day.

"I will, after dinner," she murmured. "Not that he deserves it. If he really cared for me, he would not neglect me in this manner."

Another blush brightened her cheek. But it only served to enhance the violet of her eyes.

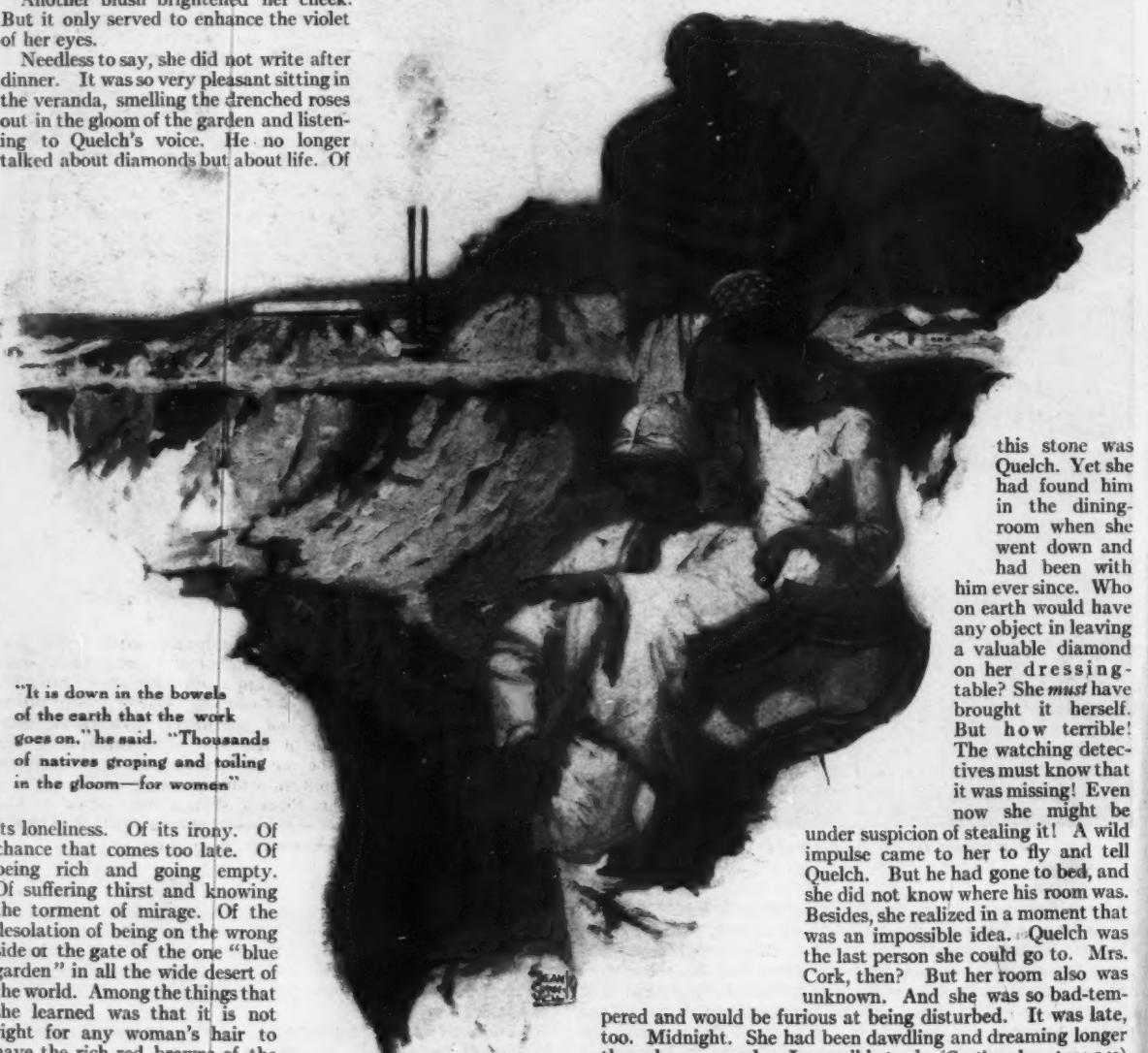
Needless to say, she did not write after dinner. It was so very pleasant sitting in the veranda, smelling the drenched roses out in the gloom of the garden and listening to Quelch's voice. He no longer talked about diamonds but about life. Of

back of an old violin—a priceless Stradivarius—and that when a man sees a certain plaintive *priez-pour-moi* look in a woman's eyes, he is ready to throw his immortal soul under her feet.

She felt extremely elated when she went up to bed at somewhere about eleven o'clock. It had been a charming evening, and the morrow held a further prospect. Quelch was to fetch her in his racing car at five and take her to see the Rhodes Memorial.

Her garments of the afternoon still lay in confusion about the room. The servants had turned down the bed and arranged the mosquito-net, but everything else was as she had left it. She began to pick up things and put them away, but her mind was preoccupied. She stopped to examine the color of her hair in the glass as though she had never seen it before. And she looked long at her eyes. Had they really a *priez-pour-moi* expression? At last she hung up her gown and prepared leisurely for bed. Her gloves lay flung on the dressing-table, and she took them and put them into a drawer. Then she stood still, staring. Where the gloves had lain something glittered. Something was lying there like a fallen star.

At first she hardly dared touch it. But at length she lifted it tremulously and gazed into its scintillating heart. It was the lovely dog-rose diamond that had nestled in her palm that afternoon. The touch of it warmed her all through, then slowly froze her into fright. How had it come there? The only possible explanation seemed to be that, after playing with and handling the diamonds, this one had slipped into some fold of her clothes and been brought home by her. The alternative was that some one had brought it and placed it on her dressing-table. But that seemed too fantastic. The one person connected in her mind with



"It is down in the bowels of the earth that the work goes on," he said. "Thousands of natives groping and toiling in the gloom—for women."

its loneliness. Of its irony. Of chance that comes too late. Of being rich and going empty. Of suffering thirst and knowing the torment of mirage. Of the desolation of being on the wrong side or the gate of the one "blue garden" in all the wide desert of the world. Among the things that she learned was that it is not right for any woman's hair to have the rich red browns of the

this stone was Quelch. Yet she had found him in the dining-room when she went down and had been with

him ever since. Who on earth would have any object in leaving a valuable diamond on her dressing-table? She must have brought it herself. But how terrible! The watching detectives must know that it was missing! Even now she might be

under suspicion of stealing it! A wild impulse came to her to fly and tell Quelch. But he had gone to bed, and she did not know where his room was. Besides, she realized in a moment that was an impossible idea. Quelch was the last person she could go to. Mrs. Cork, then? But her room also was unknown. And she was so bad-tempered and would be furious at being disturbed. It was late, too. Midnight. She had been dawdling and dreaming longer than she supposed. Impossible to do (Continued on page 142)



A slim, soft hand is laid on his arm, and a woman warns him, "If some one hears the baby call you 'papa!'"

Read It Again

A short story as new as to-morrow's newspaper by Rupert Hughes

THE tall Sunday-school teacher stood and harangued a small flock of fidgety boys. They thought of nearly everything except what he was saying, and if they learned anything at all, it was something that he never dreamed he taught. One of the Sabbath sparrows was fascinated by the play of light on the teacher's features. It streamed through a window of imitation stained glass cut in small diamond-shaped panes, covered with colored paper oiled into translucence.

What fascinated the boy was the miracle wrought in the teacher's appearance by the change of light as his weight shifted from foot to foot and his head from beam to beam. When his brow was smitten by the shaft from a blue pane, he looked wan, ethereal, spiritual, holy. Then he moved into a rosy glow, as if into a fountain of youth, and the pallid ascetic was suddenly young, ruddy, amused, exuberant. With the change of appearance, his character seemed to change; he was not the same man in any respect. His interpretation of the Scriptures seemed to be altered.

He bent forward into a greenish glare, and at once was three

Illustrated by

H. R. Ballinger

days dead, livid, loathsome, grisly. He leaned back into the influence of a pane whose colored paper had curled up and peeled off. Through this came a ray of ordinary daylight. And ordinary daylight is not considered mysterious, since it contains all the mysteries of light and emphasizes none. Herein the teacher looked to be merely himself, and of course there is nothing mysterious about an ordinary man.

Again and again this Proteus slipped from phase to phase, recurring to each aspect as he passed through a sheaf of tints like a clutch of brushes, each painting a new portrait.

The boy remembered this kaleidoscope of character for many a year, but he was no longer a boy and deeply steeped in life before he seemed to find an important lesson in the unimportant incident — a primer lesson in the art of understanding other people and in the science of analyzing other people's motives as well as one's own.

For of all the dreadful habits of mankind, few are so nearly universal and eternal as that of ascribing to another person a motive he did not feel, and then condemning him and exalting ourselves on that cheap and slimy basis.

Read It Again

We are most contemptible when we are contemptuous, for we judge everything by appearances that are never complete or correct, forgetting that we see and are seen not by any light of our own but by some other body's light that strikes from outside and ricochets into the observer's eyes. And the observer accepts us or rejects according to our alien illumination. And even this borrowed color is misleading, for the colored glass itself gets its character and its name not from the rays that it absorbs but from those it lets go. A red rose is one that rejects the color red.

What is true of our appearances is true of our deeds as well. They are, and must be, judged not by themselves but by the look they wear in a foreign glow that dyes them with its own pigments. If you disbelieve it, read this scene and try to judge of the merit or demerit of the characters.

I

A CHILD shrieks in wild fear:
"Papa! Papa!"

A tall man laughs as he tosses the boy in air. Its little body falls safely into his big hands. Now the boy gurgles with laughter. The tiny fingers that clutched space clasp the neck of the man so tenderly that he groans with love. He crushes the pink frame to his heart till he wrings a cry of pain.

A moment of contentment, and then the child demands to be thrown aloft again into terror.

As the father is about to obey, a slim, soft hand is laid on his arm, and a woman warns him,

"If some one hears the baby call you 'papa'!"

The woman is ages old to the child, but hardly more than a girl to the man, who is himself still a boy at heart.



He has picked his stronghold with care.
Among shrubs, boulders, and weeds,
he finds a varied concealment

He accepts her command and puts the child down, but it storms:

"No, no, mamma! Papa! Papa!"

Now both of them try to hush its clamor and both look about anxiously. At all costs the child must be entertained. The man drops to his knees and says,

"Baby must not call me 'papa'."

The child insists:

"You are my papa! You telled me so!"

"Yes, sweet; but you must not tell other people so. You must not tell anybody you saw me here."

"Why?"

Those whys take a bit of explaining. It is easier to divert the mind than to satisfy it. The man falls forward on his hands.

"Come for a ride!"

The mother lifts the boy and puts him in the saddle, holds him there while the father hobbles about on palms and knees, with many an awkward pretense at curvet and caracole, at balking and backing and running away.

The child shouts now, "Gid-dap, horsie!" now, "Whoa, horsie!"

The mother laughs. She is not afraid so long as the child calls its father a horse. At last, the steed collapses and spills the rider on the floor. The mother bends down in the posture of the crouching Venus. The father sits on the carpet. The child's head is on a level with his father's. This pleases him. He boasts:

"Looky! I am taller than my papa!"

"Yes; so you are, my big man."

"Why you don't come more times to see us?"

"I—I'd like to. I will. I must go now."

"No! No!" Frantic resistance and fierce protest. It is not easy for the father to rip the little hands loose.

"You will take good care of your mamma till I come again?"
This responsibility inspires bravery.

"Yes."

"And you won't tell anybody you saw me? Promise?"

"If you tell me why, I promise."

The father gives up in despair.

The mother smiles wretchedly.

"How like you! Wonderful that he should look like you and think and speak so much like you! He's a tiny pocket edition of you."

"No; he has your eyes—your beautiful mouth."

"He is both of us and neither."

They rise to their full height and embrace, with a bitter rivalry in devotion.

The child, finding them suddenly lifted into the clouds, their faces hidden from him by their clasped arms, hovers about, beating at his knees, twitching her skirt.

Jealous of their mutual love, greedy of their common love, he pushes between them. They bend and gather him into their embrace in a kind of trinity. The father reiterates his,

"I must go."

The mother forgets the child, groans, clutches him.

"No! No!" A clock strikes. "Yes; you must."

A footstep is heard. The woman blanches. The man is startled. He turns and steals toward another door.

The baby cries,

"Papa!"

The mother tries to restrain him. He breaks away, darts forward, crying:

"Papa! Papa!"

When he arrives, flying, his father seizes him, smothers his mouth under a firm hand, pleading:

"Hush! For God's sake, hush!"

And now that you have spied on this little domestic scene through the plain unstained glass, what do you make of the people, their characters, their motives, their worth?

Does not your guess rather show your own character than theirs? What sort of glass are you—red, blue, yellow, or green?

Would it make a difference to you if you were told that the father is a Belgian officer who marched with the beaten army out of Flanders, who learned that his home has been taken as a billet for German officers, and has risked his life to be with his little family for a few perilous moments, knowing that

his presence will be suspected if his child is heard calling him "papa"?

Read it again, and see if it makes a change in the quality of your sympathy.



DRAWN BY H. B. HALLINAN

She sighs, rises. "Well, I can't say any more. You've broken my heart, I hate you—I think. Anyway, I won't bother you any more." On his knees, he clutches at her hand, kisses it

Read It Again

Then keep the same people, words, acts, emotions, before you, but put them under another glass. Imagine that the father is not a soldier who has braved the enemy but a draft-evader. His nation is in peril. Other fathers have gone out to defend their homes, but he has been craven. His young wife is so rich that he could not claim exemption on her account. He had preferred to run away and hide, and has now crept back to borrow funds of his wife and go back into seclusion. The poor infatuated wife loves him in spite of his cowardice. The child does not know.

Read it again in the light of the belief that the scene is one of illicit love—the man the woman's paramour. Her absent husband trusts her and his friend, and believes the child his own. The false friend and the false wife keep up their perfidy. The child has overheard the truth and, all guileless, revels in the hideous relationship. The footstep that frightens the two is the step of the home-coming husband.

As a matter of fact, these three are the victims of the chaotic American divorce laws. In earlier years, the man had long ago married another woman, who had deserted him for a rich lover, whom she had married after a Western divorce farce. Believing himself free, this man fell in love with this good girl and she with him. They had been married only a few weeks when the courts declared the Western divorce void and invalid. The man was technically guilty of bigamy. To save him and her own name, the girl moved to a strange town. When the child was born, she moved to another town, pretending that she was a widow, and worked hard to support her baby and herself.

The hapless father has found her, but he cannot free himself or her or the child from the snare of the law. He can only leave her the pitiful protection of the widow's disguise and his child the shield of the name she has assumed.

Does his cowardice seem to disgrace him now?

II

FLATTENED, and wriggling as a snake lurking among rocks, a man with blood-matted hair crawls through matted roots and vines. He lifts his head slowly till his eye can just peer above the edge of a stone. A bullet zings, searing his scalp and starting another trickle of blood.

He lowers his head, cursing, gathers his rifle in his arms, and rolls over and over to the shelter of another boulder. He looks round it cautiously, smiles hideously, thrusts his rifle forward through the weeds, and, taking aim with an agony of care, fires.

He laughs as he sees the bullet strike one of his enemies, hears a "thwuck," a grunt, a thrashing-about. Then silence tells him his foes are fewer by one. But many others are creeping toward him. He is mad with thirst. His own blood is salty and quenches none of his fever. But he will not surrender. In fact, he dare not if he would. If he should hold up his hand, it would be shot off before he could pull it back. He has killed too many of his en-

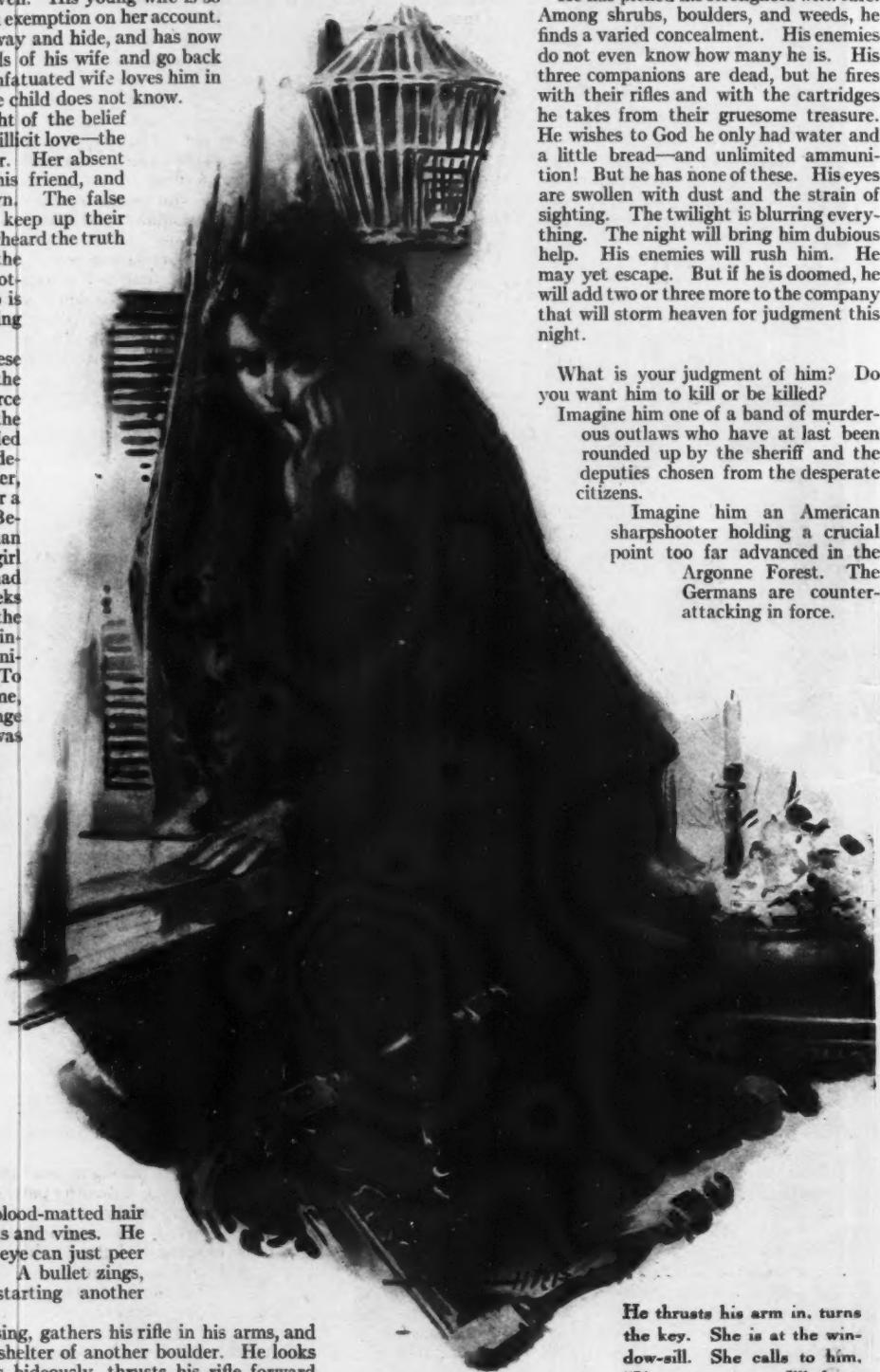
mies to be granted any parley. He has indeed decoyed some of them from cover merely to plant his cartridges in their bodies. They will be satisfied only with his life. He is auctioning it off for the highest price it will bring.

He has picked his stronghold with care. Among shrubs, boulders, and weeds, he finds a varied concealment. His enemies do not even know how many he is. His three companions are dead, but he fires with their rifles and with the cartridges he takes from their gruesome treasure. He wishes to God he only had water and a little bread—and unlimited ammunition! But he has none of these. His eyes are swollen with dust and the strain of sighting. The twilight is blurring everything. The night will bring him dubious help. His enemies will rush him. He may yet escape. But if he is doomed, he will add two or three more to the company that will storm heaven for judgment this night.

What is your judgment of him? Do you want him to kill or be killed?

Imagine him one of a band of murderous outlaws who have at last been rounded up by the sheriff and the deputies chosen from the desperate citizens.

Imagine him an American sharpshooter holding a crucial point too far advanced in the Argonne Forest. The Germans are counter-attacking in force.



He thrusts his arm in, turns the key. She is at the window-sill. She calls to him. "If you come near, I'll throw myself out on the rocks!"

Imagine him a German sharpshooter holding up the American advance.

Consider that he and his band are Mexican desperadoes—pursued by cowboys, or vice versa—or a squad of American railway surveyors penned in by hostile Sioux—or a pack of scalp-

laden Apaches overtaken by a troop of cavalry, and see how your opinion veers, how quickly the heroism and villainy change places. Though, in each case, the people all feel equal eagerness and anguish and justification and are equally sincere.

As a matter of fact, this episode is taken from one of the sheep-and-cattle-wars of our West. The herders of innocent silly sheep have been hated by the drovers of long-horned cattle. The cowmen complained that the sheep, nibbling eternally, ruined vast pasturage, since the fastidious cattle will not graze where the vile sheep have been. The cattlemen have just driven a flock of a thousand over a cliff in a bawling cascade. The shepherds have driven hundreds of cattle over another precipice.

Now the shepherds and the cowboys are at war, and I forget which it was that had outnumbered and cornered and killed all but one of these four men. I am not sure whether this last fighter was a cowboy or a shepherd. Does it make much difference to you?

III

MUSIC is floating through lighted windows, beating out across a shadow-striped veranda into the murmurous realm of a moonlit surf.

A man paces the beach in the harmonious air, suffering the yearning in the music and in the rush of the waves that always fall back unappeased.

In the brilliant room whence the music wells and where the dancers spin, a woman sits and taps her little foot impatiently out of time to the orchestra. She is lonely, though she has been besought in dance by a procession of swains. Her heart flies out with the music to the youth on the sand.

She has a certain grandeur of manner and of garb; her skin, indeed, is a garb of luxury, a fabric of ease wrought in silken experiences, with no hard usage to tear or stain it.

The youth in the sand is in uniform. He is rugged, inured



to hardships, open air, and danger. He has the look of one who is not afraid to risk his life, who would risk it, indeed, with a kind of gaiety, who would rush to meet danger with welcome.

The beautiful woman, with a sudden resolution, pretends to be faint, and, bidding those she passes good-night, makes her way from the ballroom into the veranda, and thence stealthily to the steps and out along the beach to where the young man waits.

And now he loses his native courage. He greets her shyly. She takes the arm he does not offer and marches along the iridescent sand with him. It is he, not she, that looks back anxiously to see if they are watched or followed.

They move together silently to the dim limits of the music's reach, and there she drops to the sand and bids him sit beside her. Wayfarers drift past them on the high board walk, but the haze of moonlight veils them from recognition. They are just two vague people whom nobody knows for who they are.

She says:

"Well, I came. I am here. I felt that you might be waiting, and I couldn't resist. I suppose people would think me insane if they knew."

"Yes."

"And yet perhaps I am wiser than I've ever been before. It all depends on you, after all."

"On me?"

"Of course. On how you feel toward me. You haven't really ever told me."

"I don't know. I don't dare to be sure."

"Why?"

"Because you are so wonderful, and I'm only—well, I'm nothing at all."

"But if you loved me?"

"Oh, everybody loves you; you're so beautiful, so wonderful, so rich, and all! But you couldn't love me."

"What if I could?"

"Then you oughtn't to."

"Why not? I'm free. You're free."

"But there's such a tremendous difference in—"

"Love is blind."

"But people are not. Everybody would hiss at you. It wouldn't matter about me. But it would be frightful for you."

"You darling boy! I don't care whether they hiss or not, so long as I'm happy with you."

"But you couldn't be happy with me, for I'm nothing—I'm nobody. They'd despise you if they saw you with me in this uniform."

"You are beautiful in that uniform."

"But think what it is in the eyes of your people. Your father would want to kill you. I think he'd try to kill me."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Not on my own account, but on yours. He would hate you, even if he killed me. I don't want to cause you any suffering. That's the only thing I'm afraid of."

"But I'd suffer a thousand deaths if I lost you. I can't bear the thought of it."

"You'll get over it. You mustn't love me. I won't let you. I've no right to your love. I'd go away if I could, but you know I can't. So you must go."

"Never! I'm not afraid of anything but losing you. I'd defy the world for you. Now that I know you love me—for you do love me, don't you?"

"I love you too well to destroy your happiness. I want to protect you."

"Marriage is protection enough, isn't it?"

"How could we marry—you what you are, with me what I am? You'd never forgive yourself or me."

She sighs, rises.

"Well, I can't say any more. You've broken my heart. I hate you—I think. Anyway, I won't bother you any more."

On his knees, he clutches at her hand, kisses it. She draws it free, shakes her head in bewildered despair, and hurries away, her scarf flying about her. She seems but a wraith, a scud of spume blown along the shore.

She goes back to the veranda, turns to stare. She sees a blur on the sand. She does not know whether she despises or adores him the more, the love-poltroon.

The music begins like a tide that softly turns from ebb to flow. The feet of the dancers swish in gliding ripples. She joins the crowd. A number of men hasten toward her. She lifts her arm and, accepting the embrace of the first to reach her, swings into the eddy, spinning with the swirl like a lost soul in hades.

What do you make of her and of the young man in uniform?

Suppose that she is a princess and he a member of the King's Own regiment.

Read it again, having in mind the thought that she is the pampered daughter of a wealthy patriot. She is betrothed to an officer desperately wounded in foreign service. She has bewitched a young corporal in a camp near the summer resort.

Lay the scene in Holland. She is an American woman and he an interned German soldier.

Or say that she is a German woman and he an interned English aviator fallen within the neutral lines.

As a matter of fact, she is a rich young woman who has become infatuated with her father's chauffeur.

One more experiment with the colored glasses:

IV

A WOMAN keeps rendezvous in a little house on a cliff. She hears some one open the door, enter the hall. She runs to meet the man. One glance at him changes her look of welcome to a stare of dread.

(Continued on page 121)

This story is by

Frank R.
Adams,

a writer new to Cosmopolitan's pages, but one whose keen insight and expert craftsmanship entitle him to rank with the masters of writing in 1919.

THE beginning of a story is its most important strategic point. The second-heaviest gun at the disposal of an author is the ending. Any book on the construction of fiction will bear out those two statements. Besides that, they are true.

The beginning of this story is also the ending, because—and this may seem a trifle curious at first—the tale starts off with something that has not happened yet, something that may never happen. But, however, as it has considerable bearing on the plot, it is perhaps as well to place it here in this, the most important position in a narrative, even though it may most appropriately be called the epilogue.

In the year 194-, or possibly 195-, there will pass away quietly in his own home, surrounded by his immediate family, a highly respected citizen of a Middle-Western metropolis, an attorney of note, ex-member of the state legislature, and a man in general with an honorable civic record that extends back to the time that he gave up his commission in the army at the close of the Great War.

His death, at an age somewhat before his time, will doubtless be ascribed to the effects of an old wound and to the fact that he was at one time badly gassed.

Expressions of great respect and regret will be called forth by his demise, but there will be no one—no, not even in his own family—who will be inconsolably stricken.

His widow will miss him more than anyone else, because a man and his wife are a habit to one another, and habits are not easily broken. But even she will doubtless wonder to herself why her grief does not tear her to pieces, as she has seen some women torn at the final inevitable separation. The real answer will probably never occur to her, for she will not realize that she and her husband never quite touched the sublime heights together—she, perhaps, because she could not, and he because the heart can never blindly, without reason or hope of reward, give twice all that it has. There is only one April adventure—in all others there is the element of calculation.

His son will mourn him, too, but rather as a business associate and friend than as a son mourns a father, because the boy will have grown to manhood without ever having quite pierced the armor of his parent's reserve. Besides, he will be more like his mother, will understand her better, although he, too, will wonder a little at the rather formal sense of loss that they both feel, and contrast it speculatively with the almost insupportable anguish of others under similar circumstances.

After the funeral, he will doubtless be the one to settle up the estate, and, as the executor, it will be his duty to survey all documentary mementoes of his father, both commercial and personal.

There is a certain thrilling expectancy about opening the safe-deposit box of some one who will have no further use for

"Speak, Mr. Bones; what are the three periods in the life of the American



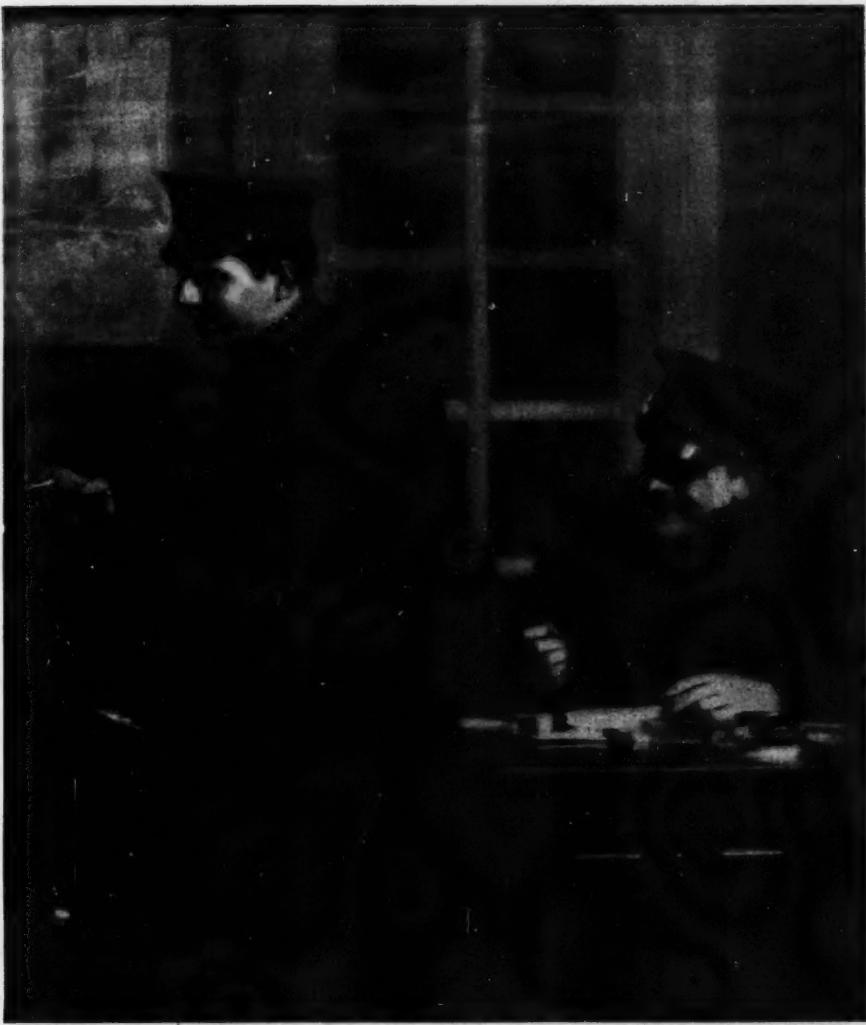
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Photographic Illustrations

it, about examining, with legal right, the things that no other person save the owner has set eyes on, perhaps for years. The life of a man flows on for sixty or eighty years, and at the end the things that he really cared about are all deposited in one little pocket in the river-bed no more than six inches wide, six inches deep, and less than a yard long. The rest is silt.

It will be with some such anticipatory thought and thrill that the son and partner of the deceased will step round to the bank-vaults, armed with the proper legal papers, and receive from the respectful hands of the uniformed attendant the oblong box of japanned steel in which his father had always kept the few private documents which were not connected with the joint business of the law firm.

In the sound-proof cabinet provided by the bank, with the door locked behind him and the oblong box on the table under the direct rays of a green-shaded desk-lamp, he will doubtless sit for a moment in speculation. What will he find to be the few things in his life that his father had deemed important enough to keep vivid in the sepulcher of a safe-deposit vault? Will they be silly or sad, trivial or tragic? He will feel sure of one thing: whatever he is about to examine will be something he has hitherto known nothing about. Perhaps it will turn out to be the record of some foolish speculation, the failure of which



man of to-day?" "Before the war, during the war, and after the war"

Adventure

by Lejaren A. Hiller

his father had never been quite willing to acknowledge, or of some unsavory transaction which had at some time threatened to smirch his father's reputation and which had been buried there until it was safe to destroy it.

With a sigh at abandoning speculation for fact, he will open the double lids of the box and empty the contents on the table.

The collection will surprise him a little at first, even though he is braced for a surprise.

There will be perhaps a dozen letters in envelopes, held together by a circle of black-silk elastic fastened by a jeweled buckle in the shape of a golden butterfly, a photograph, and a lock of brown hair not very long. That will be all.

The elastic qualities of the jeweled garter will have long since departed, and it will slip loosely from the treasures it has guarded so long, like a tired sentinel on the last relief, but the buckle will still sparkle gaily, and the butterfly will seem as if it were about to take wing and flutter away.

On the envelopes, the handwriting will be a little blurred by time, and it will look strange, foreign, and all but one of them will be addressed to his father at some unfamiliar place, not in America. The letters themselves will prove to be written in another language than English, although here and there the son

It was not the glorious fighting that made the vital change in the Americans who were in France; it was their contact with men and women — whose thoughts and modes of life were as different as night is from day.

will see an occasional word or two in his own tongue, usually the phrase: "my very dear."

He is no linguist, so he will reserve the letters for future examination and translation, and will pick up the tiny lock of not very long brown hair.

Perhaps he will only imagine it, but it will seem to him for a moment that there is a flock of golden sunshine in it that escapes forever when he separates the soft strands with his fingers. For it will be wonderfully soft and some way thrilling. He will know that the person to whom it belonged was certainly at one time very much alive.

Then the photograph. It will be very old-fashioned, and, besides that, it will be foreign, very much of a time and country that he is unfamiliar with. But the person in it will step right out and speak to him, will search out the little corner of his heart that is father's own, and tell him with her eyes the secret that no one else ever knew.

In the photograph, she will be wearing a short walking-skirt, quite dark, with white stockings and shoes, a white sweater with a sailor collar. Her hat will be a boyish sort of a thing like a tam-o'-shanter, dark, like the skirt, and it will be crowded down over a mass of rumpled, soft-looking hair, cut off short below the ears.

Yes; the photograph and the clothes will be old and out of date, but her eyes and her smile will spell undying youth and the wistful enthusiasm of spring.

She will be standing there quite still, her arms and hands hanging idly at her sides, but some way, all at once, he will get the impression that her arms are raised and that those empty hands are trying to reach across the chasm of years, that her lips are trying to frame some whispered phrase. He will try and try to think what it may be, but cannot until he looks finally at the bottom of the photograph, where he will find written in ink that has almost faded entirely the single word: "Adieu."

I

"THERE are, I think, three periods in the life of the American man of to-day."

Rapley Harp, of the field artillery, shot the remnant of a cigarette in the general direction of the stove and lighted a fresh one. He was due back at his battery, but if he could badger his friends in the infantry rest-billets into a discussion, he might justify himself in staying a little longer. Heaven knew it was more comfortable where he was than in the dugout.

"Meaning what, Rap?" inquired one of the other lieutenants. He happened to be shaving, and he turned round to face the sprawled figure of the speaker, but continued to scrape his chin

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without regard to the mirror. "If you're feeling philosophical, the rest of us can stand it. Speak, Mr. Bones; what are the three periods in the life of the American man of to-day?"

"Before the war, during the war, and after the war."

"Concisely put and admitted by everybody, but why confine it to the American man? Why not let in the American woman—God bless her!—and, incidentally, all the other people of both sexes in all the world? This isn't any single-handed scrap we're running, you know. I remember to have seen a few Frenchmen, Italians, Portuguese, Serbs, English, Belgians, and others on our side of the barbed wire."

"But none of the others, with the exception, perhaps, of the Canadians and Australians, are fighting so far away from home as we are. They haven't lost entire touch with the things they have known all their lives. Think it over a minute. We've lived our youth under certain familiar conditions at home. We've had some success in life; we've made love; some of us are married, some engaged. Now that's all finished; the book is closed."

"Say, now—not so fast, Rap. What do you mean, 'closed'? Some of us are still married or engaged, you know. You can't laugh that off. I'm engaged myself, or was when I got my last mail from home six weeks ago."

"There you are!" Lieutenant Harp hopped unerringly on the last statement. "Six weeks ago! How often did you hear from her when you first came to France?"

"The regiment has been moving about a good deal lately," Hutchinson, of the Signal Corps, offered defensively, pausing pensively with his razor in air. "The mail may have gone astray."

"But I've had business letters from the States within the week," Harp countered conclusively, "and my battery has been moving more than you have."

"If you're trying to make me feel bad—" began Hutchinson.

"I'm not—I'm just proving my point. We're now well along in the second period of our lives—that's all. The people back home are beginning—not to forget us but to get along without us; and for us the things that we were used to have begun to be memories—nothing much more. We've started all over again over here. We don't meet a soul that we ever knew before. For instance, I did not know one of you chaps or a man in my own battery until the war broke, and yet now you're my best pals. We speak a strange language part of the time; we meet girls who don't look in the least like what we used to consider the highest type of beauty—not by a long shot—but we're used to them now, and we tell them how nice they are without thinking much whether we are lying or not—Listen to that!"

Outside, a detachment of infantry moving up for the relief was singing, singing the French marching-song, "Quand Madelon." They were not French soldiers, but, on the contrary, Americans, and they were singing it rather well—in French. Harp went on to point the moral.

"We sing different songs. What sort of a pull is it going to put on your heart when somebody puts on a phonograph-record of that song after you are back? What are you going to think about? Will it be the girl who owns the phonograph? Or will it be, for instance, Hutch, that rather *Parisienne*-looking person for whom it seems necessary for you to make such an elaborate toilet this evening—lucky pup that you are?"

The other did not answer, so Harp continued:

"I've got your number, son; but you can spare your blushes, because it's no disgrace. We're all in the same boat: Our moral standards haven't exactly lowered, but they certainly have become slightly more elastic than when we stood on the ship and watched America slip away from us. It wouldn't be possible for us to live for months in a country that is crazy to be friendly without adopting some of their customs for our own. We've done just that—and that's all. And when we go back—" He paused.

"When we go back," repeated Lieutenant Hutchinson, from behind the towel with which he had been polishing his face, "we come to that third period you spoke of. Why do you bother to have a third period?"

"That's going to be the hardest one of all, I think, because we aren't going to have the excitement of war to ease us over the change. But that needn't worry all of us. As a matter of fact, it doesn't worry any of us. We're too young and too busy to be bothered."

"That third period will take care of itself," Hutchinson averred. "We'll just settle back into the old grooves exactly as if nothing had ever happened."

"Hm. Will we? We'll go back, certainly, but we won't be the same men who stepped out of the first period of our lives."

"We'll be older," Hutchinson admitted.

"Twice as old, if we're only away another year. But we won't be the same in any way."

"If you mean that the war will have shocked us so that we will be nervous wrecks, I'm free to go on record that I don't take much stock in that theory. The American is an elastic animal, and our nerves spring back into place like a rubber ball on the bounce."

"But I didn't have any reference to nerves and shell-shock and all that sort of thing. Frankly, I can't imagine what is going to happen, but it will surely be interesting and maybe a little pathetic. We're going to be strangers to those who ought to know us best—the better they knew us once the more strange we will be—and there's going to be a cord round our hearts tugging wistfully toward France."

"All I can say, Rap, is that if you ever try to follow your cord back to this country, you're going to find the end of the string in an awful tangle."

The other officers in the shack laughed. Rapley himself admitted the bull's-eye with a rueful grin.

"I've been searching—that's all, son—searching for that golden last romance that life promised me nearly thirty years ago."

"And you've worn the edge off of all possibility of ever appreciating it if it should come," interjected another officer who had been writing busily during the discussion—a tall young man who looked as if he had been born with a uniform on, a serious person with ideals written all over him.

"Here—get back in your cage!" admonished Hutchinson severely, snapping his towel, like a whip, in the direction of the speaker. "This here conversation has nothing whatever to do with shellbacks and other denizens of the deep like yourself." Then, turning to Rap, he continued: "Old Dan, here, is a living rebuttal of your argument. You couldn't divide his life into three periods with a meat-ax. He's just the same now as he was when he was a promising young attorney back in the States. And he'll go back to his desk and stick his nose in the familiar manger exactly as if he had never been away."

Rapley Harp looked at Lieutenant Denham Daniels speculatively.

"I'm allowing the rule goes for Dan, too."

Hutchinson snorted.

"Not a chance. Dan spends all his time writing dutifully to her back home. He hasn't seen anything over here to put any periods in his life—have you, Dan?"

"I have not," Daniels answered decisively, as he sealed his letter with characteristic precision; "nor have I seen anything that would put any periods in anybody's life if they had any sense."

"Ouch!" acknowledged Harp languidly. "You don't approve of me, do you, Dan? *Cà ne fait rien*. I don't give a darn about your approval so long as you like me. But you just uttered an inexpert slander upon the fair sex of an allied country. You don't know whereof you speak. How can you, an ex-lawyer, pronounce a judgment without passing 'em in review? Get out and investigate, as I do. Pass around an occasional wild oat to the starving natives. You speak more French than most of us, but it doesn't do you any good. The only thing that is delaying Dan's transformation is a certain admirable but inconvenient steadfastness of character. He is fortified with a lot of more or less obsolete battlements that it will take heavy-artillery fire to knock a hole through. Gee, how I envy him his relief when he does fall! He's getting a little low on his lovation already. Haven't you noticed, Hutch, a certain loneliness in his eye recently? He writes letters to conceal the canker that gnaws at his bosom, so to speak; but I'll bet there is a white flag in his pants pocket."

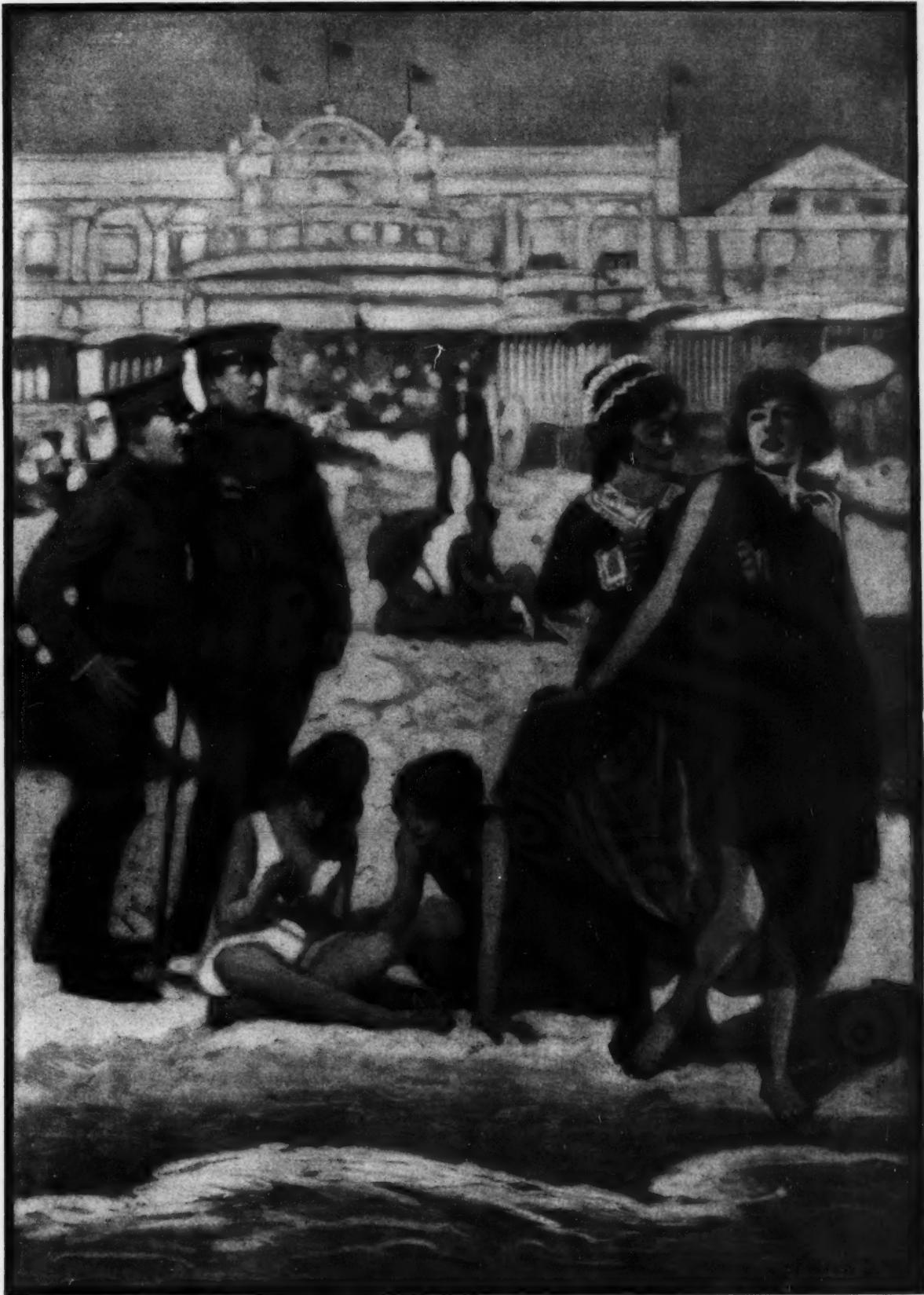
Lieutenant Daniels started to address the envelop of his letter when the electric light suddenly went out.

"Air-raid," grunted Hutchinson in disgust.

"Knocks out your date in town, doesn't it?" Rapley sympathized mockingly. "Now you'll have to trim your whiskers again to-morrow."

Lieutenant Hutchinson's conjecture as to the meaning of the extinction of all illumination was immediately confirmed by the opening up of the anti-aircraft battery which was located almost in their front yard. In intervals of comparative silence there could be heard the steady hum of plane-motors somewhere in the sky.

"They're after the aviation hangars again, I suppose," Hutchinson grumbled. "I don't see how they ever came to put such a tempting target so close to a rest-camp. Don't they think



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEONARD A. MILLER

As the first wave struck her tiny white feet, the maid relieved her of her bath-robe

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we have enough of Fritz up there without giving him a special invitation to come and see us when we're supposed to be getting ready for next time? Rest! My eye! Every night they drop a mess of high explosive round our little home and expect us to sleep."

A deep-toned explosion subdued the anti-aircraft barrage for a second, and then it burst forth again viciously, like a pack of unleashed hounds. Spent shrapnel rattled noisily on the roof.

"Who wants to make any bets on how close they come to us?" demanded Harp. "Don't let that cigarette go out, old man, until I get a light off from it."

"I'll give you twenty to one they don't hit us," offered Hutchinson.

"Nope," denied Harp. "No sense to that bet. I couldn't collect it if I won. We'll make a pool of ten francs each on this and establish an imaginary circular target round the shack with us for the bull's-eye and a hundred-yard-wide strip for each ring. Choose any ring you like, men, and if it lands in your ring, you get the pot——"

"Boom!" a louder explosion interrupted.

"No fair placing any bets by sound-ranging," declared the bank monotonously, "and gentlemen with sporting blood will kindly forget that Fritz usually drops 'em twenty seconds apart."

He was still talking when the corner of the shack opened up and the rest of the tiny building fell in over them.

II

"Nor a darn thing to do but rest for two weeks by the side of the beautiful sea," declared Rap, yawning luxuriously upon the seat of a first-class compartment of a train arriving presently at one of the fashionable shore summer resorts of France. "Personally, I am greatly in favor of convalescent leave as an institution. This is going to beat the hospital forty ways. As far as I can see, we're just about as good as we ever were. Does the old leg bother you much to-day, Dan?"

"Hardly at all, Rap; but I haven't stood on it any."

"Well, it gives you a good excuse to carry a picturesque cane. Personally, I can't say that I think my looks are improved any by this jagged scar under my eye, but I suppose I ought to be glad I didn't get hit in the mustache or some other vulnerable spot. And I feel something like a kid on the first day of vacation." He lifted his heels from the floor and cracked them together like a vaudeville dancer. "Gosh darn, but this is a hard war to-day!"

They did not speak of Hutchinson. The war had ended abruptly for him that night in the rest-shack, and the bomb-splinter that had only sentenced his companions to a couple of months in the hospital gave him his ticket to whatever heaven of wires, buzzers, telephones, rheostats, and induction-coils is inhabited by signal-corps men. That the living do not dwell too much on the memory of the dead does not so much spell callousness in an army but rather sensible optimism that must go forward or perish.

"I'd rather go back to my outfit," Daniels declared. "I'm well enough to go, and if they are where I left them, they must have been in the thick of it yesterday according to the communiqué."

"Look-a-here, infantryman: Don't go ruining this here vacation of ours by uncouth longings for action. There will be lots of scrap left when we get back, and this may be the last chance we'll ever get at civilized life. So far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to think of a single darn thing any more strenuous than a beautiful girl in a bathing-suit in her ceaseless struggle to keep from getting her feet wet by the incoming tide. They do say this is the place where Ziegfeld gets all his ideas for the 'Follies'."

"You know that sort of thing does not interest me."

Rap looked at his friend with quizzical, old eyes.

"I've heard you say so before, Dan, if that's what you mean. Well, anyway, you're going to have a lot of fun just watching

my smoke trail across the horizon. Something tells me that here romance—gleaming, moonlit romance—is waiting for me just round the corner."

"You hunt for it too hard," his friend observed dryly.

"And you don't hunt at all."

"I've found it."

"Back there in the States?"

"Of course."

Rap sighed like a tired stage-director whose pupils have forgotten their parts.

"But that was yesterday. That was America; this is France. The old book is closed. To-day we open a new account with life. Here's your purse, all full of clinking, golden moments. Be sure to spend them as foolishly as possible, because to-morrow the shop may be closed."

The train came to an indecisive stop, and the speaker, like a child on his first railway journey, stuck his head out of the window.



Rap looked at her as his friend directed, and also because it would have been impossible to look anywhere else

"Biarritz!" He read the sign on the station. "My boy, face to the west and press your forehead against the ground three times. We are standing at the gates of paradise."

III

"WE'RE certainly going to like this place," Rapley declared positively, as he and his companion sat on the terrace of the Casino overlooking the beach that same afternoon.

The infantry officer did not take the trouble to resent the "we" in his volatile friend's remark. Instead, he contemplated critically the stretch of sand before them, dotted with gaily striped beach-tents and bordered by the boisterous blue ocean

that rolled friendly breaker after friendly breaker up the receding beach.

It was the bathing-hour, and the children were already "in," laughing joyously at the water and causing ceaseless anxiety to their mothers on the shore and to the hectored life-guards who herded them back into the shallow places. The guards were all old men, bronzed and uncouth—mute testimony to the whereabouts of the youth of France—an easily forgiven blemish on the otherwise beautiful picture.

Before the two American officers had finished their first

couldn't live in your aquarium. Do you really think it was the drink? *Garçon*"—addressing the waiter—"vite, s'il vous plaît! *La même chose, tout de suite.* After I've had one more of those things, I want to go down on the beach and look more closely, even if I have to ruin my shine doing it."

At the water's edge, the irrepressible member of the party was sobered, or subdued, rather, with awe. The bathing crowd was growing thicker, mostly women, of course, with here and there a few, very few, young men. The costume worn by both sexes was about the same—one-piece tights of silk or wool, except that those of the men were somewhat nondescript as to fit and dark in color. It was rather a tribute to the bodily grace of the Frenchwomen to discover that most of them looked really better in bathing-costumes than when enhanced by the creations of the Paris costumers which they wore on the terrace.

"You never saw anything like this in America," Rap averred fervently.

"I admit that. I don't know that I should wish to."

"Perhaps you are right. Maybe it is better to keep our indiscretions for this side of the water, deacon."

Soon after they arrived, a girl in a black voluminous bath-robe came down the steps from the bath-house, followed by a maid at a respectful interval. Her robe was rather an unusual thing in that field of color, but it was rendered more bizarre by a great golden butterfly which was embroidered on its heavy folds just over the right breast, just one butterfly with wide-spread wings that glittered in the sunlight as if it were really flying.

The person wearing a garment of that sort should have been a popular actress

or a costumer's manikin, enameled, rouged, and exquisitely and uncomfortably coiffed. But, on the contrary, the face above the black drape was that of a rather serious child, pink and white mostly, with eyes a little too large, smoke-gray in color, and dark-brown hair with secret golden lights in it, which had been cut off or bobbed below her ears. She wore no bathing-cap, and her short hair was ruffled gracefully by the friendly fingers of the wind.

It is only fair to say that Lieutenant Daniels did not notice all those things about her, but Lieutenant Harp did, and the same may be said of nearly everyone else on the beach—because she was distinguished not only by her somewhat striking appearance but also by the fact that she was alone. No one seemed to know her, and she walked quite to the water's edge without greeting any of the bathing throng, intent apparently on her own affairs. She was not sad exactly, but she smiled to herself as if she and the ocean had some private secret which the crowd did not share.

As the first wave struck her tiny white feet, the maid relieved her of her bath-robe. Then she ran swiftly through the shallow water and dived into the first roller that came gaily in to meet her.

"Did you by any chance see that, too?" inquired Rapley cautiously, after a minute had gone by. His voice was an incredulous whisper.

"If you mean the little girl in the——" Rapley cut him short.



iced drink, the beach was in full swing. In pairs, mostly, gorgeous persons appeared in delicate- or bizarre-colored bath-robés, which they handed to attendants on the beach before stepping into the water.

"Lord," exclaimed Rap breathlessly, "how can they be so wonderful and live?"

"Probably some one pays their expenses," suggested Daniels cynically.

"Lucky some one—that's all I can say," Rap returned, with green envy. "How much do you think it would cost, mister, to get me one like those, just a small one? And how much have we got between us? A thousand francs? Why did I ever come here with abject poverty staring me in the face? Why didn't I save my pennies, as my father tried so hard to teach me? I see now, for the first time, what he meant. Dad must have been to a place like this."

"That drink seems to have affected you more than it has me."

"Everything does; but you are a proud, cold fish, and I

"Little girl!" "Little," yes, and "girl," yes, by all that's holy, but not "little girl," the way you say it. She is twenty if she's a day, and in her heart there are secrets that were old a thousand years ago."

"But her hair," objected Dan, "is——"

"Is cut in the latest style, *à la Montmartre*," finished the artilleryman. "Everybody's doing it who is good-looking enough to dare, and she'd dare do anything. Did you notice the bathing-suit that was painted on her? Apple-green silk, and about the hardest shade to wear in the known world. Your complexion has to be perfect to stand it. With a tiny golden butterfly embroidered on the left leg of her unmentionables, no wonder she has no friends among the ladies. Do you suppose she really is the Queen of France?"

Far out, a patch of more vivid green that moved through the waves was all that they could see of the earth-bound divinity. Evidently she liked swimming in deep water, and the life-guards had enough knowledge of her skill not to bar her way to the open sea.

"If you've had enough," suggested the infantryman, "let's go to dinner."

Rap sighed.

"I'll never have enough. This is the ozone that keeps the feeble spark of life glowing in this manly bosom. But I suppose that, in our capacity as wounded heroes, we 'has to have our nourishment.' But lead me away forcibly, so that I can appear reluctant. I wouldn't have these people think that I was leaving them willingly."

After they had walked in silence half-way to their hotel Rapley Harp murmured ecstatically:

"Little girl." Oh, boy, if we ever see her again, get sticks and beat the natives."

Daniels, limping half a pace behind, also came out of his reverie.

"What girl are you talking about this time, Rap?" he asked patiently.

"What girl? Is there more than one?"

"Not for me, of course. I was thinking of her, I'll admit. I'm going to write Barbara a description of this place right after dinner."

With a yell of anguish, Rap threw up his hands.

"Gods of ancient Rome and Athens, behold this man!" he cried, with a gesture to heaven. "He has brought a sandwich and a thermos bottle to a banquet."

IV

LIEUTENANT DANIELS' letter to his *fiancée* was not written that evening. Nor was it written, as may as well be stated now, for many evenings following. And when it was finally inscribed, it was quite the shortest and most stilted note that he had indited to her since their engagement had been first announced.

Dinner, that first evening, proved to be quite a lengthy and formal affair. Immediately afterward, Rap insisted on dragging his friend out for a stroll on the beach.

"Why, it's moonlight out there, man," he said, when Daniels started to object, "and every ray of it will cleanse your soul. Besides, everybody does it here. You can write your letter in the morning while I am sleeping off the headache I hope to have."

So they went out, at a leisurely pace, because of Daniels' limp, and down the half-mile promenade between the Casino and the sea. Rap was right. Everyone was there, moving in a restless, gay procession up one side and down the other, jostling a little on the inside edges, and exchanging good-natured salutations. With the coming of night, the formal lid seemed somehow lifted off the world. An air of *camaraderie* was abroad that had not been noticeable in the afternoon. Everyone seemed to know everyone else and was glad about it.

Daniels was not used to it, and it confused him when a lady stopped him for a moment with a polite and musically murmured request for a light for her cigarette.

The glow of the cigarette-tips, as she puffed them together, brought out her features as those of a woman of unmistakable culture, perhaps five years older than himself.

"*Merci, monsieur*," was all that she said as she passed on.

"Simple, but characteristic," was Rap's comment, as they strolled along themselves. "There's pleasantness and good cheer in the very air we breathe. As they say in the song, 'I don't want to get well.'"

They had another drink in the Casino, discreetly covered now by awnings clear down to the ground, in order to veil the lights from possible German submarines which might be lying in wait or sowing mines off the coast.

Inside, the atmosphere was the same as out in the open. Gay banter was exchanged between the occupants of adjoining tables, and everyone waived the formalities in speaking to everyone else. The women were dressed, for the most part, in light colors, which was in itself in sharp contrast to every other place which the American officers had visited in France. A few French officers in brilliant dress uniforms and a few young men in white flannels, Spaniards chiefly, added to the vividness of the picture. The other men were either obvious fathers of families or American or English officers in businesslike olive drab.

Rapley Harp struck up an acquaintance almost immediately with two young misses and their governess at the next table. They were youngsters, seventeen or eighteen at most, and quite willing to be friendly—pretty, too, in an immature sort of a way, and wildly interested in things American. They could not speak any English, so the conversation was a slow-moving sort of affair, waiting between sentences while Rap and Dan marshaled their insufficient vocabularies before each attack upon the unfamiliar language. But it was a fascinating pastime, and Dan was agreeably surprised at the pleasure he took in such a harmless diversion.

"Well, let's go," suggested the restless Rap, when the entertainment began to pall on him.

"Go?" Where?" Dan replied. Both of the men had spoken in English.

"Why, to find that girl who wore the green bathing-suit this afternoon. I doubt if I could sleep unless I see her again. I think she is real, but I'm not sure. If she is real, something tells me that she is going to be linked up in some way with our young lives. It doesn't seem to be hard to get acquainted here. So why not aim at the highest? Come on."

"No, thanks," Dan responded dryly. "Go on by yourself, if you wish. I'll stay here for a while and then go on up to the hotel."

"Just as you like. But this thing gets in my blood. I can't sit still. Adventure may be hiding in the next shadow. What

a fool I'd be not to go out to meet it! *Au revoir, mesdemoiselles, et vous, madame. Il faut que je parte maintenant, mais j'espère que je vous verrai une autre fois bientôt.*"

The young ladies extended their hands graciously, and Rap bowed in Continental fashion over each one. Then, in English, he confided to Dan,



"Just hold me tight against

"It won't happen, of course, but if that girl should, by accident, stumble over your feet and force you to notice her, for heaven's sake hold her until I get to you with help—hold her, even if you have to use a club."

Rap wandered off gaily, clicking his spurred heels to music that he alone heard.

Dan turned once more to the governess and her two charges, and struggled anew with the tortured French language, in which struggle he was painstakingly corrected by his obliging new-found friends.

Ten o'clock, it appeared, was their bedtime, and in half an hour the general of the party marshaled her cohorts and led them regretfully away, leaving Dan with a very pleasant sensation of cleanliness and sweetness as a memory. He resolved to write Barbara about it in the morning.

With a contented sigh, he started hotelward. It was not such a bad world after all. That jagged line of sputtering, crashing fire that he had left on the other frontier of France must be just some sort of a bad dream.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud, but the air outside was soft and the ocean played a gentle, swishing accompaniment to pleasant thoughts. The crowd on the promenade had thinned perceptibly. Those who remained were strolling in couples mostly, or were seated upon a knee-high wall that bordered the walk or upon benches distributed at intervals. From these came a low murmur of conversation and subdued laughter.

Daniels fancied that his leg pained him a trifle. It was little wonder if it did—he had walked more that day than for many weeks previously. Besides, it was still early, and the spell of the night was upon him. Adventure and romance beckoned wistfully to his soul.

So he paused undecidedly before a bench which was

occupied only by a single muffled figure at one end, and finally sat down himself at the other extreme. He lit a contemplative cigarette.

The woman—for it was a woman who shared the bench with him—did not turn her head to see what he looked like in the flare of the match. She seemed absolutely uninterested, a strange anomaly in this crowd of frankly curious persons. Reassured by her self-absorption, Daniels cast a sidelong glance at her to see what she might be like.

It was too dark to make out anything save that she wore a long, dark cloak that covered her from neck to ankle and which was closely muffled about her throat. Her elbows were on her knees, and she leaned forward, staring out to the black line where the ocean blotted out the semiluminous beach. Some widow, perhaps, she was, who had contributed everything to France, as so many of her women have, and had come down to ask the sea and the night wherefore. The shapeless cloak and the attitude rather fostered the idea.

Lieutenant Daniels' sentimental fantasy was rudely cut short by a man who came and sat down between him and the subject of his mental painting. He was a civilian, French, presumably, with a bushy beard and a straw hat—two things that look odd in combination, even on a dark night. Men with whiskers belong in high hats or skull-caps. Anything else is too frivolous altogether.

Daniels resented the intrusion immediately, the more so when he realized that the newcomer was addressing the pensive widow of his fancy. He did not hear what he said, and probably would not have understood had he heard, but the effect on the woman precluded the necessity of a translation.

She calmly and deliberately put on a cap which had been lying in her lap, got up, pulled her cloak more closely about her, and started away alone, leaving the whiskers speechless under the straw hat.

But as she stood up, her head was outlined against a more luminous part of the sky, and Daniels noted, with a start, that her hair was cut short below her ears, bobbed *à la Montmartre*. And as she walked away, there was something in the independent swing of her stride, in the very flare of her shapeless cloak that reminded him of something he had seen before.

Suppose it were she?
Well, what if it were?

It was nothing to him. He was not the one who had even pretended to lose his mind that afternoon. Besides, what could he do about it, even if it did matter? Nothing, absolutely.

Nothing, unless, for the sake of his friend, he should follow, simply to see where she lived. Lieutenant Daniels was not in sympathy with Rap's methods or desires, but he knew that the artilleryman would be inconsolable if he found out that the girl his imagination painted so vividly had been discovered and lost without so much as an effort being made to hold her.

(Continued on page 152)



your heart, because to-morrow—"

In the Enemy's Country

*The impressions of a
trained observer of
the effect of our sol-
diers on the Germans
—and of the Ger-
mans on our soldiers*

By Peter
Clark
Macfarlane

Illustrated by Lee Conrey



The thrifty Luxem-
burgian farmers
discovered that these American soldiers had de-
veloped a very great yearning for fowl, for veal,
and for pork, and they profiteered outrageously

IT WAS six months ago that our troops marched into Germany—it seems six years. It was bleak December then. The flowers and grasses were blackened and killed by frost. All Germany was wrapped in the gloom of defeat. The daisies are pushing up now, and with them come a succession of world-events that make some of the unpublished incidents that were tramped into the soil of Europe by the hobnailed shoes of our marching men to bloom with new interest. Some of those incidents were grotesque, some humorous, some pathetic—all illuminative. They marked chasm-like differences between the American character and the Teutonic character, and a succession of them brought me at last to a little German schoolhouse standing in the center of a country village on a modest hill in the western Rhineland. Into that austere furnished chamber set apart for the instruction of the German young it is my wish presently to invite the reader to stand as I stood, and to note some objects upon its walls.

But to reach the schoolhouse, and in the proper frame of mind, we must trudge westward along certain European highways in the company of a great fellowship of simple but royal souls. If, in so doing, some pages of unwritten history are turned, the reader need not be surprised, any more than if he encounters that which mists the eye, or enlarges the heart with pride and admiration, or splits the sides with laughter.

We are moving, let us imagine, with the Second Division of the American First Army. It is commanded by Major-General John A. LaJeune. We have entered the largish Belgian town of Virton. Although the place bears few marks of German occupancy, the populace have greeted us wildly, and the mayor of the city is now to deliver an address of welcome to the American army. The hour is sometime after dark of a late November evening, and the public square is so crowded, packed, and jammed with human sardines that the general's car with difficulty delivers him to the terrace where, in the open air and all the dignity of official black, the mayor waits to greet him. A marine band discourses the national airs of Belgium and America.

The mayor makes his speech in French—a very eloquent speech, evidently, and highly approved of, for the crowd interrupts with frequent applause. General LaJeune, who has under-

stood perfectly, responds with equal eloquence, though he has chosen to speak in English, for he wishes his own troops to hear what he will say even more than the Belgians. There is more applause, and the band plays again while, with the general and the mayor fraternizing on a rustic bench at one side, a carpet is spread upon the bricks, and a ballet-dancer, Mademoiselle Bounce, of the American army, charmingly arrayed in the costume of her profession, leaps nimbly to the center and begins to entertain with a truly meritorious exhibition of her art. She is graceful; she is winsome; she is indefatigable in her efforts to please. She is abundantly endowed with physical charm. The round of her arms gleams brightly under the torchlights as she wafts her complimentary kisses this way and that, while the crowd marvels and murmurs its appreciation.

"Ah, these Americans!" one old man confides to another, with grave shakings of his hoary head. "They make provision for everything. They even carry their entertainment with them. Such a beautiful, dainty young creature, too!"

Indeed, there is no doubt that this dancer, pirouetting so gracefully, bounding so nimbly, displaying so much of pulchritude, and radiating in all directions the infectious fervor of her smile, was making a greater impression on the populace than either orator had with his speech. The dancer was encored again and again. In response to the last of these, that airy nymph swept off a wig, and with it her mask of beauty, for there remained the coarse black hair and the grinning features of a doughboy, while some one announced to the crowd that Mademoiselle Bounce was none other than the general's husky cook.

The general ha-ha'd tremendous enjoyment of the situation, while the people applauded the hoax more heartily than they had the performance. More than anything else could have done, this act advertised to all the people of that town the good-hearted, laughter-loving nature of the American army. It was a joke; it was free and easy; it contributed to mutual understanding; it was essentially American. I cannot imagine a British major-general or a French one sitting complaisantly by while his masquerading cook performed grotesquely where he had just made a serious speech. Either would have felt that it compromised his dignity, that it turned the whole thing into farce.



As a fact, it made a mere ceremony real. It proved that back of this expression of a general to a mayor was the good will of an army to a people. More than a thousand speeches, that bit of playful humor had revealed the simple humanity of the Americans. Wise, tactful, non-posing General LaJeune!

But the insuppressible exuberance of the American spirit manifested itself in ways quite other than this, and under circumstances totally different. While the people were still chuckling and explaining to each other that it was indeed true, that this voluptuous young woman was certainly the general's cook and an American fighting man who, in every engagement, was always for abandoning his pots and pans, seizing a rifle, and rushing out to slay a dozen *boches* and string them on a wire like chicken livers *en brochette*, some one was telling me of a German hospital in the town where, among three or four hundred of their own wounded too bad to be moved, were a dozen or more Americans.

American wounded sprinkled in among *boche* wounded, with *boche* doctors and *boche* woman nurses and a *boche* atmosphere—here was certainly an opportunity for a study in contrasts. Eagerly we went up next morning. The officer in charge was a stalwart more than six feet high, typically German and military in his bearing, who abandoned pomposity and bent himself nearly double to greet us, thrusting out a clammy, deprecatory hand as he regretted that he did not speak English; but since my friend spoke German, we understood well enough what he was saying.

We found the air of the hospital heavy and malodorous. It did not look clean. Some orderlies were scraping hall floors with a hoe as if they were scouring up for an American inspection. The spirit of the German inmates was naturally enough one of depression. They were victims of war or "flu," smashed and broken, and left behind to become prisoners. The spirit of the Americans was, naturally enough also, one of elation. They had been retaken by their own. For another thing, they had enjoyed good treatment, being captures of the last few weeks, during which time the Hun had learned lessons which taught him that, as a matter of forethought, it would be policy perhaps to be even kinder to the American wounded than to his own. Yet none of these things was sufficient to account for the remarkable contrast afforded. The bearing and stories of the Americans showed that they had been indomitable, even in the darkest hours.

"How are you, old man?" I asked of one red-headed lad, "and what have you got?"

"Look here!" he responded, with the greatest alacrity, and proudly bared the stump of a leg off above the knee. "Fritz chewed that up with a machine-gun spray," he explained, "and I crumpled up in a shell-hole. About five minutes after that, a grenade came rolling in and mussed up my other leg above the ankle something scandalous."

"Four days in a shell-hole with both legs mangled?"

"Oh, I had a kind of a good time out there," insisted the boy

out of honest blue eyes. "For one thing, I was resting, and, for another, I had plenty of cigarettes. They came and got me and scissored off my legs."

And then a prisoner and living to crow about it! I am afraid my stupefied admiration for such vitality was taken for incredulity. Anyway, the blue eyes smiled indulgently, and the man in the next bed broke in upon us, eager to exhibit his stump and tell another story. Beyond these two lay a young lieutenant with his mouth mangled and his face covered by a quantity of flaxen beard. One arm was off at the elbow, and the shoulder on the other side was a mass of bandages. Through one side of his wounded mouth he managed to recount to me:

"Ducked into a shell-hole to dodge machine-gun fire when I had wandered into the *boche* lines by mistake. Almost immediately a grenade rolled in on me. I reached for it to throw it out and—that was the last I knew till I woke up here."

He reached for it to throw it out! And that was where his hand and forearm had gone!

"All right now?" I stammered, stupefied as before.

"Fine! There's lots of things a one-armed man with two good legs and good eyes can do." His splendid eyes sparkled with confidence and bright anticipation.

And that was the spirit manifested in every American bed—the spirit of the indomitable.

As we passed out of this ward, a German with one leg was being lowered into a sitz bath by a tired-looking nurse and an orderly. His stump was healed. No other wounds were visible. But he was whimpering like an infant. It might have been a case of nerves. I think probably it was—I think that quite generally now the German army, top and bottom, was suffering from nerves.

Next day we were at Arlon, also in Belgium, but a larger and a finer town, as I remember; and here we were all struck by the pathos of the Belgian endeavor to greet the American soldiers with displays of the American flag. Each, of course, was home-made, and many were in truth but grotesque imitations of the Stars and Stripes. Often the stripes ran the wrong way, or the field was at the other end of the flag. There was a great uncertainty as to the number of stars and their arrangement. Yet they appeared by hundreds in windows, on coat lapels of men, on the breasts of women and girls, in every fabric from tissue-paper to silk, and their very crudeness lent an added pathos.

I besought a druggist to sell me, for a souvenir, a particularly fine one. It was perfectly proportioned; its white stripes were of bed-linen and its crimson ones of turkey-red table-cloth, while the field was made from a piece of toweling dyed the proper blue. Upon this diamonds, to represent stars, were painted with thick white paint to the number of forty-nine. The extra star, perhaps, was to represent Belgium.

"Sell it? No!" he responded, with a smile and a shrug. "I will give it to America—America, which has been the nursing mother of Belgium."

Under the emotion of the moment, I presumed to accept some-

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thing for America, promising to exhibit it widely and treasure it long, and the ladies of the druggist's family, who had sat up nights and labored secretly during the German occupation to prepare this flag, nodded approval of his generous act and stood by while he wrote his autograph upon it.

But there was special reason why the people of Arlon should be grateful to the Allied flags, for I heard from many lips while there the story of how one hundred and fifteen citizens of the town were shot to death in the railroad station under circumstances of exceptional blood-lust and cruelty, with details of one mother's death that I will not harrow the reader by setting down. And back near Virton, too, there had been a story like this—only more ghastly, for the number was larger, the killing more deliberate. The victims were residents of the little town of Ethe, and, in this deed, barbaric cruelty attained to new refinements, for wives or daughters of the men to die were made to lie down where the bullet-pierced bodies fell across them into graves the hands of the condemned had previously dug. Our division passed through this little town of Ethe the next day—a town of unusually pretty houses, for the stone of their construction was a mottled buff instead of the usual dingy whitewashed stuff. Some of the houses were still in ruins; others gave signs of being recently rebuilt, while a portion of the town had evidently never been destroyed at all. Through windows and doors the people of Ethe looked out at us with eyes that were large with wonder and glowing with grateful satisfaction, as recognizing that our advent meant the definite and final departure of the brutal invader.

I think it was the consciousness that we were going so quickly from scenes like this to the homes of the people who had done these terrible things which filled us with a kind of savage curiosity that was difficult to describe exactly as we looked forward to crossing the German border.

But before we could cross, a halt of eight days was imposed upon us by the terms of the armistice. We spent those eight days in the northern part of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The headquarters of Brigadier-General Wendell C. Neville, of the Marine Brigade, whose personal guest I was at this time, was Eppeldorf, a miserable little side-hill scramble of farmhouses, with a church in the center. Steep, cobbled, ice-covered roads and stone-walled barnyards, reeking of filth and animal sewage—drizzling rain, penetrating fogs—with a consequent depression of spirit that was lightened only by the barrage of wit and anecdote which the general himself invariably put over at mess-time—those are my memories of Eppeldorf. Not a horse to be seen except our own—oxen pulling carts, driven mostly by girls, and oxen plowing in the fields, one man at the plow and another with the goad—wooden shoes, wooden faces, wooden minds. All in all, Eppeldorf was as un-American a town as the army entered during its stay abroad.

And it was here that Thanksgiving overtook us, a day shrined so deep in American traditions and so sacred to fireside memories that, far more than the Fourth of July, it rouses every latent spark of loyalty in the heart, and fills every absentee with the most intense longings to be in the midst of his loved ones. How the pull of home was felt in every heart in the army in the days preceding the twenty-eighth of November! Those discipline-hardened men almost forgot that they were soldiers, and went about with long faces and eyes turned inward.

There was some talk about turkeys. The slogan: "A turkey-dinner for every man in the A. E. F." had been printed in the newspapers that straggled through to us, but the wise ones read it with a sardonic smile. They knew it was the same old story, that the army was short of transportation as usual, the ration-dumps were none too full of tinned "willie" and bacon, and that it was folly to talk of turkey. The freezers back in the S. O. S. might be filled with turkeys, but none would ever get to the front.

But after a day or two of doleful faces and hunched shoulders, heads might be seen together, plotting. Next, two marines were noticed in the privacy of a fence-corner, looting the feathers from the hide of a tough old rooster and later committing other atrocities upon the carcass, working with awkward hands but determined faces. The idea spread. Thanksgiving-dinner clubs were formed. "Shorty" Sproul and "Dollie" Anderson were reported to have paid sixty francs for a goose. Figure it up. That was around twelve dollars for the superannuated waddler on which eight young soldiers dulled their teeth and strained their imagination trying to fancy themselves sitting down with the folks at home about the traditional American bird. Other groups went stronger still.

The thrifty Luxemburgian farmers discovered that these American soldiers had developed a very great yearning for fowl,

for veal, and for pork, and they profiteered outrageously. One mess paid one hundred francs for its goose—that is, twenty dollars roundly—while another turned to sucking pig, and again the consideration was one hundred francs, while still another group gave up one hundred marks, or twenty-five dollars, for their pig, as German exchange-rates still prevailed.

And so Thanksgiving day in all our camp was a day of feasting, a day of pretend, that, as to food, was a dismal failure, but as a manifestation of the earnest desire of these march-weary fighting men to have fellowship with the folks at home was glorious.

And all these days, it must be understood, were days of bitter toil imposed upon the army—for we were preparing to enter a foreign country. We must appear at our best. Not a buckle, not a strap on a harness must be misplaced when this two hundred thousand men moved over the line.

Now, our army had been campaigning for two solid months, fighting and crawling forward, fighting and crawling forward. Under such circumstances, equipment deteriorates or disappears, and both officers and men lose patience with the finer punctilios of discipline. A brigadier-general, sneaking from one dugout to another, does not insist upon attention and salute from every buck private he passes toting ammunition, or dodging shrapnel, or holding fast to his job of the moment, whatever it may happen to be.

But now, without time for rest, without the opportunity for supplies to come up and make refitting possible, the army was being flung forward. It must refit as it marched and as the supplies overtook us, and it must reacquire the appearance of smartness and the habits of exacting discipline. To insure this, a cloud of inspectors from division and corps and army headquarters filled the road like stinging wasps. They studied the moving columns with microscopes; they marked every fault; they uttered harsh, rasping complaints to commanding officers, and then they wrote the complaints down and turned them in at night, so that, while tired men slept the sleep of innocent unawareness, some bivouacked in pup-tents in the open, and some snored in farmer's straw, the telephone-wires were busy with indictments coming down from one headquarters to another.

A major-general, conscious that his men were looking very well under the circumstances, would hear that his division was the eyesore of the American army, that the roads were full of stragglers, that wagons were dirty, packs not regulation, columns ragged and wobbling, camping-grounds poorly policed, and so on. The major-general would bark back in his wrath and then, turning, snarl at his chief of staff. That dignitary would snap at the brigade chiefs of staff. These, in due course, would fall upon the



regimental commanders, and they upon battalion commanders, who would pass the mustard on down till the last buck private in the rear rank had his corporal on his neck.

The air would be filled with the wildest rumors of the most unmilitary conduct. It was reported that a marine had actually been seen in Medernach with his overcoat unbuttoned and that a depraved and insubordinate Sixth Regiment mule had taken two bites of the bark of a tree in Useldingen. Especially was it alleged that the wagons and motor-trucks of the Fourth Brigade were mud-spotted and unseemly. As those vehicles had been struggling forward for ten days through mud from ankle- to knee-deep, there was a ground for suspecting that the charge might be true. Colonel Ellis, who managed to look always as dapper as a dude on Broadway, stepped out into the yard with the spick-and-spanness of his uniform, a shining rebuke to all untidiness, inspected the wagons, and decided that there

them mud-spattered and foul as before, and noted complaints in their bothersome little books again.

"Where the blankety blank were these inspectors when we were fighting?" General Neville, whose command was the Fifth and Sixth Marines of Belleau Wood and Champagne and Argonne fame, used to growl. "I never used to see them nearer than twenty miles of us then."

It was experiences like this which caused motor-cycle driver Van Amburgh, who has the D. C. S., to make the sage deduction, one morning, that "Peace is hell!" This remark has been much quoted since in the Army of Occupation.

But what emphasized this hellishness of peace during the halt in Luxemburg was that drill had been resumed. Yes, drill! These men who had fought for eight weeks on end, who had whipped the flower of the supposedly best army in the world, and sent it backward reeling, staggering and crying for relief, and

who thereafter had been marched off their feet on the slippery roads of Belgium and Luxemburg, were now turned out to drill six hours a day. Six hours a day they marched and countermarched over the sometimes frozen, sometimes soaked and soggy, but always bleak, wind-swept, and marrow-chilling hills of Luxemburg, goaded thereto by the hoarsely bellowed orders of officers who were as weary as the files, yet under the necessity of trying to replace a parade-ground snap in men who had fought everything out of themselves but the will to win.

And they all, from top to bottom, took it in good part, grumbling but philosophical, as willing to show the Hun that, though the American soldier did not pretend to be able to parade as well as he could fight, he could nevertheless make a grand-stand appearance upon occasion.

But besides this pardonable pride in desiring to put our best foot forward, it must be remembered that there was genuine necessity that

men should be up on their toes when they went into Germany, for throughout the whole army was a grave doubt as to how much good faith lay back of *boche* promises and protestations. It had learned that the *boche* was a treacherous foe, that, when he seemed most bland and harmless, then he was most apt to be preparing something especially devilish. But G. H. Q. was determined not to be led into ambush. Patrols, pickets, and outposts were upon the lookout for the slightest hint of treachery.

Especially was there concern as to what was going on within the German army itself, supposed to be retiring steadily from our front, rolling back as we rolled forward. Rumors of mutiny and rebellion drifted back, but with them also came hints that these rumors were lies meant to deceive us into a false feeling of security. H. Q. 2, which is the symbol for the Intelligence Department, worked indefatigably, seizing upon and interrogating every returned prisoner for facts about internal conditions in Germany, while any loquacious peasant whose eyes and ears had been busy when the Hun army was passing through was sure to be summoned to headquarters and searchingly examined as to how the army had appeared and what its officers and men had had to say.

The results of all these inquisitions were issued daily in mimeographed sheets to the various officers entitled to receive them, and it was astonishing how much information these bulletins contained. Yet the sum total of them all was insufficient to allay



The good-humored sergeant had forgotten his orders about fraternization, or had abrogated them as far as the children were concerned, for he playfully elevated one of the munching urchins to his shoulder and paraded with him to and fro, to the obvious pride of the mother

were indeed traces of soil upon them. They must therefore be cleaned.

The movement of brigade headquarters was held up an hour while nice young soldiers who had the precious privilege of riding when others walked now disgustedly backed their wagons into streams or drew them up alongside of watering-troughs, found old rags just anywhere, and, dipping their hands in icy waters till they were red or blue with the chill of them, washed and washed, polished and manicured, till wagons and harness shone like the imperial carriages and their equipment as displayed in the glass cases at Versailles. And if the inspectors came round in the first hour of march, they noticed these clean vehicles and approved, but if they chanced along in the second hour, they found

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that feeling of suspense and apprehension which kept the nerves tautened among us all. It took a travel-stained marine to do that, with one of those ludicrous escapades of the buck private which, so often in this war, have set the predictions of military wiseacres at naught, made generals to gasp, and half the world to chortle. Quite as usual, too, this important incident had a most commonplace beginning.

While we were still in Belgium, Captain Foster, of the Eighteenth Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment of Marines, discovered that he had left his one and only perfectly good Sam Browne belt hanging on a peg in his billet in the town that was now half a day's march behind, and he despatched an orderly to get it. This orderly's name, as I recall it, was Tucker. Anyway, we will call him that; and it was remembered afterward that he was a man with a faculty for blundering into absurdities that became important.

For the orderly, the correct execution of his present assignment was no more than the matter of snatching a ride toward the rear on a motor-truck, seizing the belt from its peg, and connecting with some form of transportation moving in the reverse direction. He should have rejoined his command soon after nightfall, but taps sounded without the orderly. Captain Foster's company moved next morning as usual, and for two succeeding days thereafter, finally settling down at a small village in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg for the halt of eight days already referred to.

Meantime, the captain had listed his Sam Browne as a casualty, and one certain orderly was down on the company records as A. W. O. L. It was toward the end of the week that H. Q. 2 turned up the exciting fact that an American marine had been in Germany, traveling about, even to the Rhine, being received everywhere as an honored guest, and finally, after concluding an extensive trip in the enemy's country, had casually returned to his own army. The afternoon of this same day, Tucker appeared to his captain, somewhat breathless and confused, but saluting and presenting

one much-traveled Sam Browne belt. He did not appear to feel particularly proud of himself, and it required considerable cross-examination to elicit the details of his exploit, which transpired to be as follows:

When he reached the little Belgian town, the belt had been souvenired, and it took him a day to locate it, so that when he returned to the place where he should have found his company, it was no longer there, and the inhabitants assured him it had departed for Luxemburg. Failing to distinguish between the city and the duchy, Tucker had immediately taken train for the former place. Luxemburg was a large city, full at the time of American troops, of excitement, of rumors, and of misinformation. The anxious marine was told that the Second Division might have been there, but certainly was not there now, and had most likely gone on to Coblenz. Tucker, being a marine and the kind of man who does what he starts out to do, doggedly took train for Treves, a large city in Germany, where he appeared in full equipment, the first American soldier the Teutonic populace had ever seen, and announced his desire to go to Coblenz.

The guards about the railway station received him with as much deference as if he had been a four-star general with an army at his back. They supplied him with the best food the lunch-counter afforded, and directed him to his train for Coblenz. No fare was demanded of him. It appeared that an American soldier

in an American uniform with an American rifle in his hand at the time was conceded to have an annual pass on the railroads of Germany. They placed him in a first-class carriage; Tucker disposed his tired feet upon the cushions, smoked a cigarette, and breezed coolly into Coblenz, where he was probably one hundred kilometers from the border and from the nearest outpost of his own army. Literally, he was alone in the midst of Germany. But here, also, the man who was wrapped in the talismanic khaki of the United States needed no divisions to protect him.

Some officer, whether a high-non-com or a low-commissioned officer Tucker could not make out, but some officer took him in his especial charge,

listened to his story, assured him that the American army had not yet entered Germany, and intimated delicately that it was therefore his duty to withdraw. But this officer also suggested that it would be a pleasure to extend to

so distinguished a guest the hospitality of the fine city of Coblenz. Tucker, nothing loath, behaved quite as if he were the original of that marine of whom Kipling had sung:

You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead to paddle his own canoe.

He accepted the invitation and allowed himself to be paraded about the town. He saw the streets decorated as for a victory; he heard that the revolution was on, that the common people were in control, and, despite machine guns at the corners of the streets, he saw that it was at that time a city of peace. And everywhere that Tucker went the most serious danger he encountered was from stabbing glances. His host took him to a hotel and gave him the best dinner to be had—a dinner of which, however, Tucker professed not to think much—and then they placed him tenderly in his carriage and sent him back to Luxemburg.

A laugh and a sigh of relief ran through the whole army as it heard Tucker's story.

"Of course it would be a marine that pulled that stunt," chuckled General Neville proudly.

We knew from that moment that there was nothing to apprehend in the way of an offensive from Germany; nevertheless, the army took no chances. It did not move forward as for a peaceful march, but advanced in the order of preparation for instant battle. Naturally, there was the greatest eagerness to see



The demeanor of the people as a whole was rather perplexing. There was an occasional look of hatred



There were furtive, frightened faces that marked my every coming and going with the greatest trepidation

what the German demeanor would be, and the first thing noticeable was that curiosity had triumphed over pride. The populace of the invaded districts turned out to receive us. The day was Sunday. The people therefore were in their best, and their best looked very good. The children were fat, and some of them rosy-cheeked. If any in these country districts were undernourished or underclothed, I could not discern it from their appearance as we rolled slowly by. Numbers of men were in the group gathered at every crossroads and at the entrance to the villages—men who had the look of recently discharged soldiers. This was revealed by their bearing, by the fact that so many of them were obviously of military age, and that now and then one still wore his army cap or boots or some other vestige of his uniform. Occasionally, too, one betrayed himself laughably by the first movement of an involuntary salute when an officer happened upon him abruptly, especially if this officer were of high rank.

The demeanor of the people as a whole was rather perplexing. There was an occasional look of hatred, an occasional proud face that screened itself behind a curtain and peered out with malice in the hard eyes; but in the main the universal expression was one of bland, salvy irresponsibility that was maddening.

"No fraternization—absolutely none," was the order that had gone out; but it was hardly necessary. The American soldier was grimly determined that he did not wish to fraternize. These men here who stood brazenly by, camouflaged in mufti, were the men who had potted his comrades from trees, who had mowed them down with machine guns, who had deluged them with gas, who had fought and sneaked away leaving all manner of cowardly death-traps behind them, who had nailed kittens to trees in such fashion that, when the humane American soldier went to rescue them, he was inhumanely blown to atoms for his kindness of heart—these were the men, these were the wives and the daughters and the children of those who had robbed and murdered and devastated, heaping atrocity upon atrocity, outrage upon outrage, inhumanity upon inhumanity in the name of war; and now they stood mute and meek, presuming upon the chivalrous spirit of the invader to protect them from the fate they had inflicted with impunity upon others.

So the American soldier did not want to fraternize with these people—but alas for his intent! The amiable, honest-hearted, non-malice-holding American! That very first night, in the German town of Neuburg, I saw the populace gathering in curiosity round the brigade ration-dump. At an open spot in the public

square the great camions were backing up, and out from their cavernous depths came tumbling burlap-covered quarters of frozen beef, sacks of potatoes, boxes of canned goods, and Himalayas of white bread. Around this peak of bread, piled up against the side of a building to await the call of the regimental ration-wagons, a crowd of women and children gathered inquisitively, whereupon a huge commissary-sergeant seized a loaf, broke it in pieces, and passed them to the eager children, who eyed the substance and ate it like cake, yielding up bits to their elders for inspection and sampling.

In another moment, the good-humored sergeant had forgotten his orders about fraternization, or had abrogated them as far as the children were concerned, for he playfully elevated one of the munching urchins to his shoulder and paraded with him to and fro, to the obvious pride of the mother and with smiles and chatter from the other women. After this game had gone on for a minute or so, another soldier sidled up and touched the big sergeant on the shoulder.

"Say, Jim?" he inquired. "Know what they're saying—these kids?"

"Nup," admitted Jim; "I don't get this gol-darn stuff at all."

"Why," explained the other, "they're saying: 'It's all right. Germany's beaten now, but wait twenty, or fifty years maybe, and Germany will come back again and do to America what she did to Belgium!'"

"No!" exclaimed the sergeant, with a gasp of incredulity and a look of horror in his eyes; but he put the child down as if it had been a baby viper, and he frowned the whole group away from his bread-dump.

That night there was talk between two of the general's aides who prattled German freely and their hosts, the burgomaster of the town and his wife. They were a cultured young couple, and the man was a graduate of three universities. They told with seeming frankness of their experiences and of their opinions. They told how the scarcity of certain foods had pinched them. To prove how they had suffered, the wife exhibited pre-war photographs of the husband, fat and sleek-looking, and bade them regard him now, pale, clothes hanging loosely, features wearing an expression of chronic dejection.

They confessed amazement at the mildness of the Americans. They marveled that the general had been content with a small bedchamber on the third floor. They had expected him to cast them out of their almost luxurious apartments on the second, as the German general had done before him. (Continued on page 128)



"Wot's this?" the yegg roared, stepping out and holding up a bleeding fist to Spalding

The Petermen of Providence

By Henry Leverage

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

IT was raining in Providence when Spalding took the high ground of the M. T. & K. tracks for a twelve-mile walk to a junction where a train could be taken for parts unknown without leaving a clue for the powers that ruled or a scent for human blood-hounds whom, he had certain reasons to believe, would be unleashed on his trail.

He had been thoughtful enough to burn in his grate at home a collection of pamphlets dealing with California and the Golden West, where he was not going. Their ashes could be read by a correspondence-school sleuth. Also, his actions in checking a suitcase for Denver and taking the limited for the same city were within the possibility of discovery. The clue was snapped, however, outside the yard-limits, where he swung from the smoker and circled the town, facing the east and all that it might hold for a fugitive and a fool.

The spruce ties on the M. T. & K. Railroad are mathematically spaced to encourage the passenger revenue or to develop a lock-step. Spalding could span two by running, and this is what he would have done had not his wind been severely tested by the detour he had made round the town of Providence.

The rain thinned to a drizzle, to a mist, then came down in showers from a blanketed cloud that obscured the moon, and rolled on and on from out the east in endless billows of discomfort. Spalding shivered, and turned and glanced back over his shoulders, then smiled bitterly. The jig was up, and he cared more than his heart would allow him to admit.

She—he plunged onward at the thought—she would know in the morning. They would gather up the threads of his other life and learn of the other women he didn't care a rain-drop for, and throw them all at her—the wife—in the manner of people in small towns. The kid would grow up and forget his father until the reminder came. The kid! Spalding's eyes filled. He paused, half turned, then went on, head down, cursing a sentiment which had already begun to take root and grow.

A mile-post shone white ahead, where the shining rails lifted out of the low fog. He stumbled over one of the M. T. & K. ties and rolled down an ash-and-cinder embankment that

showered after him with friendly clamminess. He rose and retrieved his hat, and drew one foot out of the mud and the water that stretched for all the world like an ocean behind him. At a sound, he glanced up and stiffened to rigidity. A hand-car on wheels of velvet glided above and stopped. Three faces peered down on him—hard, straight-browed faces that chilled along his spine as ice.

"The glim wuz 'ere," one rasped. "It's him, I seed him duck."

"It's him," husked another. "They're always duckin'—curse the game! A jug to-night an' another to-morrow. Soup, dinny, and nitro. I've got a headache mixin' th' stuff, an' nothin' but stickers an' white money. Call this new guy. Wot's th' office?"

"The First National," laughed a third. "Come up, bo! We're Canada Mack's friends out of Chi. He said Mile-post Fifty-six, an' here we is."

Spalding smiled wearily. Three detectives, on a hand-car, posing as bank-burglars, was a ghastly joke for a getaway. There was no possible escape. He climbed the embankment and stood facing them. He lighted a cigarette with fingers of steel. He held out the tiny flame to each face in succession, and then blew the match out, and said, in the same exaltation:

"Here I am, boys! I'm ready to go."

"Right-o! Come on!" shouted the largest and the leader of the trio. "It'll be crackin' down in two hours, an' there's plenty to do. Jump on the car, bo! Now, boys; all together—up an' down, down an' up. Watch the tools, Pete."

Spalding found himself lifted to the car, and soon they were flying down the track toward Providence. He lighted a second cigarette, shielding the match with his cap and thinking deeply. He could leap, and be deep in the gloom before they could stop. He half braced himself for the attempt when his foot touched a metallic object. He bent and peered down between the flying handles, and saw an assortment of tools varied and powerful enough to rip the armor from a battle-cruiser—drills and braces, a plate with a slot and set screws, a Brobdingnagian "can-opener" with an assortment of handles, a box swaddled in cotton-waste with protruding fuses, a rude bundle of tapered and graduated wedges, a half-score of sectional jimmies.

His breath sucked through dry, parched lips. He turned and scrutinized the faces about and around him with awakened interest. They were as hard and as scarred as the bunch of burglarious tools at their feet. A thrill and a warmth crept through him. He turned with a lifting hope and gulped the cool night air as a draft of nectar.

"Perhaps—who knows?" he said to himself. "Stranger things have happened, but never before to me."

"Give us th' office, bo," husked the leader in his ear; "the shortest cut to the jug. Yon's th' semaphore, an' th' station's this side, ain't it?"

Spalding nodded slowly, his head in a whirl. He recalled a sifting at the yard-limits. He thrust out his hand as they rattled over the first switch. The hand-car coasted, lost momentum, and then came to a grinding stop.

"All out!" shouted the leader of the trio. "Get 'er off th' track. This burg is dead, boys. Pick up your tools an' we'll follow Mack's friend. He knows th' road—or he ought to."

Big Scar, Alibi Pete, and Glycerin Jimmy, as they were known in the underworld and to the police of a score of cities, leaped to the ground and lifted the car bodily from the M. T. & K. rails and set it in a clearing by a switch-shack. Canada Mack had long planned the bank-job, and had promised the trio a leader sufficiently stocked with information and knowledge of the situation to insure success. All the arrangements had been made by mail with Canada Mack, and Spalding came up to the trio's expectations. He brought to mind a type of box-man who carries his tools in a golf-bag, who talks little, and who is usually in the habit of working alone. The Providence job, Mack had explained, was beyond one man and "mob-work," and the lone star would be waiting at Mile-post Fifty-six for reenforcements and tools.

The First National Bank of Providence stands with its Corinthian front in the heart of a rural business and farming section. At the rear looms a low shed, where country patrons hitch their horses while their notes are shaved in the changing-temple of Mammon. Thither Spalding led the trio as unerringly as an Apache to a bottle. The tools were spread on the straw without sound. Big Scar peered out and husked:

"Now, bo; give us the lay. Mack writes it's a tough kiester, but that th' rest is some cheese. Where's th' watchman?"

"Up-stairs," lipped Spalding, his teeth clicking from doubt and fear.

"Wot?"

"Sure," whispered Spalding. "I told Mack—Canada Mack. Also, if you want to know, the third window from here in the back isn't wired. You can climb in that way. The others are; so look out. There's a stair there, and it leads to the janitor's room. Don't kill him; he's got a family down South somewhere."

"Cut it, kid," growled Big Scar. "Can th' soft stuff. Th' trouble wid youse kid-glove kids is culture. What we wants is th' information—th' layout. Give us facts; we'll do th' rest—we lives on facts an' information."

Spalding stuttered as he unfolded a maze of details—details only one long on the job could supply. Big Scar nodded now and then in appreciation, his face growing livid from pent excitement. Spalding wound up by pulling from an inner pocket the cashier's twenty-sixth annual statement, showing that there ought to be eighty-five thousand, seven hundred odd dollars in the vault of the First National Bank of Providence at that very moment.

"That'll do," barked Big Scar. "That's enough for us to winter with an' buy th' missus some coal. Now, James, up you go—th' third window, mind. Sap th' Hoosier watchman, an' sit on his chest an' stay there. Mind you—stay there. Whistle when you got him sapped, an' we'll follow."

"Ain't yer a-goin' to post a lighthouse?" inquired the yegg, drawing a gun and eying the third window homicidally.

"Naw," growled Big Scar; "this burg's dead. We could take

th' jail an' th' town hall an' th' fire department, an' nobody would rumble on a night like this."

A half-hour later, the orb'd moon broke through the clouds and peered through the First National's windows and hid her face for shame. The great double door of the vault had been ripped apart from hinge to dial under the combined assaults of two vultures who had finished the meat and were picking the skeleton clean with sectional jimmies. Big Scar paused as the way stood clear and wiped the powdered fireproofing from his sweltering brow.

"Th' bigger they are," he explained to Spalding, "th' easier they fall."

With this aphorism, he dived into the interior, and Spalding watched, holding himself together with difficulty.

"Wot's this?" the yegg roared, stepping out and holding up a bleeding fist to Spalding. "Wot's this, I'd like to know? Say, Pete—it's a cannon-ball—a double-dial, gun-breeched cannon-ball wot can't be opened—wot's never been opened. We're done for. I thought it wuz a box-kiester."

Alibi Pete let out a wail that could be heard to the stars. He glared at Spalding homicidally. Glycerin Jimmy incautiously left the trussed watchman and peered over the head of the stairs to add his clenched fist to the collection.

"Easy, men," said Spalding. "I'd 'a' told you, but I thought that you would quit on me—and Canada Mack. I'll open the kiester. What do you think that Mack sent me for, anyhow? I've opened more boxes than any one of you. See that soft plug in the big door?" Spalding's finger was accusing. "Why didn't you drill there? I let you do all that work, because you amused me. No danger Burns will take this for an inside job, eh? Look at the mess you have made."

Big Scar let his eyes roam over the littered floor and blushed. His eyes shifted back.



"Right-o! Come on!" shouted the largest and the leader of the trio

The Petermen of Providence

"Go on, kid," he snarled; "open that kiester—that cannon-ball—an' you kin have my end of the swag. It can't be done. There ain't no way to get in th' soup."

"If it's a-Lion I can," answered Spalding. "I can open a Lion or a Monarch every morning for breakfast."

"It's a Lion," snarled the yegg, "a double-dial, triple-lever, screw-locked Lion wid its jaw tight shut."

"Out of the way, please!" said Spalding, taking off his coat. "When I give you the word, pass in some liquid dynamite and a detonator—about a cupful."

Big Scar glared at his two companions, then wilted over an apron-plate that was designed to pull a spindle from a safe like a radish from a truck garden. Spalding had already entered the vault as the big yegg husked,

"Pete, serve the gentleman a cup of soup and a string; he's going to blast."

"He sure is!" exclaimed Pete, in derision.

Again the moon peered from the clouds and shone through the windows of the First National Bank of Providence. A man worked over a circular door and its combination—the riddle of the underworld and the despair of all box-men. When he had finished, a thin line of oil rimmed a junction no wedge could have entered. A fuse sputtered on a hinge, with its cap over the suture. Spalding backed out, and the detonation and the roar that followed would have lifted the lid from Cotopaxi. The door shot through the plate-glass window, to catapult across the street and penetrate a brick wall, and kept on going. Spalding staggered through the acrid mist to the window at the rear of the bank office. He saw Big Scar and Alibi Pete crawl over a tool-littered floor with sacks in their teeth, for all the world like bulldogs after their prey. They pounced into the smoking vault. Spalding marked the scene of destruction and desolation, and then, after lighting a cigarette, smiled enigmatically. Afterward, he threw one leg over the window-sill and dropped to the ground.

A little later, the trio joined him at the shed, ducking from out the rain. They all waited, counting the minutes. Five passed, ten; Providence slept on, wrapped in blissful ignorance of the events of the night.

"Well," laughed Big Scar, replacing his gun, "they won't hear Gabriel's horn, either. This here's some burg."

"The finest on the line," said Spalding, with pride. "I happen to live here."

"S—o!" gasped Big Scar, regarding Spalding curiously. "So

you live here? Then it's no wonder Canada Mack picked you out for the job. An' you're th' only heavy man that ever took a cannon-ball to my knowledge. Put it here!"

They shook hands, and Spalding winced in a grip that was meant to be friendly.

He led the way through the sleeping town, toward the outskirts and the waiting hand-car. Then he paused, placed his finger up to his lips for silence, and led them down through a wet, grassy lane that brought up to a vine-clad cottage in the heart of some dripping poplars and elms. They circled the cottage in Indian file. Spalding drew out a key and opened a kitchen door. He motioned for silence as he tiptoed, followed by the trio, into a cozy dining-room. They found chairs around a damasked table, where he set out a bottle and glasses, after thrusting into his pocket a sealed and addressed envelop he had taken from the centerpiece.

"Here's to success!" he said, holding out a glass.

"To crime!" chimed in the yeggs, smacking their lips and reaching in unison for the bottle.

Big Scar, after a cautious glance around, stood up and dumped on the table-cloth a bundle of burned and scorched notes from a bag he had carried. Alibi Pete added a mound of gold and silver. The count began with Glycerin Jimmy keeping tab on the white damask with the stub of a badly bitten pencil. The last coin clinked.

"Eleven thousand, five hundred an' seventy-one, an' a plugged quarter," announced the yegg. "Eleven! I thought it wuz more."

"Seventy-odd thousand short," husked Big Scar sadly. "We got all there wuz, men; you kin frisk me. Them National Bank reports is like jewel-robberies—exaggerated—Wot wuz that?"

The three yeggs turned as one and glared down a hallway. Alert as three quick cats, each drew a gun. A woman had called from the head of the stairway. They all had heard one word:

"Paul!"

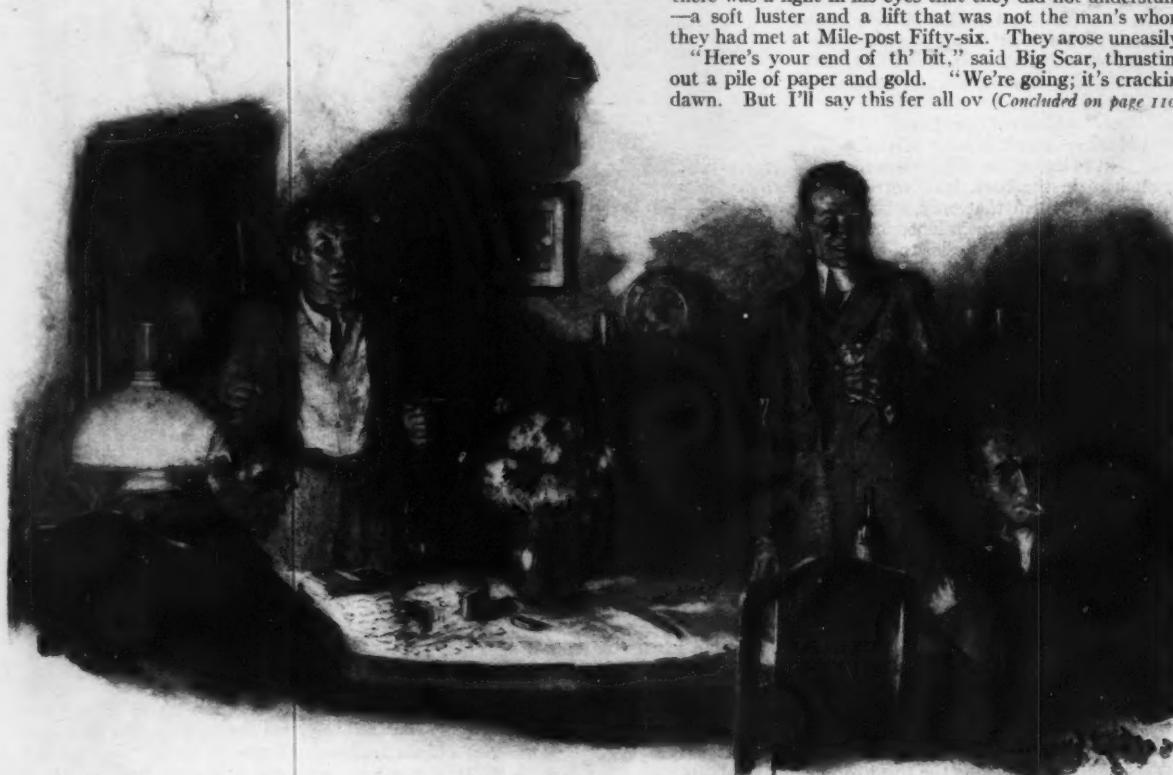
"Yes, May," Spalding had answered, with a gesture to the trio for silence; "yes, May—what is it?"

"Is it you? I thought you—" They hung on her words. "Oh, I had such a dream! Come to me, Paul. Come up to me. Don't go away. It's almost morning."

Spalding turned and motioned for them to remain. The three saw him disappear through the portières. When he returned, there was a light in his eyes that they did not understand—a soft luster and a lift that was not the man's whom they had met at Mile-post Fifty-six. They arose uneasily.

"Here's your end of th' bit," said Big Scar, thrusting out a pile of paper and gold. "We're going; it's crackin' dawn. But I'll say this fer all ov (Concluded on page 110)

The three yeggs turned as one and glared down a hallway





*The Return
of
Bessie McCoy*

BESSIE M'COY DAVIS received a welcome on her return to the professional stage that attests the public's affectionate remembrance of the supreme grace and exquisite dancing of the Yama-Yama Girl. She is now the chief luminary of the New York Danse de Follies' twin entertainments, the "Nine o'Clock Revue" and the "Midnight Frolic."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



Tillie of the Mennonites

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES G. ALDRIDGE
PATRICIA COLLINGE, beloved of theatergoers for her *Pollyanna*, which she played the country over for three years, has been promoted to stardom in "Tillie," a comedy depicting the quaint life of the Pennsylvania Mennonites. Miss Collinge, who comes from Dublin, has acquired a special renown through her portrayal of character roles.

Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy

Author of "Beyond," etc.

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie), an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visited Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever, gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs. Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed therefore.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland had been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. She confides in Leila and Gratian and Doctor Laird. Leila endeavors to cheer her up, and tells her that she must not get into a morbid state of mind over the situation. Laird is most sympathetic and promises to do all in his power to help her.

When Pierson learns of Noel's condition, he is completely stunned and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But the girl defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Kestrel and there in the early spring a son is born to her.

Her uncle offers to adopt the child, but she refuses, and goes back to her father, who approves her resolution. She soon encounters Opinion, for she openly acknowledges her motherhood. The results are what might be expected. Meanwhile, Captain Fort, filled with pity, offers any service in his power, for he knows that he is in love with her.

Noel now realizes that her return home was a mistake. She sends the baby and nurse to her aunt's and goes to Leila's, to remain until she can decide what to do. Her father follows her there and after an interview, decides to give up his parish, although Noel begs him not to. Leila has not yet returned from the hospital. Noel is alone after her father leaves—and presently Fort comes in. Leila finds them together. They have been drinking some of her champagne. Noel sees that Leila is deeply resentful of her presence and leaves immediately. She spends the night at a railway station and takes the earliest train for Dover, where Doctor Laird is stationed. He decides she had better stay there, and takes her to the place where he is staying. Gratian will come later. They will then take a house, and Noel can have her baby. She believes that, under this arrangement, her father will not resign his parish, but Laird thinks otherwise. He is right. Pierson is determined to go. Too much resentment of his course in harboring his daughter has developed in his flock. He will leave London and seek a chaplaincy in the army.

His one anxiety in leaving is for Noel. He fears that Fort will want to marry her, to which he is much opposed, on account of the captain's relations with Leila.



Fanny Munsell

Pierson came slowly up to him. "In my view," he said, "you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her."

XII

WHEN Noel fled, Fort had started forward to stop her; then, realizing that with his lameness he could never catch her, he went back and entered Leila's bedroom. She had taken off her dress, and was standing in front of her glass, with the cigarette still in her mouth; and the only movement was the curling of its blue smoke. He could see her face reflected, wide-eyed, pale, with a little spot of red in each cheek, and burning red ears. She had not seemed to hear him coming in, but he saw her eyes change when they caught his reflection in the mirror. From lost and blank, they became alive and smoldering.

"Noel's gone," he said.

She answered, as if to his reflection in the glass:

"And you haven't gone, too? Ah, no! Of course—your leg! She fled, I suppose? It was rather a jar, my coming-in, I'm afraid."

"No; it was my coming-in that was the jar."

Leila turned round.

"Jimmy, I wonder you could discuss me. The rest—" She shrugged her shoulders. "But that—"

"I was not discussing you. I merely said you were not to be envied for having me. Are you?"

The moment he had spoken, he was sorry. The anger in her eyes changed instantly, first to searching, then to misery. She cried out:

"I was to be envied! Oh, Jimmy, I was!" And flung herself face down on the bed.

Saint's Progress

Through Fort's mind went the thought: "Atrocious!" How could he soothe—make her feel—what? That he loved her, when he didn't; that he wanted her, when he wanted Noel. That he was her true and loving servant, when she knew that he was not. Atrocious! He went up to the bedside, touched her timidly, and murmured:

"Leila, what is it? You're overtired. What's the matter, dear? I couldn't help the child's being here. Why do you let it upset you? She's gone. It's nothing. It's all right. Things are just as they were."

"Yes," came the strangled echo; "just!"

He knelt down and stroked her arm. It shivered under the touch, seemed to stop shivering and wait for the next touch, as if hoping it might be warmer, shivered again.

"Look at me!" he said. "What do you want? I'm ready to do anything."

She turned and drew herself up on the bed, screwing herself back against the pillow, as if for support.

"My dear Jimmy," she said, "I want you to do nothing but get me another cigarette. At my age, one expects no more than one gets." She held out her thumb and finger. "Do you mind?"

Fort turned away to get the cigarette. With what bitter restraint and curious little smile she had said that! But no sooner was he out of the room and hunting blindly for the cigarettes, whose position he knew perfectly well, than his mind was filled with an aching concern for Noel, fleeing like that, reckless and hurt, with nowhere to go. He found the little polished golden-birchwood box which held the cigarettes, and, going back, made a desperate effort to dismiss the image of the girl before he again reached Leila. She was sitting there, with her arms crossed, in the stillness of one whose every nerve and fiber is stretched taut.

"Have one yourself," she said. "The pipe of peace."

Fort lighted the cigarettes and sat down on the edge of the bed, and his mind at once went back to Noel.

"Yes," she said suddenly; "I wonder where she's gone. Can you see her? She might do something reckless a second time. Poor Jimmy! It would be a pity. And so that monk's been here and drunk champagne." And she laughed. "Good idea! Get me some, Jimmy."

Again Fort went, and with him the image of the girl. When he came back the second time, she had put on that dark-silk garment in which she had appeared suddenly radiant the fatal night after the Queen's Hall concert. She took the wine-glass, and passed him, going into the sitting-room.

"Come and sit down," she said. "Is your leg hurting you?"

"Not more than usual." And he sat down beside her.

"Won't you have some? *'In vino veritas,'* my friend."

He shook his head, and, taking her hand, said humbly,

"I admire you, Leila."

"That's lucky! I don't know anyone else who would." And she drank her champagne at a draft. "Don't you wish," she said suddenly, "that I had been one of those wonderful 'new women,' all brain and good works. How I should have talked the universe up and down, and the war, and causes, Jimmy, drinking tea, and never boring you to try to love me! What a pity!"

But to Fort there had come Noel's words: "It's awfully funny, isn't it?"

"Leila," he said suddenly, "something's got to be done. So long as you don't wish me to, I'll promise never to see that child again."

"My dear boy, she's not a child. She's ripe for love; and—I'm too ripe for love. That's what's the matter, and I've got to lump it."

She wrenched her hand out of his, and, dropping the empty glass, covered her face. The awful sensation which visits the true Englishman when a scene stares him in the face spun in Fort's brain. So far as a man can understand that moment in a woman's life when she accepts the defeat of youth and beauty, he understood perhaps; but it was only a glimmering. He understood much better how she was recognizing, once for all, that she loved where she was not loved.

"And I can't help that," he thought dumbly; "I simply can't help that." Nothing he could say or do would alter it. No words can convince a woman when kisses have lost reality. Then, to his infinite relief, she took her hands from her face and said:

"This is very dull. I think you'd better go, Jimmy."

He made an effort to speak, but was too afraid of falsity in his voice.

"Very nearly a scene," said Leila. "My God! How men hate them! Quite right; so do I. I've had too many of them

in my time; nothing comes of them but a headache next morning. I've spared you that, Jimmy. Give me a kiss for it."

He bent down and put his lips to hers. With all his heart he tried to answer the passion in her kiss. She pushed him away suddenly and said faintly,

"Thank you; you did try."

Fort dashed his hand across his eyes. The sight of her face just then moved him horribly—horribly. What a disgusting



In opening the door, he caught sight of her
had a frightened look. They went

brute he felt! He took her limp hand, put it to his lips, and murmured:

"I shall come in to-morrow. We'll go to the theater—shall we? Good-night, Leila. Bless you!"

But, in opening the door, he caught sight of her face staring at him, evidently waiting for him to turn; the eyes had a frightened look. They went suddenly soft, so soft as to give his heart a squeeze.

She lifted her hand, blew him a kiss, and he saw her smiling. Without knowing what his own lips answered, he went out. Atrocious! Once in the moonlight, he could not make up his mind to go away, but, crossing to the railings, stood leaning against them, looking up at her windows. She had been very good to him. He felt like a man who has won at cards and sneaked away without giving the loser his revenge. If only she hadn't loved him; if only it had been a soulless companionship, a quite sordid business! Anything rather than this! What was he, that she, who had loved at least two other men in her time, should be so wretched because he couldn't love her? English to the back-bone, he could not divest himself of a sense of guilt. To have let it begin at all—and now that it had come to this, to see no way of making up to her, of straightening it out, made

him feel intensely mean. "Shall I go up again?" he thought. For a moment, he seemed to see the window-curtain move. Then the shreds of light up there vanished. "She's gone to bed," he thought. "I should only upset her worse. Where is Noel now, I wonder? I shall never see *her* again, I suppose."

And painfully, for his leg was hurting him, he walked away.



face staring at him, evidently waiting for him to turn; the eyes suddenly soft, so soft as to give his heart a squeeze

2

Leila was only too well aware of a truth that feelings are no less real, poignant, and important when one is outside the ring-fence of morality than when one is within. Her feelings were, indeed, probably even more real and poignant, just as a wild fruit has a sharper taste than that of the tame product. Opinion—she knew—would say that, having wilfully chosen a position outside morality, she had not half the case for broken-heartedness she would have had if Fort had been her husband. Opinion would say she had no claim on him, none at all; indeed, that the sooner an illegal tie was broken the better. And yet she felt fully as wretched as if she had been married. And, of course, she had not wanted to be outside morality; she had never in her life wanted to be that. She was like those folk who, by good and constant confession, can shed their sins and start again with a clear conscience. She had never meant to sin, merely to love, and when she was in love, the thing was so important to her that nothing else mattered for the moment. But if she was a gambler, she had so far always paid up. Only, this time the stakes for which she had played were the heaviest a woman can put down, or, rather, that time and fate can put down for her. It was

her last throw, and she knew it. So long as a woman believed in her attraction, there was hope, even when the curtain fell on a love-affair; but that lamp of belief had suddenly gone out. When this next curtain dropped, she felt that she must sit in the dark until old age had made her like unto Gallio. And between forty-four and real old age a gulf is fixed.

There was another element at least as poignant and bewildering in her present situation. This was the first time a man had

tired of her before she was ready for it. Why, he had been tired before he began, or so she felt, sitting there when he had gone. In one swift moment, as of a drowning person, she seemed to see again all the passages of their companionship, and to know with certainty that it had never been real or deep in him—never a genuine flame. A fever of shame ran, consuming, in her veins. She buried her face deep in the cushions. The girl who had sat just here where she was sitting had possessed his real heart all the time.

One thing was certain: without Jimmy she would be wretched, and with him she would be wretched, too. "I can't bear to see his face," she thought; "and I can't live without him. It's really funny!" And again she laughed. The thought of her hospital filled her with absolute loathing. To go there day after day with this despair eating at her heart—she simply could not. She went over her resources. She had more money than she thought; Jimmy had given her a Christmas present of five hundred pounds. She had wanted to tear up the check, or force him to take it back; but the realities of the previous five years had prevailed with her, and she had banked it. She was glad now. She had not to consider money. Her mind sought escape in the past. She thought of her first husband, Ronny Fane, of their mosquito-curtained rooms in that

ghastly Madras heat. Poor Ronny! What a pale, cynical young ghost started up under that name! She thought of Lynch, his horsy, matter-of-fact solidity. She had loved them both—for a time. She thought of the veld, of Constantia, and the loom of Table Mountain under the stars; and—the first sight of Jimmy, his straight look, the curve of his crisp head, the kind, fighting-schoolboy frankness of his face. Even now, after all those months of their companionship, that long-ago evening at grape harvest, when she sang to him under the scented

creepers, was the memory of him most charged with real feeling. That one evening, at any rate, he had longed for her, eleven years ago, when she was in her prime. She could have held her own then; Noel would have come in vain. To think that this girl had still fifteen years before she would be even in her prime! Fifteen years to bewitch men; and then another ten before she was on the shelf. Why, if she married Jimmy, he would be an old man, doting on her still, by the time she had reached this fatal age of forty-four!

She felt as if she must scream, and, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, got up and turned out the light to get rid of the sight of her face in the glass over the mantel-shelf. Darkness cooled her a little. She pulled aside the curtains and let in the moonlight. Jimmy and that girl were out in it somewhere, seeking each other, if not in body, then in thought. And soon, somehow, somewhere, they would come together. They would come together because fate meant them to! Fate, which had given her young cousin a likeness to herself, placed her, too, in just such a hopeless position as appealed to Jimmy, and gave him a chance against younger men.

She saw it all with bitter surety. Good gamblers cut their losses. Yes; and proud women did not keep unwilling lovers. If she had even an outside chance, she would trail her pride, drag it through the mud, through thorns. But she had not.

Saint's Progress

And she clenched her fist, and struck out at the night, as though at the face of that fate which one could never reach—impalpable, remorseless, surrounding fate with its faint and mocking smile, devoid of all human warmth. Nothing, nothing could set back the clock and give her what this girl had. And she saw herself going down the years, powdering a little more, painting a little more, touching up her hair till it was all artifice, holding on by every little device—and all, to what end? To see his face get colder and colder, hear his voice more and more constrained to gentleness and know that, underneath, aversion was growing with the thought: "You are keeping me from life, and love!" till one evening, in sheer nerve-break, she would say or do some fearful thing, and he would come no more. "No, Jimmy," she thought; "find her and stay with her. You're not worth all that!" And, pulling to the curtains, as though with that gesture she could shut out her creeping fate, she turned up the light and sat down at her writing-table. She stayed some minutes motionless, her chin resting on her hands, the dark silk fallen down from her white arms. A little mirror, framed in curiously carved ivory, picked up by her in an Indian bazaar twenty-five years ago, hung on a level with her face and gave that face back to her. "I'm not ugly," she thought passionately; "I'm not. I still have some looks left. If only that girl hadn't come!" She took up a pen, and wrote:

MY DEAR JIMMY:

It will be better for us both if you take a holiday from here. Don't come again till I write for you. I'm sorry I made you so much disturbance to-night. Have a good time, and a good rest; and don't worry.

Your—

So far she had written when a tear dropped on the page, and she had to tear it up and begin again. This time, she wrote to the end—"Your Leila."

"I must post it now," she thought, "or he may not get it before to-morrow evening. I couldn't go through with this again." She hurried out with it and slipped it in a pillar-box. The night smelled good; it smelled of flowers, and, hastening back away from it, she lay down and stayed awake for hours.

XIII

I

LEILA had pluck, but little patience. Difficult to say which helped her most in the next few days. Her one thought was to get away, and she at once began settling up her affairs and getting a permit to return to South Africa. The excitements of purchase and preparation were as good an anodyne as she could have taken. The perils of the sea were at full just then, and the prospect of danger gave her a sort of pleasure. "If I go down," she thought, "all the better—brisk, instead of long and dreary." But when she had the permit and her cabin was booked, the irrevocability of her step came to her with full force. Should she see him again or no? Her boat started in three days, and she must decide. If, in compunction, he were to be affectionate, she knew she would never keep to her decision; and then the horror would begin again, till again she was forced to this same action. She let the hours go and go till the very day before, when the ache to see him and the dread of it had become so unbearable that she could not keep quiet.

Late that afternoon—everything, to the last label, ready—she went out, still undecided. An itch to turn the dagger in her wound, to know what had become of Noel, took her to Edward's house. Almost unconsciously she had put on her prettiest frock and spent an hour before the glass. A feverishness of soul more than of body, which had hung about her ever since that night, gave her color. She looked her prettiest, and she bought a garde in a shop in Baker Street and fastened it in her dress. Reaching the old square, she was astonished to see a board up with the words: "To let," though the house still looked inhabited. She rang, and was shown into the drawing-room. She had only twice been in this house before; and for some reason, perhaps because of her own unhappiness, the old, rather shabby room struck her as extraordinarily pathetic, as if inhabited by the past. "I wonder what his wife was like," she thought. And then she saw, hanging against a strip of black velvet on the wall, that faded color-sketch of the slender young woman leaning forward, with her hands crossed in her lap. The coloring was lavender and old ivory, with faint touches of rose. The eyes, so living, were a little like Gratian's, the whole face delicate, eager, and good. "Yes," she thought, "he must have loved you very much. To say good-by must have been hard." She was still standing before it when Pierson came in.

"That's a dear face, Edward. I've come to say good-by. I'm leaving for South Africa to-morrow." And as her hand touched his, she thought, "I must have been mad to think I could ever have made him love me."

"Are you—are you leaving him?"

Leila nodded.

"That's very brave, and wonderful."

"Needs must when the devil drives—that's all. I hate asceticism, Edward; I don't give up happiness of my own accord. That's not within a hundred miles of the truth. What I shall become, I don't know, but nothing better, you may be sure. I give up because I can't keep, and you know why. Where is Noel?"

"Down at Dover, with George and Gratian."

He was looking at her in wonder, and the pained, puzzled expression on his face angered her.

"I see the house is to let. Who'd have thought a child like that could root up two fossils like us? Never mind, Edward; there's the same blood in us. We'll keep our ends up in our own ways, won't we? Where are you going?"

"They'll give me a chaplaincy in the East, I think."

For a wild moment Leila thought, "Shall I offer to go with him—the two lost dogs together?" And she looked at him with a queer little smile.

"What would have happened, Edward, if you had proposed to me that May-week, when we were—a little bit in love. Which would it have been worst for, you or me?"

"You wouldn't have taken me, Leila."

"Oh, one never knows. You'd never have been a priest then. And you'd never have become a saint."

"Don't use that silly word. If you knew—"

"I do; I can see that you've been half burned alive—half burned and half buried. Well, you have your reward, whatever it is, and I mine. Good-by, Edward!" She took his hand. "You might give me your blessing; I want it."

Pierson put his other hand on her shoulder and, bending forward, kissed her forehead.

The tears rushed up in Leila's eyes.

"Ah, me!" she said. "It's a sad world." And, wiping the quivering off her lips with the back of her gloved hand, she went quickly past him to the door. She looked back from there. He had not stirred, but his lips were moving. "He's praying for me!" she thought. "How funny!"

2

The moment she was outside, she forgot him; the dreadful ache for Fort seemed to have been whipped up within her, as if that figure of lifelong repression had infuriated the love of life and pleasure in her. She must and would see Jimmy again, if she had to wait and seek for him all night. It was nearly seven; he would surely have finished at the War Office. He might be at his club or at his rooms. She made for the latter.

The little street in Buckingham Gate, where no wag had chalked "Peace" on the doors for nearly a year now, had an arid look after a hot day's sun. The little hair-dresser's shop below his rooms was still open, and the private door ajar. "I won't ring," she thought; "I'll go straight up." While she was mounting the two flights of stairs, she stopped twice, breathless, from a pain in her side. She often had that pain now, as if the longing in her heart strained it physically. On the modest landing at the top, outside his rooms, she waited, leaning against the wall, which was covered with a red paper. A window at the back was open, and the confused sound of singing came in—a chorus from some soldiers billeted in a big hotel close by. "Vive la, vive la, vive la vie! Vive la compagnie!" So it came to her. "O God," she thought, "let him be in, let him be nice to me! It's the last time." And, sick from anxiety, she opened the door. He was in—lying on a wicker couch against the wall in the far corner, with his arms crossed behind his head, and a pipe in his mouth; his eyes were closed, and he neither moved nor opened them, perhaps supposing her to be the servant.

Noiseless as a cat, Leila crossed the room till she stood above him. And waiting for him to come out of that defiant lethargy, she took her fill of his thin, bony face, healthy and hollow at the same time. With teeth clenched on the pipe, it had a look of hard resistance, as of a man with his head back, his arms pinioned to his sides, stiffened against some creature clinging and climbing and trying to drag him down. The pipe was alive and dribbled smoke, and his leg, the injured one, wriggled restlessly, as if worrying him; but the rest of him was as utterly and obstinately still as though he were asleep. His face was young—so



DRAWN BY PARRY HURDELL

And with his arm round her, she let herself go, deep into the waters of illusion—down—down, trying to forget there was a surface to which she must return

Saint's Progress

much younger than hers! Why did she love it—the face of a man who couldn't love her? For a second, she felt as if she could seize the cushion which had slipped down off the couch, and smother him as he lay there, refusing, so it seemed to her, to come to consciousness. Love despised! Humiliation! She nearly turned and stole away. Then through the door, left open, behind her, the sound of that chorus: "*Vive la, vive la, vive la—*" came in and jolted her nerves unbearably. Tearing the gardenia from her breast, she flung it on his upturned face.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Jimmy!" Fort struggled up and stared at her. His face was comic from bewilderment, and she broke into a little nervous laugh. "You weren't dreaming of me, dear Jimmy, that's certain. In what garden were you wandering?"

"Leila! You! How—how jolly!"

"How—how jolly! I wanted to see you; so I came. And I have seen you as you are, when you aren't with me. I shall remember it; it was good for me—awfully good for me."

"I didn't hear you."

"Far, far away, my dear. Put my gardenia in your button-hole. Stop—I'll pin it in. Have you had a good rest all this week? Do you like my dress? It's new. You wouldn't have noticed it, would you?"

"I should have noticed. I think it's charming."

"Jimmy, I believe that nothing—nothing will ever shake your chivalry."

"Chivalry? I have none."

"I am going to shut the door—do you mind?"

But he went to the door himself, shut it, and came back to her. Leila looked up at him.

"Jimmy, if ever you loved me a little bit, be nice to me to-day. And if I say things—if I'm bitter—don't mind; don't notice it. Promise?"

"I promise."

She took off her hat and sat leaning against him on the couch, so that she could not see his face. And with his arm round her, she let herself go, deep into the waters of illusion—down—down, trying to forget there was a surface to which she must return; like a little girl, she played that game of make-believe: "He loves me—he loves me—he loves me!" To lose herself like that for just an hour, only an hour—she felt that she would give the rest of the time vouchsafed to her, give it all and willingly. Her hand clasped his against her heart; she turned her face backward, up to his, closing her eyes so as still not to see his face. The scent of the gardenia in his coat hurt her, so sweet and strong it was.

3

When, with her hat on, she stood ready to go, it was getting dark. She had come out of her dream now, was playing at make-believe no more. And she stood there with a little stony smile, in the half-dark, looking between her lashes at the mortified expression on his unconscious face.

"Poor Jimmy!" she said. "I'm not going to keep you from dinner any longer. No; don't come with me. I'm going alone—and don't light up, for heaven's sake!" She put her hand on the lapel of his coat. "That flower's gone brown at the edges. Throw it away; I can't bear faded flowers. Nor can you. Quite right. Get yourself a fresh one to-morrow." She pulled the flower from his buttonhole, and, crushing it in her hand, held her face up. "Well, kiss me once more; it won't hurt you."

For one moment her lips clung to his with all their might. She wrenched them away, felt for the handle blindly, opened the door, and, shutting it in his face, went slowly, swaying a little, down the stairs. She trailed a gloved hand along the wall, as if its solidity could help her. At the last half-landing, where a curtain hung, dividing off back premises, she stopped and listened. There wasn't a sound. "If I stood here behind this curtain," she thought, "I should see him again." She slipped behind the curtain, close-drawn but for a little chink. It was so dark there that she could not see her own hand. She heard the door open, and his slow footsteps coming down the stairs. His feet, knees, whole figure came in sight, his face just a dim blur. He passed, smoking a cigarette. She crammed her hand against her mouth to stop herself from speaking, and the crushed gardenia filled her nostrils with its cold, fragrant velvet. He was gone; the door below was shut. A wild, half-stupid longing came on her to go up again, wait till he came in, throw herself upon him, tell him she was going, beg him to keep her with him. And—and he would! He would look at her with that haggard pity she could not bear, and say, "Of course, Leila; of course." No! By God, no! "I am going quietly home," she muttered, "just quietly home! Come along; be brave; don't be a fool! Come along!" And she went down into the street. At the entrance to the park, she saw him, fifty yards in front, dawdling along. And, as if she had been his shadow lengthened out to that far distance, she moved behind him. Slowly, always, at



She wouldn't give in, this oldest lady in the world;

that distance, she followed him under the plane trees, along the park railings, past St. James's Palace, into Pall Mall. He went up some steps and vanished into his club. It was the end. She looked up at the building—a monstrous granite tomb, all dark. An emptied cab was just moving from the door. She got in.

"Camelot Mansions, St. John's Wood." And, braced against the cushions, panting, and clutching her hands, she thought: "Well, I've seen him again. Hard crust's better than no bread. God! All finished—not a crumb, not a crumb! *'Vive la, vive la, vive la ré'l' Vive la compagnie!'*"

XIV

WHEN Leila left him, Fort's thought was just a tired: "Well, so it's begun again!" What did it matter, since common loyalty and compassion cut him off from what his heart desired, and that desire so absurd, as little likely of attainment as the moon. What did it matter? If it gave her any pleasure to love him, let it go on! Yet, all the time that he was walking across under the plane trees, Noel seemed to walk in front of him, just out of reach, so that he ached with the thought that he would never catch her up, and walk beside her.

Two days later, on reaching his rooms in the evening, he found this letter on ship's note-paper, with the Plymouth postmark:

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever fare thee well!"
LEILA.

He read it with a really horrible feeling, for all the world as if he had been accused of a crime and did not know whether he

had committed it or not. And, trying to collect his thoughts, he took a cab and drove to her flat. It was closed, but her address was given him—a bank in Cape Town. He had received his release. In his remorse and relief, so confusing and so poignant, he heard the driver of the cab asking where he wanted to go now. "Oh, back again!" But before they had gone a mile, he corrected the address, in an impulse of which next moment he felt thoroughly ashamed. What he was doing, indeed, was as innocent as if he were driving off from the funeral of his wife to the boudoir of another woman. When he reached the old square, and the words: "To let" stared him in the face, he felt a curious relief, though it meant that he would not see her whom to see for ten minutes he felt he would give a year of life. Dismissing his cab, he stood debating whether to ring the bell. The sight of a maid's face at the window decided him. Mr. Pierson was out, and the young ladies were away at Dover. He asked for Mrs. Laird's address, and turned away, almost into the arms of Pierson himself. The greeting was stiff and strange. "Does he know that Leila's gone?" he thought. "If so, he must think me the most awful skunk. And am I? Am I?"

When he reached home, he sat down to write to Leila. But having stared at the paper for an hour and written:

MY DEAR LEILA:

I cannot express to you the feelings with which I received your letter—

he tore it up. Nothing would be adequate; nothing would be decent. Let the dead past bury its dead—the dead past which in his heart had never been alive! Why pretend? He had done his best to keep his end up. Why pretend?

PART IV

I

IN the boarding-house at Dover, whence the Lairds had not yet removed, the old lady who knitted sat by the fireplace, and light from the setting sun threw her shadow on the wall, moving spidery and gray over the yellowish distemper, in time to the tune of her needles. She was a very old lady—the oldest lady in the world, Noel thought—and she knitted without stopping, without breathing, so that the girl felt inclined to

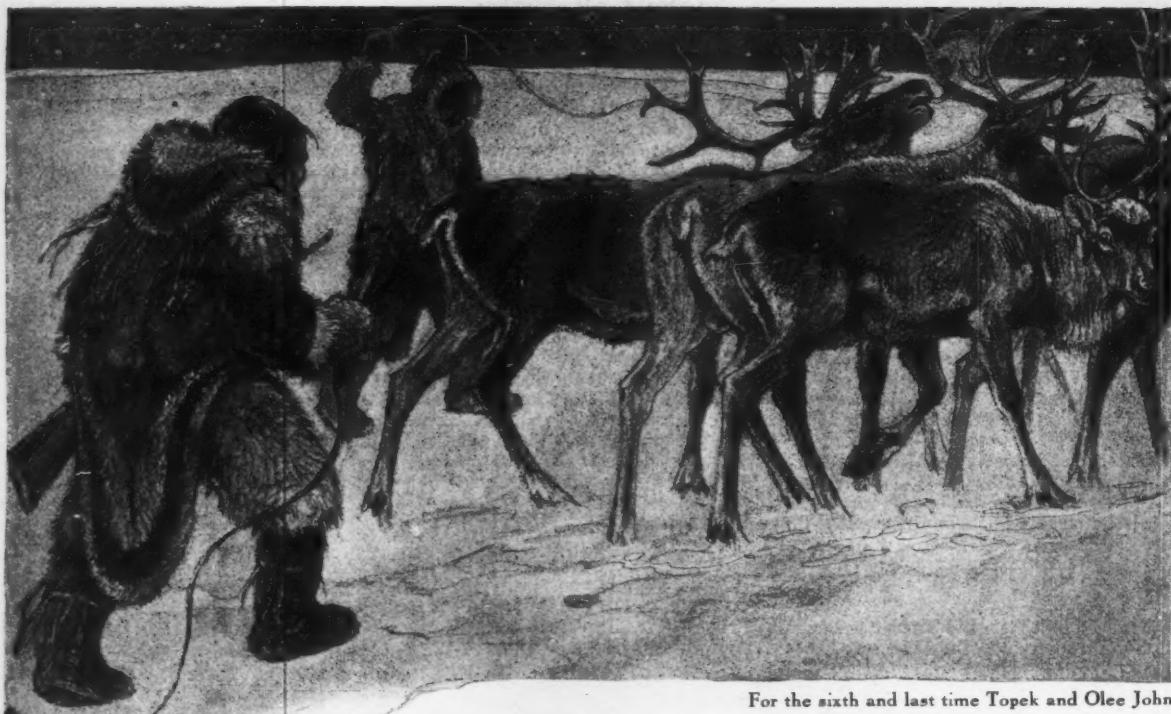
scream. In the evening, when George and Gratian were not in, she would often sit watching the needles, in a brooding dream over her still undecided future. And now and again the old lady would look up above her spectacles, move the corners of her lips ever so slightly, and drop her gaze again. She had pitted herself against fate; so long as she knitted, the war could not stop—such was the conclusion Noel had come to. This old lady knitted the epic of acquiescence to the tune of her needles; it was she who kept the war going—such a thin old lady, too! "If I were to hold her elbows from behind," the girl used to think, "I believe she'd die. I expect I ought to; then the war would stop. And if the war stopped, there'd be love and life again." Then the little silvery tune would click itself once more into her brain and stop her thinking. In her lap, this evening, lay a letter from her father.

MY DEAREST NOLLIE,

I am glad to say I have my chaplaincy and am to start for Egypt very soon. I should have wished to go to France, but must take what I can get, in view of my age, for they really don't want us who are getting on, I fear. It is a great comfort to me to think that Gratian is with you, and no doubt you will all soon be in a house where my little grandson can join you. I have excellent accounts of him in a letter from your aunt, just received. My darling child, you must never again think that my (Continued on page 147)



she meant to knit till she fell into the grave



For the sixth and last time Topek and Olee John

OKENANIS—the light of the Seven Stars—had come. But, instead of seven stars, it was the light of seven billion. The sombre darkness of twilight was gone, and the arctic world lay mellow and golden in the lap of the Long Night. High up, where the midday sun would have been in a southern summer sky, hung a steady, silvery illumination, the faintly gleaming mother-of-pearl heart of the night itself, and close about this silvery heart began the stars. Countless and still, fixed and lifeless things blazing eternally in the sky, they lightened the frozen world, like unmoving and jealous eyes watching enviously the scintillating and more spectacular glory of the aurora. To-night, or to-day—for night and day must travel in terms of hours, even where there is neither day nor sun—the aurora was like a many robed magician. For two hours Kesik Munitoowi—the sky-goddess—had been at play, and, as if to disprove her kinship to the pole, was displaying her mysterious charms and phosphorescent splendor over what would have been the western horizon. For two hours she had been unstreaming her banners of all the colors of the rainbow; for two hours she had frolicked in all her dazzling of flame and glow. She had sent out ten thousand dancers of sinuous and twisting beauty; she had streaked the sky with pathways of gold and crimson and orange and diamond-blue, and now—as if tiring of her more intricate sport—was beginning to paint her playground a vivid, living red. From city, village, and open land two thousand miles to the south, there were eyes that saw her that night, and wondered at the mystery of the thing “over the pole.” But it was *under* her that souls shivered, and the ice of a frozen world flung back a glow to the stars and the mother-of-pearl heart of the sky.

This world was dead, white, and still. It was terribly cold, so cold that in the air—unmoved by a breath of wind—there were at times steely, crackling sounds. Now and then, from out of the mountainous ranges of ice in Coronation Gulf, came an explosion that was like the rumble of a great gun as one of the ice mountains broke or split to its heart; and when these explosions came, their echoes ran like whimpering, ghostly things up the frozen surface of Bathurst Inlet, for weird and mysterious as

The Hungry

An adventure of Swift Lightning, the new hero of the Great Open Spaces created by the author of “Kazan,” “The Grizzly,” and “The Nomads of the North”

the aurora herself was the play of that intense cold. At times it was as if a company of skaters were flying through the air on ringing steel, and one could fancy the swish of their skirts, the sound of voices and—far away—laughter. Yet, standing in fur and hood, one would not have sensed the deadliness of the cold, for without wind it held no bitterness or sting.

Outside of a little cabin of saplings built at the edge of a great glacier-slash stood Corporal Pelletier and Constable O'Connor, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and a distance behind them was a hooded and muffled Eskimo with a sledge and a six-dog team. It was a month and a half ago that Pelletier had sent his last report down to the superintendent of “M” Division at Fort Churchill, giving warning of just what had come to pass—hunger, death, and the scourge of wolves.

It was Pelletier who looked at the vivid crimson splash of the aurora in the west and said:

“Mikoo-hao—the first ‘red night’ of the winter, O’Connor. It’s lucky for us. It means plenty of blood to the Eskimo, and I’ll wager every conjurer between here and Franklin Bay is busy at work this minute casting out evil spirits and offering up prayers. The hunters along the coast ought to be on their way to join us to a man.”

O’Connor shrugged his big shoulders with the skepticism of the unbeliever. He had great faith in Pelletier. He loved, with a man’s love, this picturesque and storm-hardened Frenchman who had lived half of his life along the edge of the arctic circle. But he had his own opinion of the gigantic wolf-hunt he had faithfully helped Pelletier to plan. For two weeks his clumsy fingers had rolled strychnin poison in pellets of caribou fat. He had faith in the poison. Scattered over the wide barrens, those poison-baits would bring death—to something. But as for the hunt—

“It’s our one chance—and theirs,” Pelletier was saying, still looking at the red sky. “If we can get the big pack into a cul-de-



and the reindeer herd set forth upon their errand

Horde

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

sac, if we can destroy even a half of it, we save five thousand caribou. And if Olee John doesn't fail us with the reindeer, we'll do it. If we succeed, it means we'll be staging big hunts up and down the coast all winter, and if we don't get a sergeantcy and a corporalship out of it—" He grinned hopefully at O'Connor.

"We'll at least have the fun," finished the Irishman. "Let's move, Pelly. I'm guessing the thermometer would say close around forty right now. Ho, you—Um Gluck; get a move on! Mash it! We're on our way."

The Eskimo in his furs came to life. His voice rose in a clacking chatter; his long whip curled over the backs of the dogs, and, eager for the thrill of the trail, the malemuts leaped out in a straight tawny line, whimpering and whining and clicking their jaws in their yearning for the long, clean run under the growing crimson of the sky.

For many miles up and down the savage coast of Coronation Gulf and the rugged shores of Bathurst Inlet, there was movement that night. The scouring hand of famine lay threatening over the land, and this movement was Pelletier's awakening of the igloo people, their response to the "call" of the White King, who was to turn a great magic against the devils that possessed the devastating hordes of wolves that were driving all game from the barrens.

The tribal camp of Topek was to be the rendezvous. It was Topek's runners who had carried word of the great wolf-hunt up and down the coasts, and it was Topek who sent the warning that, unless the wolves were driven off or destroyed, famine and death would fall heavily upon the land. Faithfully he repeated the message of the police, represented by Corporal Pelletier and Constable O'Connor in the little cabin on the glacier-slash.

Under the crimson sky there was thrilling answer to the summons. For unnumbered generations, the benighted people of

Coronation Gulf had lived in the belief that devils entered into the bodies of the blood-mad wolves in winter-time, and those who answered the call of Topek and the police were the youngest and bravest of them all. It was one thing to give battle to the big white bears, but quite another matter to turn human hands against the evil spirits. Yet they came, and two hundred hunters headed for Topek's village. They were protected by many charms and armed with many weapons. A few had rifles, purchased in times of plenty from the whalers; some had harpoons, and others assegai-like lances, with which they hunted the seal. From farthest west of all came Olee John, an Eskimo who had married a wife in the white man's way, and with him came ten of the bravest hunters of his village and a herd of fifty reindeer.

The aurora, like a lamp burned out, had faded away when Pelletier and O'Connor came to the end of their six-hour journey and shook hands with Topek and almost hugged Olee John. For six hours thereafter the hunters continued to come in. With the last of them there drove from over the ice-fields a terrific wind filled with a sleety, shotlike snow. It swept the barrens clean. It filled every track and wiped out all trails. And for three days and three nights after that storm, by the hours of Pelletier's watch, there was great activity in Topek's camp. The cul-de-sac was found—a "blind cañon," with ice wells and only one entrance—and the work of luring the wolves into it begun. Five times the reindeer herd went forth, guided by Topek and Olee John and Olee John's men; and five times it came back, men and beasts near exhaustion. Yet no cry of wolf came from the reindeer's trail, and no great pack followed it in. And hundreds of poison-baits were scattered in the hoof-prints of the herd; yet no dead wolves were ever found.

In the stolid faces of the young Eskimo hunters began to grow a solemn fear. The medicine-men and the elders of the tribes were right—devils were in the wolves, and they might as well offer to fight the winds. Even Topek and Olee John were losing faith, and in Pelletier's heart was an ever-growing anxiety, for the failure of his scheme meant the loss of half the hard-earned prestige of the police.

And for the sixth and last time Topek and Olee John and the reindeer herd set forth upon their errand, and in Topek's village there were those who whispered that outraged gods and devils were about to set their curse upon the land and sea.

II

THIN-RIBBED and gaunt with hunger, backs and haunches drooping from days and nights of futile questing for meat, Swift Lightning and his great pack of white wolves were heading north. They did not travel in close formation, as in the days of a month ago, when the caribou herds were ranging the barrens. They were scattered like a beaten army in retreat. Since the night that

The Hungry Horde

Swift Lightning had fought and killed Baloo, and thus won the leadership of the pack, they had made only one big kill. Then had come a week of storm, and after the storm the caribou were gone. There was no longer scent of hoof on the barrens. In a world trackless and illimitable, they had disappeared as utterly as though they had never been. Forty miles to the west, hugging the hollows of the coast plateaus for shelter, Swift Lightning would have found them, and the pack would now have been fattening at the tails of the thinned and scattered herds. But after the storm they had gone east and south, and famine had followed them.

Could the eyes of Topek's people have seen the return of the pack into its old hunting-grounds, every god within the Eskimo ken would have been called upon for protection. For it was no longer a superstition that devils traveled in the bodies of the wolves. They *were* devils. The hunger-madness was in their hearts and in their red and half-blind eyes. In other beasts, starvation works its natural way—the animals crawl off and die. In the wolf, it is a poisonous toxin. Under the billion stars and the silvery illumination in the heart of the sky, Swift Lightning's pack, a hundred and fifty strong, traveled in deadly suspicion of itself. In truth were they pirates now—pirates fallen out, pirates watching for the opportunities to slit one another's throats. Red-eyed, sleepless, their jaws white as their bodies with the frozen drool of hunger, they watched and listened for the snarl and clash of fang that meant one more victim among their comrades. There was no howl or outcry as they crossed the barren. A moving, spectral horde of gaunt and thin-ribbed shadows, they made their way silently through the white illumination of the night.

Swift Lightning, with his drop of dog—twenty generations removed from Skagen, the great Dane—alone had escaped the madness. He was hungry. He, too, was starving. His giant body had grown thin. His eyes were red. A flaming desire possessed him, but his heritage from Skagen had saved him, and he was not mad, nor did he hate. The dog-abhorrence of cannibalism was strong within him. A score of times he had seen the pack rush in to fight and rend in its monstrous feast over a carcass of its kind. He held himself aloof, and in his throat now and then—instead of the snarl of murder and hate—came a faint and yearning whine; and, as the pack neared its old hunting-ground, there grew in him once more the lure of the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. He had not forgotten the purring, deadly thing that had passed over his head—the bullet from O'Connor's gun. But instinct rose above fear. Again it was Skagen, the dog of twenty years ago, who answered to the glow of yellow sun within the cabin, the smell of smoke, and to that *something* which Swift Lightning, the wolf, could not understand.

With the whine in his throat, Swift Lightning drifted back into the heart of the pack until the spectral shadows were traveling all about him. Among them he was a giant. He did not slink or cringe as he moved. He heard the snap of jaws in the white gloom, and snarls greeted him when he shouldered too near another of his clan. He sensed the deadliness of those snarls, yet he felt no animus in return, and, as he drifted, he made his way to the east. In that direction the cabin lay. It was not reason that drew him. The cabin had given him nothing but the smell of smoke and the yellow glow. Out of it death had sung close over his head. Yet he went, his body moving mechanically to the impulse that lived in his brain. At the edge of the pack he stopped and watched the last of the starving shadows as they passed him. Then he headed north and east. He increased his speed. It was not the speed of the Swift Lightning who, a few weeks ago, had sped like the wind down the frozen surface of Bathurst Inlet. In his movement there was no longer the pure joy of running. His muscles had ceased to respond like living wires to the thrill for action. His feet were sore. A steady and aching distress lay between his ribs. The snap was gone from his jaws, the keenness of swift vision from his eyes, and his breath came short and quick in less than half a mile. When he slowed down, he was panting. For a space he stood and listened. Starving, he still held his great head erect, and in the starlight his eyes gleamed brightly. He drew a deep breath and sniffed the air. And back to him, through the twenty years since his race had known white masters, came once more the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane—through the red flood of his wild and wolfish blood rode triumphantly the drop of dog. He faced the direction of the famished pack cautiously and alertly. He did not want to go back to it now, and he did not want it to follow him. In his loneliness there fell upon him a new freedom. The pack was gone; the gnashing of teeth and the snarling of throats were gone—and he was glad. The air was clean, no longer heavy with the hot scent of mad

beasts. The stars were clear. Ahead of him lay the night, open and far-reaching, and filled with new promise.

What that promise might be was a thing of no definite fact in his mind. In all his world the one thing he wanted most was something to eat, and the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash had given him nothing but the smell of smoke and the sight of light and the threat of sudden and mysterious death. Yet, again he turned in its direction. For a quarter of an hour he kept on. He was traveling with the wind, and twice in that time he stopped for an instant to test it out. The second time he stood longer than the first. Faintly he caught a scent in the air—the wolf-scent—and he growled. Half a mile farther on he stopped again, and the growl was deeper and more menacing in his throat. The scent was stronger than before, and yet he had been moving steadily away from the pack. He increased his speed, and in him began to grow a sullen resentment. The wind was his book. It was the one thing that held all knowledge for him, and it told him that, back in the night, hidden from his eyes, something was following him.

A fourth time he stopped, and his growl deepened into sullen warning. The scent was stronger. His pursuer had not only kept pace with him but was overtaking him. This time, Swift Lightning waited, and his hair stiffened and his muscles grew tense for battle. It was not long before he saw a shadow advancing slowly through the light of the stars, approaching him in stealthy, slinking silence. It stopped not more than fifty feet away. And then, a step at a time, hesitatingly, cautiously, it advanced, and Swift Lightning gathered himself to meet an enemy. Almost within leaping-distance it stopped again, and this time Swift Lightning saw that it was not white, but that it was the huge gray timber-wolf who had joined the pack far down in the scrub forest at the southern edge of the barren.

As large and as dark as Swift Lightning was Mistik, the wandering wolf of the big timber. Bred in the southern forests, wise in the ways of white men, trap-bitten and battle-scarred, Mistik the Wanderer had come north with the white pack. In the light of the stars, the two great beasts faced each other. In that light, Swift Lightning's naked fangs gleamed, his lips drew back, and slowly he began the deadly circle. Mistik did not move. With steady, questioning eyes, he watched Swift Lightning. His jaws were closed. There was no answering battle-light in his eyes. He did not snarl or growl. Magnificent and unafraid, he stood without movement in the center of Swift Lightning's narrowing circle, offering no challenge, betraying no enmity. Slowly the snarl died out of Swift Lightning's throat. The gleam of his fangs faded away, and his flattened ears grew erect. And then he heard from Mistik, the wolf, a low, throaty whine. It was an offer of friendship. It was as if the great wolf, missing the shelter of his timber, was trying to tell him that he was tired of the madness and starvation of the pack, and that he had come to hunt with him alone, under the glow of the stars, and that he did not want to fight but wanted to be friends.

Swift Lightning sniffed. Stiff-shouldered and still suspicious, he thrust in his head. Again he heard the low whine in Mistik's throat, and he answered it. A foot at a time, circling slowly in the maneuver, they drew nearer, and at last their muzzles touched. A deep breath rose out of Swift Lightning's chest. He was relieved. He was glad. And Mistik whined again and rubbed close to his shoulder, and together they looked ahead into the night in this first hour of their comradeship.

It was Swift Lightning who led the way north and east. His head was higher; in his eyes was a new gleam, in his blood a new warmth. He sensed the presence of a new thing in his life—a new kind of comradeship. Mistik was not of the barren-land wolves. He was not treacherous. He did not want to fight. In the touch of his nose was the pledge of brotherhood, and Swift Lightning whined his approval of him as they sped through the starlight. Mistik ran at his shoulder. He did not run as the pack-wolves ran. Bred of the forests, he was more watchful and alert. Swift Lightning's vision was ahead; Mistik's was ahead and on both sides. At intervals, it was Swift Lightning's custom to stop dead in his tracks and sniff the back trail; Mistik, with quick, sidewise swings of his head, caught the back-trail scent as he ran. To his instincts, the pitfalls and the trickeries of the forests were still about him; to Swift Lightning, the open barrens held no concealment for treachery or peril. In his knowledge of things, it was the pack that was deadly. Alone under the stars were freedom and safety.

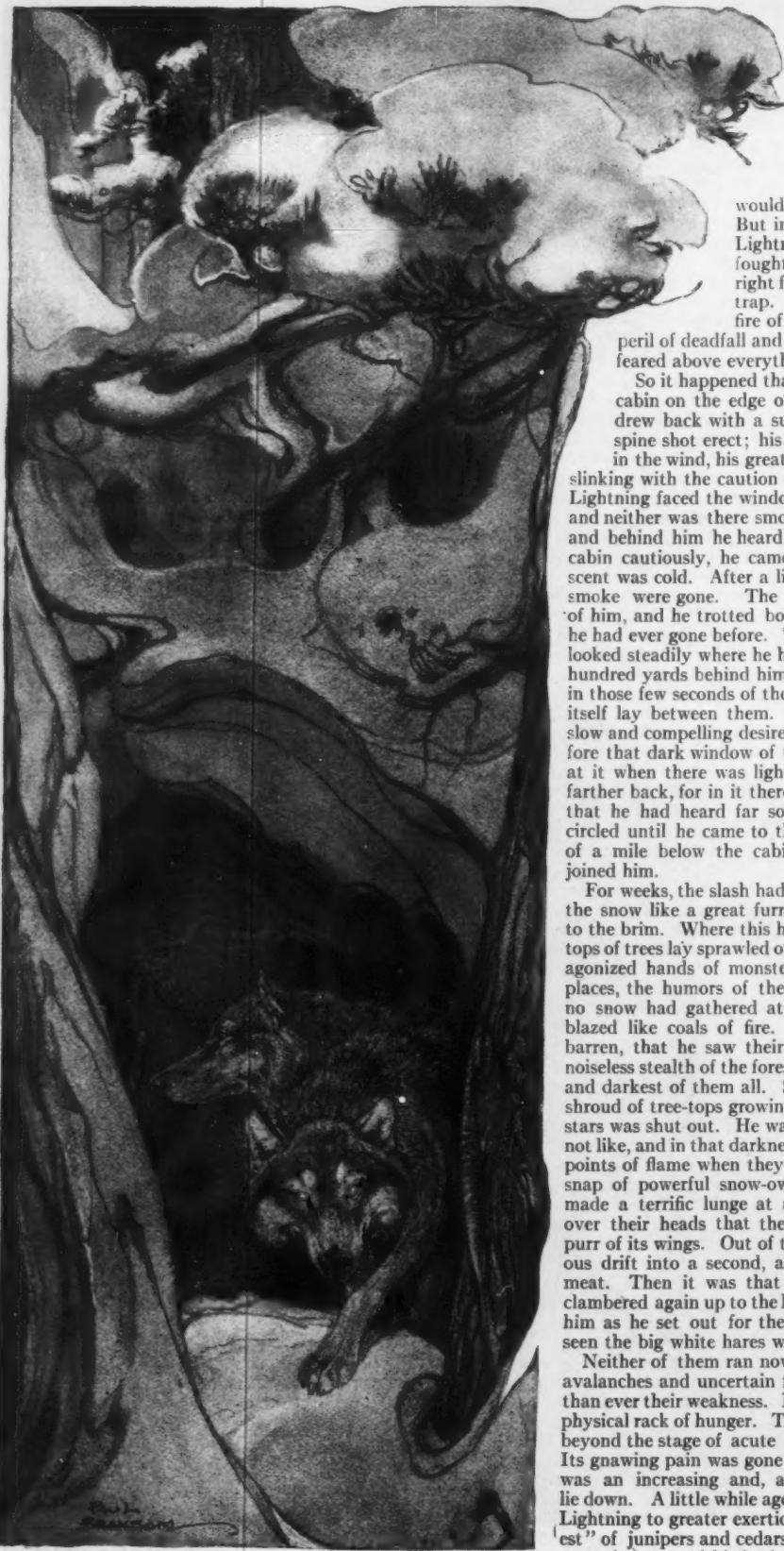
Had Pelletier and O'Connor seen them as they ran, something of the majesty and the sovereignty of the wild must have impressed itself upon them. Had their eyes been the eyes of Aoo,



DRAWN BY PAUL BRAMON

Blind and deaf and insensible to all things but the smell of meat that was almost like taste in their mouths, the famished
beasts swept between the yawning lips of the crevasse

The Hungry Horde



Out of this pit they climbed over a mountainous drift into a second

the conjurer at Topek's village, Aoo would have sworn by his gods that he had seen the two greatest devils in all the North racing on a mission of their own. For, at the shoulders, the two great beasts ran inch to inch in height. In length, Mistik was the greater of the two, but in jaw and chest Swift Lightning made up the handicap; so that, in a fight, one would have hesitated to choose between them. But in Mistik's head was much that Swift Lightning had yet to learn. For Mistik had fought his way in a white man's world. His right forefoot was deformed from the bite of a trap. He had almost died in the torment and fire of a poison-bait. He had discovered the peril of deadfall and snare, and it was the white man he feared above everything else in the world.

So it happened that, when they came within scent of the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, it was Mistik who drew back with a sudden warning snap of his jaws. His spine shot erect; his ears grew flatter, and he circled widely in the wind, his great body no longer erect but sinuous and slinking with the caution of the hunter and the hunted. Swift Lightning faced the window. There was no light in it to-night, and neither was there smoke in the air. He approached nearer, and behind him he heard Mistik's ominous whine. Circling the cabin cautiously, he came into all quarters of the wind. The scent was cold. After a little, he knew that life and light and smoke were gone. The cabin was dead. The thrill died out of him, and he trotted boldly toward the window, nearer than he had ever gone before. Then he sat down on his haunches and looked steadily where he had seen the glow of yellow light. A hundred yards behind him sat Mistik, also on his haunches, and in those few seconds of their silence a gulf as wide as the barren itself lay between them. For in Swift Lightning there grew a slow and compelling desire to throw back his head and howl before that dark window of the empty cabin, just as he had howled at it when there was light. When the cry came, Mistik slunk farther back, for in it there was a note that troubled him, a note that he had heard far south in the howling of the dogs. He circled until he came to the edge of the glacier-slash, an eighth of a mile below the cabin, and it was there Swift Lightning joined him.

For weeks, the slash had been catching the wind-blown drift of the snow like a great furrow, and in places it was filled almost to the brim. Where this had happened, the gnarled and twisted tops of trees lay sprawled out on the surface like the grotesque and agonized hands of monsters smothering underneath. In other places, the humors of the wind had left deep, dark pits where no snow had gathered at all, and into these pits Mistik's eyes blazed like coals of fire. It was there, and not in the open barren, that he saw their first promise of meat, and, with the noiseless stealth of the forest-wolf, he slunk down into the deepest and darkest of them all. Swift Lightning followed. He felt the shroud of tree-tops growing over his head. The brilliance of the stars was shut out. He was traveling in a darkness which he did not like, and in that darkness Mistik's eyes were like red and green points of flame when they turned his way. Twice he heard the snap of powerful snow-owl beaks not far away. Once Mistik made a terrific lunge at a ghostly shadow that swept so close over their heads that they could feel the breath and hear the purr of its wings. Out of this pit they climbed over a mountainous drift into a second, and here, also, they found no smell of meat. Then it was that Swift Lightning took the lead. He clambered again up to the level of the barren, and Mistik followed him as he set out for the Tom Thumb forest in which he had seen the big white hares weeks before.

Neither of them ran now. Their exertion in the crumbling avalanches and uncertain footing of the pits had betrayed more than ever their weakness. Hours ago they had passed through the physical rack of hunger. The process of starvation had developed beyond the stage of acute and muscular torment in their bodies. Its gnawing pain was gone from between their ribs. In its place was an increasing and, at times, almost irresistible desire to lie down. A little while ago it was the cabin that had urged Swift Lightning to greater exertion. Now it was the century-old "forest" of junipers and cedars that grew no taller than the crook of a man's arm, and his brain was filled with dancing visions of big white hares.

They came to it and passed into it. Most of it was choked and

smothered under drifted snow. Here and there were places swept clean by the wind. In all his life in the thick and tangled swamps of the South, Mistik had never seen anything like this grotesque and misshapen "forest" of the arctic world. Its "trees," some of them hundreds of years old, were like sprawling octopuses. As man, with far-seeing deliberation, has made human dwarfs, so nature, with her intense cold, had made deformed and club-footed hunchbacks of the junipers and cedars. In the terrible cold they could not live to a height greater than the protecting depth of the snow, and each year the new upstanding growth that summer forced above the level was killed. And there was no meat. Even the little white foxes that Swift Lightning hated were gone. Famine lay heavy upon the Tom Thumb forest, even as it lay upon the barren.

In Swift Lightning there was still one last homing instinct—the instinct that was drawing the starving pack. On the trails of the old hunts there were many bones. Now that his visions of the hares were gone, meat ceased to exist in his comprehension of things. He saw the bones. He saw them lying thick where once the snow had run red with warm blood under the stars. Toward the bones he set out, and Mistik—strong in his faith, even as his strength ebbed away—kept with him neck to neck.

An hour later they came upon the broad and beaten path where, for the sixth and last time, Topek and Olee John and Olee John's reindeer herd had traveled over the open barren. It was warm and rich with the smell of meat. The air still breathed the fragrance of steaming, heated flesh. Swift Lightning's heart leaped into his throat. He stood, for a space, tremble. And Mistik trembled beside him. Every desire of hunger flamed up in them anew, painful and terrible again, as desire is roused in the thirst-dying man who sees the rippling water of a mirage close ahead of him in the desert. In those moments they breathed deeply and stood still, while their bodies, like machines straining to a new task, gathered themselves for the final tremendous effort. Their blood ran swifter. Their heads shot erect. The fagged muscles of their shoulders and legs hardened as they stood, and in their poise was a fresh alertness. They had not only struck the trail of a herd, but the herd was near, and instinctively they were listening to catch the beat of its hoofs.

And then Swift Lightning sat down in the middle of the reindeer-trail and, with his gray muzzle turned up to the stars, sent back over the barren the hungering, wailing meat-cry of the pack. And Mistik, squatting on his haunches beside him, opened his great jaws to add voice to that cry, so that together they sent far and wide over the windless plains the summons to the hunt. From a mile away came answer. From two miles another. Voice carried to voice, until, under the billion stars, the white world shivered to the thrilling news, and starving, thin-ribbed shadows raced in like ghosts from out of the night—a hungry, savage horde, pitiless and unpitied, scouring Huns of the upper lands, fiercest of all fighters for the meat of life.

And the way of their craving stomachs led this time straight to a white man's trap.

III

WHERE the early slashings of winter storm had piled the ice high on a finger of land between Arctic Sound and Bathurst Inlet was the cul-de-sac—a great fissure half a mile in length between ragged walls of ice and snow, a glacier-chasm with but one opening—a trap from which there was but one escape. At its neck it was a hundred yards in width, at its end less than twenty.

Into this trap Topek and Olee John had driven the reindeer herd. Not once but six times had they driven the herd between the ice walls, and for the sixth time the reindeer were in their ice stockade midway between the mouth and the end of the cul-de-sac. Pelletier's scheme was simple, and—if it worked smoothly—deadly. Vividly he had pictured the success of it in his mind. Hot on the trail of the reindeer, the pack would rush in, and from their concealment, close to the mouth of the crevasse, a hundred hunters would drop in behind them, and at the reindeer stockade there would be many more to protect Olee John's herd from harm. The pack would be driven to the narrow end of the cul-de-sac, and there it was that Pelletier figured the great slaughter would be made.

Topek, uncovering his hooded ears to listen, was first to hear the far-away shot of a gun that signaled the gathering of the wolves. An instant later came a nearer (Continued on page 124)



Together they sent far and wide over the windless plains the summons to the hunt



She would recognize the tune and put her hands to her hair, smiling. "Oh, the 'Colleen Rue'—the 'Red-haired Girl,'" she would laugh

The Colleen Rue

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

THE wizened, swarthy stool-pigeon turned, flitting like a ghost, from Sixth Avenue into Fifty-seventh Street. The big Irish detective followed, lounging lazily at the side door to Marie's, the great dress-designer. The stool-pigeon stopped to light a cigarette. The cigarette dropped from his fingers. He bent to the ground. O'Connell passed him lazily.

"They're up-stairs," Guinea Joe whispered huskily, out of the side of his mouth. "There's three of them."

"All right—beat it!"

"You ain't going up alone?" Guinea Joe never looked up. He fumbled at his boot-lace. "They're bad guys. You ain't going up alone?"

"Beat it!" O'Connell's tone was decisive. The stool-pigeon stepped into Fifth Avenue like a ferret, disappeared. Inside the door, the young detective kicked his shoes off, and, noiselessly as a cat, for all his wrestler's bulk, he stepped up the stairs. He listened for an instant outside the storeroom door.

"We'll make about eight bundles out of them and pile them in the car. It's a pipe."

"Ninety dresses, and each one of them worth five hundred bucks, and they'll get twice as much in South America for them. Listen, fellows: There's nothing to it—"

"Cut it out," came an imperative voice, "and get to work! The cops is fixed, but you never can tell what will turn up."

O'Connell pushed the door open and loosened up his gun. Inside, three electric torches punched through the dark like miniature search-lights. Three shadows moved about like mummers in the setting for a Dunsany play. On the floor,

frocks that cost thousands of dollars lay piled like so many rags. O'Connell stepped into the room.

"You'd better come along with me," he said quietly; "the captain will be glad to see you."

The men whipped around like terrified rats.

The three torches converged to a white blazing point on O'Connell's black hair, his ruddy, Greek-featured face, his gray eyes—now dangerous slits.

"I'm O'Connell," he said quietly. "Come on," he snapped; "throw those gats into that pile of skirts or I'll bore you! Come on, Julius; I know you all. Get busy."

Julius, the "Fighting Yid," the most dangerous burglar in New York, walked over to the detective. He held his hands away from his sides.

"Listen, now, Mr. O'Connell," he pleaded, with singsong Galician intonation: "I know it—you got us. But be reasonable."

"What do you mean 'reasonable?'" O'Connell asked, ugly. "If I go now to trial, I get it maybe a long stretch in, now, up river. Maybe, now, a hundred dollars—"

"Come on!" O'Connell was snarling like a teased dog.

"Three hundred."

There was no answer. The Fighting Yid took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his streaming forehead. In the background, his helpers stood tense, like quivering horse-flesh.

"Five hundred, by God! Five hundred!" he broke in hysterically.

"I'll see that five hundred," O'Connell drawled, as though in a poker game. With quivering, uncontrolled fingers, like the fingers

of a drug fiend, Julius took a roll from his pocket and counted five hundred out in fifties, twenties, and tens. Perspiration fell from the burglar's forehead on the saffron bills as great drops of autumn rain fall on leaves. O'Connell snatched it from his hand and pocketed it, his eyes never leaving the gang.

"Outside!" he barked at them. Without a word, the three piled through the door past him, slipped down the stairs carefully, and out in the street.

For a long time he stood at the door there, and the high blue arc-lights of Fifth Avenue, shooting their rays into the room, fell on his face, and showed it up gray and lined and set like a death-mask, and brought out vaguely the shamed, troubled look in his eyes, such as shows in the eyes of fallen women, only much more shameful.

II

IN any Irish saloon in New York, on Third Avenue, for instance, from the Bowery to the Bronx; at Celtic Park, of a Sunday; at Jim O'Brien's, at Arverne; anywhere the Irish foregather, you can make yourself at home by discussing three subjects. One is home rule. One is the possibility of finding an Irish-born heavyweight champion of the world, such as they thought Peter Maher might be, or Tom Sharkey, or Jim Coffey, or Roscommon. The third is Jer O'Connell. The last is the most popular; the first two are abstract theses, but the subject of O'Connell is warm with humanity and romance.

"I mind him in Fermanagh, I do, begor," they will tell you, "and he was as good a wrestler then as he is now. I mind him in Liverpool, the time he was beaten by the Austrian, and he put up a fight that broke the champion's heart. He lost, to be sure—he lost. What could you expect? One hundred and eighty-five pounds against two hundred and thirty, and Jer O'Connell only a slip of a lad. Aye, but he fought two hours before he went down.

"A great pity now," a canny Northerner will put in, "that he doesn't go in for it as a profession."

"Sure—he loves the game; that's what it is," another will say. "And the money doesn't mean anything to him. Tell me now: Can you see Jer O'Connell traveling around from city to city, faking matches, the way the Poles do be doing and the Turks and Greeks? Tell me now: Can you see him doing that?"

Martin O'Connell is dead now, and his wife, Moyra, and Jer's sister, little Sheila, is alone in the big homestead on the hill—a pretty girl, as pretty in her way as Di De Bourke herself. A great place it must have been then, with old Martin, the ruddy farmer, attending to the work in the fields, and his wife, Moyra, pottering about the dairy, and little Sheila, winsome as a pixy, going hither and thither in the old-time garden, while Jer, son of the house, went from fair to fair, trading in cattle, or appeared at the wrestling-tournaments, meeting lively Cornishmen at collar-and-elbow, and heavy Russians pushing like draft-horses in the clumsy Greco-Roman style, and deft, agile Spaniards and Greeks sparring for catch-as-catch-can holds—and coming home, in the main victorious, with an Irish song on his lips and a smile in his eye.

"In four years," wrote old Watson in the *Mirror of Life*, "O'Connell will be champion of the world if he persists. If he persists—for he has not the professional but the amateur temperament."

In Fermanagh they will tell you that Jer O'Connell left for New York because he was a roaming Irishman, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky. But little Sheila knows better, and I know better, and so does O'Connell's wife, who was Diana De Bourke.

I wonder how many men made serious love to Diana De Bourke in that one season of hers in London and in the two in Dublin town. A round hundred, I should fancy. There was none could resist her. A fine figure of a woman, you said instinctively, as she came into a room, giving tribute to that glorious presence. And then you looked from her noble, mobile proportions to the glorious head and face, and you drew in your breath so quickly that it seemed like a sob.

Balanced on those white shoulders, as delicately as a juggler balances an ivory ball on a wand, was a head that would drive men mad. A dim, regular face, like a strange white flower; magnificent hair, tawny red, like autumn apples—hair, one knew, that, if unbound, would come to her knees; eyes, now gray, now green, like the shallower parts of the sea, and chiseled lips that had the indescribable red of dove's feet.

They all loved her. They all told her so. They all asked her to marry them. In London there were John Crane, the young Oxford poet, who wrote her ballads, rondels, and *chants royaux*;



Three policemen came pelting in. They looked at the prisoner. They looked at O'Connell. "It's Chick Torre," they murmured in awe. "And the Wrestler's got him."

"I cannot," will come the answer. "He's too straight, Jer is."

"It was in Fermanagh, too, he first knew the wife?"

"In Fermanagh, it was."

He is thirty-two now, Detective O'Connell is, with the shoulders of Herakles and the waist of Apollo, two hundred pounds of steel and whalebone, only twenty pounds heavier, and practically the same man as he was twelve years ago in his home in Lisnaskea.

The Colleen Rue

Bassett Barrett, the under-secretary of the Foreign Office; Carrasque, the painter.

"You are in love," she told them, "with your idea of what love is, with me as a figure in the foreground." And she sent them off.

"Thank God!" they said later. "She is the most beautiful woman since Helen of Troy. But where her heart ought to be, there is nothing but a lump of ice."

To the older men in Dublin and in London, such as Mendel, the banker, and Sir John Digby, the polo-player, and Captain Hutchinson, of the Inniskillens, and a host of others, she was very frank.

"I cannot marry you," she told them, "because, simply, I do not care for you as a wife should."

"But in time," they protested.

"No!" she said firmly. "I'm sorry; no!"

And they went away, one by one, some of them smiling and losing gallantly, as a gentleman should, and some of them paying her the compliment of drinking at great length and very expansively; and some of them, very humanly, damning her to hell. But they went away.

III

SHE must have been very glad to get back to Lisnaskea, and, after these mental pawings, to roam around with her father's tenant's son, young Jer O'Connell, her childhood's friend with the laughing eyes and singing mouth. They were great comrades, those two, seemingly. On his wrestling matches she would wager her dress-allowance, and sometimes win, and less often not. And when he would be at home, she met him continually and walked about with him through the flowering Maytime hawthorn trees, when the primroses came out and the cuckoo called ridiculously from a quarter-mile away, and in November frost, when the black roads were laid in with silver and the rabbits and the hares streaked up and down.

Together they would stroll around Lough Erne, he with his hunting terriers behind him, on the off-chance of an otter; herself, as always, silent. A tilt would come from his lips, and she would turn and find him looking at her with that half-roguish, half-impudent, wholly innocent smile to which outlanders have applied the hideous and vulgar term of "blarney." She would recognize the tune and put her hands to her hair, smiling.

"Oh, the 'Colleen Rue'—the 'Red-haired Girl,'" she would laugh. And laughing, too, he would begin the old street-ballad, with its swinging rhythm and intricate internal rimes:

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpsia, or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from the Grecian's sight?
O fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue.
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas, *O Colleen Rue!*"

Her own eyes would twinkle mischievously, and, half under her breath, she would sing back to him:

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalizing insolence.
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be duped by your eloquence.
Therefore, desist from your solicitations. I am engaged—I declare it's true—
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he'll soon be embracing his *Colleen Rue.*"

Then came a time when the song did not come spontaneously to O'Connell. It was hard to smile with the eyes. Something within was being repressed, hidden.

It was about autumn-time, when the yearly emigration to America was at its highest, and the men who had not gone to America were in England cutting the harvest, that O'Connell decided to bundle and go. He spoke to old Martin, his father.

"I'm off to make my fortune," he said.

Old Martin was furious, as he might well be. Moyra, Jer's mother, was troubled. She wondered what had come over her son. But little Sheila wept to herself, for she knew.

"Why don't you ask her, Jer?" she murmured.

"As well ask the kingfisher on the stream to mate with the curlew of the bog," he said bitterly. Then he laughed. "I'll be bringing home a Yankee wife one of these days."

"You never will," his sister reproved.

So to New York came Jer O'Connell, young, laughing—in his sportsman's way, careless of all things, ready for anything. In due time his money gave out, as money will do, and it became necessary for him to do something for a livelihood. He might

have become a great professional wrestler, but the naked commercialism of the American mat disgusted him. When he wrestled, he fought for supremacy—a clean, sporting fight, lose or win. But to travel from town to town giving crooked exhibitions to a prearranged decision—that revolted against every instinct in him. He turned away with a wry face.

"Why don't you join the police force?" a friend asked him. "Begor—that's an idea!"

In due time, through the efforts of various officials of the Irish Counties' Association, and by means of his splendid frame and honest eye, Jer O'Connell was clothed in the blue-and-gold of the New York officer, and on lonely nights he patrolled Broadway from Fourteenth Street southward, a deserted district, with but little to do. And, in the mean time, he came into prominence in athletics, wrestling at benefits here and there, and appearing occasionally in the bouts staged at neighboring vaudeville houses, where he nearly always won. His fellow policemen were proud of him.

"We've got Martin Sheridan, the discus-thrower," they boasted. "We've got Matt McGrath. And now we've got Jer O'Connell, the wrestler. Is it any wonder they call us 'New York's Finest?'"

They discussed, as all New York discussed, his bout with Aberg, the Greco-Roman, when O'Connell lost only after two hours' fight. They told one another with glee of the perspiration pouring from the face of Stanislau Bendyk, the giant Pole, when O'Connell slammed home the full-nelson hold and punished the European champion for twenty minutes until the Pole tapped the floor in signal of defeat. And they spoke of his bout with Cyclone Kelly, and of the night that they saw the shoulders of Hans Schreyer, the burly Saxon, nailed to the mat.

They regarded him more or less as an ornament to the police force, to be exhibited on athletic occasions, not as a trustworthy guardian of public property, until the night when, single-handed, he captured the Chick Torre gang on St. Marks Place.

They had robbed a Harlem bank in broad daylight, had Chick and his helpers, jumping from a taxi-cab and shooting the cashier. For three weeks, the city and country had been combed for them. Hope was given up. They were said to be in Mexico, playing the races at Tia Juana, or on some cattle-boat out at sea.

He was on his way across to the Bowery from Broadway, humming a little song to himself, when he saw a figure come warily out of a saloon, sniff round like a rat, scurry along the walls as an intimidated dog might, disappear like a ghost in an apartment-house hallway.

"Begor, there's a man will stand watching," O'Connell decided.

Regardless of the law of entering premises without a warrant, acting on intuition alone, O'Connell was after him like a flash. Like a flash he was up the apartment-house stairs. He got his foot in the door of the top rear flat as it was closing.

"Who's there?" came a husky whisper.

"Just a friend who dropped in for a chat." He pushed the door open.

There were four men in the room, he noticed in the infinitesimal space of time before the light went out—three swarthy, undersized men—Italians, or possibly Jews—and a burly Scandinavian. Then there was darkness and spitting guns.

"Well, I don't know rightly myself," O'Connell will tell you, if you ask him to describe the fight at Number Seventy-three. But you gather that he jumped where one man was, with his right fist swinging clean for the solar plexus. The man fell like a pole-axed beeve. O'Connell dropped on his hands and knees, as the automatics thundered above him, feeling his way across the floor as he would feel it over a wrestling-mat. A touch of a trouser leg, and he had his arms about a man's middle. He swung the crook above his head in a rage that was all but berserker. He flung him away. There was the crash of glass as Chick's assistant went through the window, a scream as he hurtled through the air streetward.

"Wait; I get this big Polack." O'Connell heard the Swede mumble in the darkness. The blond giant rushed on him with arms swinging. They clinched. They went to the floor, fighting like mad wolves. In twenty seconds, O'Connell slipped home the dreaded head-lock. Under the terrible leverage of forearms and biceps, the Scandinavian's jaw crumbled like defective glass. There was the trample of feet on the stairs.

"I'm through, fellows," came the last man's voice. The lights flared up. A gun fell at O'Connell's feet. The swarthy Neapolitan walked over and held out his hands. O'Connell's handcuffs snapped home with a click.

The door was smashed open, and three policemen, alarmed by the shots and the broken body in the street, came pelting in.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICE WILSON

"I wanted to help you. I wanted to give, give, give all the time, for that is what love is"

The Colleen Rue

They looked around the bullet-hacked room. They looked at the two inert bodies. They looked at the prisoner. They looked at O'Connell.

"It's Chick Torre," they murmured in awe. "And the Wrestler's got him."

An exploit such as this could only end in preferment, and preferment came to Jer O'Connell in the shape of being advanced to the grade of detective, a thing for which he was as manifestly unfitted as a great Dane would be for running a course with a hare. But all about him the majority of the detectives were not the hawk-faced, keen-eyed criminologists such as fiction of the cheaper sort is wont to portray. They were hard fighters, raised to sleuthdom by virtue of prowess—harsh, material men, with great knowledge of the world and iron jaws.

"How is it done?" O'Connell asked, in frank stupidity.

"We'll put you wise," said his fellow officers. "First, you got to get a stool-pigeon." And they explained to him that, as it was manifestly impossible for him to enter the saloons and resorts of criminals and by himself to extract the secrets of that closest of all gilds, it was necessary for him to employ a ferret to cozen information here and there, to pick up a trail as a bloodhound might, and lead to the capture. He must be assisted by one of the brotherhood. There was an adage about setting a thief.

"What do I give this stool-pigeon?"

"Give him?" they laughed. "You give him nothing. You just let him alone in his own line of work."

"Let him burgle—pick pockets?"

"Sure! You got to," was the hardened reply. "Everyone does it."

It didn't seem quite right to O'Connell. Setting a thief to catch a thief was fine, but letting a thief thieve in order to catch other thieves—Still and all, that was evidently the only way to do. One had to. All the others did it.



The safe-blower he'd set the roll in quivering, nervous fingers. "I got a mother up in Simpson Street, Mr. O'Connell," went the singsong hysteria

IV

FIVE years passed, and Martin O'Connell, the bluff farmer, was dead, and his wife, Moyra, with him. The big farm on the hill was still there with little Sheila and a new-found husband in it. But Sheila, knowing her brother was trying to forget, wrote no news of the De Bourkes. So O'Connell did not know that the De Bourkes' mansion was haunted by poverty as by a gray ghost. He knew not that old Sir Roger, in his simplicity a little pinched, but not poor, had been hypnotized by golden literature which promised fortunes greater than those the Spanish captains brought from Aztec lands.

The old squire went to Belfast to investigate the promises held out to him, and there he fell in with vultures from Hull and Birmingham and Manchester, parasites of whom their own countrymen were ashamed. They rubbed their hands.

"Here comes an Irish gentleman!" Their mouths watered. "Here comes an Irish gentleman!" There was in their eyes the hideous look of the stoat as he watches the proud and speckled trout. "Here comes an Irish gentleman! Let us treat him like a dog!"

And very like a yellow cur they treated him. Sir Roger could not understand it, as he would not believe evil of the least of men. In the end, it became patent to him. And the proud, dignified heart in him broke in two pieces. And he just died.

V

THROUGH all the great opera-house, breaths were stilled as, under the flaring green lights above the white mat on the stage, the blond, giant Estonian and the slim, pantherlike Celt sparred for a hold. A quick feint, a dodge, a moment of flying white bodies, and the Russian had O'Connell with an arm-lock and half-nelson.

Minow, one of the Big Five in wrestling, settled himself comfortably to punish the Celt, grinning his cruel half-snarl at the audience. The audience hooted back. There was no sportsmanship to Minow.

"Don't give in, Jer! Don't give in to him!" The admirers in the audience boomed like artillery. On the mat, the referee hovered around like an uneasy bird. Agony swept across O'Connell's face in flushes of white and red. At times, he would writhe like a snake. At times, he would twist double to an archer's bow and spring like a salmon. The Russian held him like a wild thing caught in a trap. The roar of the audience died suddenly. The crisis was too acute for sound.

In an instant, O'Connell sagged, became dead weight. For an infinitesimal fraction of a moment, he lay on his side, every muscle relaxed as though life had gone from him. Minow, for the same fraction, was puzzled. In that fraction, Minow lost. With the quick turn of a lizard, O'Connell had slipped from the hold, and was on his feet, dazed, staggering, completely beaten, but on his feet. The whistle blew the end of the period. The audience roared like the sea.

From her seat at the rear of the house, where she was with a girl companion, Di De Bourke rose and slipped through the lobby, her vague, flowery face set firmly. She went out to the street. The man at the stage-door did not stop her, so full of high purpose did she seem. She blundered up unknown stairs to the wings on the stage. She walked straight to where O'Connell sat among his handlers.

"I'll go ahead till he gets me, but I'm a done man," the wrestler was saying.

"For our sake, Jer, try, boy!" A burly policeman was near sobbing.

"I'm a done man."

"For the sake of old Ireland!" some fool urged.

"I'm a done man."

The referee raised his whistle to his lips. Diana stepped forward.

"For the sake of the *Colleen Rue*!" Her voice came clear like a bugle.

"Beat him, boy; beat him!"

He looked (Continued on page 13)



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Horses' Rights for Women

WHEN you asked anyone in Great Britain the secret of the strength which that country had shown in the war, the answer was invariably one word: "Women."

The British newspapers agreed: "It is our women who have made it possible for us to win the war, if we win it." One of the munitions manufacturers, when I commented upon the country's incredible output of war-material, replied, "It has been done by our women." When I was amazed at the amount of food that was being produced under the provisions for cultivating idle land, the government official explained, "That is due to the efforts of our women." And a report from the British Bureau of Information summed it all up: "But for the work of women, the wheels of industry could not have been kept in motion, nor could our armies have been maintained in the field."

I was told that a million women had gone into farm-work, and instead of raising only twenty per cent. of the farm-products that were consumed in the country, Great Britain was now raising eighty per cent. Nearly a million women were employed on munitions alone. The British were manufacturing as many heavy shells in four days as they had been turning out in a year when the war began; and a government report declared, "Nineteenths of the whole manufacture of shells is now due to the labor of women." Another million were engaged in essential industries. Thousands were in service behind the British lines in France, and among them I saw many young girls driving officers' automobiles under fire and along dangerous roads where a chauffeur needed the greatest skill and daring. "They make daredevil chauffeurs," I was told. "The best we have."

Everyone spoke of the courage of the women who were manufacturing high explosives. When an accident turned one of their plants into a shambles, those who escaped returned to work smiling as heroically as the Tommies on their way back to the trenches. A Welsh girl in a London shell factory had her hand

By Ben B. Lindsey

Written in collaboration with

Harvey O'Higgins

caught in a machine and all but torn from her wrist. She stood chatting to the men who were working to release her mangled fingers. One of her girl friends asked, "Doesn't it hurt?" and she whispered: "It hurts all right. I just want to show them I'm Welsh." I saw girls who had lost an eye, a leg, or an arm in munition accidents. I saw many who had been scarred. They

had to handle poisons that often ruined their complexions, destroyed their skins, or "scalped" them, as the slang phrase was, by killing their hair, their eyelashes, and their eyebrows. They all worked with a knowledge of the chances they were taking. I complimented one of them on her bravery. "It's work that has to be done," she said. "We are all glad to be able to help."

And everyone was surprised by their skill and their endurance. It was found, officially, that a girl of eighteen was equal in intelligence and ability to an unskilled man of twenty-five, and that she was less liable to tire at "repetition work" than youths or unskilled men. They learned more rapidly than men. "After a few weeks, women on fitters' work were nearly as efficient as skilled men," a government report said, "and fitting is skilled engineering." They were, for the most part, better than men in processes that required unusual nimbleness of hand and delicate sureness of touch. But their endurance was the great miracle. As blacksmiths' strikers, wielding seven-pound hammers; as truck-loaders, handling boxes of ammunition weighing as much as a hundred and eighteen pounds; as excavators, with pick and shovel; as laborers in annealing furnaces, they did the heaviest sort of work as well as the men had ever done it. And it was officially reported of a woman in the annealing furnace of a Glasgow locomotive plant that "she seems to be heat-proof, and when men at another furnace have been seen to be fagged, she has gone to help them."

All this will be no surprise to those who remember that in the early days of the human race, all the industrial labor was

Horses' Rights for Women

done by women while their men hunted or fought. Among savage tribes to-day, the woman is the worker. The endurance of peasant women is well known. And the surgeons tell us that any woman bears pain better than a man.

What stuck in my thoughts was a wholly different matter.

I had been at St. Dunstan's Hospital in London, where there were several hundred blind soldiers, and I found that nine-tenths of them had had opportunities to marry since they had lost their sight. The maternal instinct in women took pity on them. There were plenty of charming and beautiful girls ready to help care for them for the rest of their lives. But the girls who had been scarred or maimed in the munitions works—what of them? I asked a woman who was conducting us through one of these plants whether any of the wounded girls had ever received an offer of marriage after her accident. She replied: "Not to my knowledge. No; not one." And as far as I could learn, what she said of this plant was true of all of them.

That difference between the consequence of injury to men and to women in war-time stuck in my thoughts, as I say. It was not a difference for which the government or society or the state could be blamed. No; it was a

difference due to human instincts and the laws of nature herself. It was nature's way of providing that man, the hunter and fighter, might go out to defend the tribe with the assurance that his wounds would not be a bar to his mating when he returned. But it was also nature's way of making the woman keep her body out of danger, because her health and safety were of first importance to the future health and strength of the tribe. England was pouring out the lives of her men on the battle-front.

That was terrible enough. But, on her home front, in dangerous tasks and truly destructive labor, she was also pouring out the lives of her women. And that might prove fatal.

The danger had been seen. The government had somewhat provided against it by regulating woman's work and the conditions of that work for her protection. The French government had gone further. In an attempt to provide for the future generation, the mother was being cared for by the state before the birth of her child and during her convalescence. Similar laws were proposed in England. There was, of course, a general feeling that the war-time conditions were necessarily abnormal and unavoidable, though they were also considered as merely temporary.



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(Above) Women have become proficient in the art of acetylene welding (Below) Women harvesters using a tractor on a farm in England



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But the more I saw of women in war-time, the more I realized that these "abnormal conditions" were only an exaggeration of our ordinary peace-time conditions, and that the danger which was so obviously threatening the future of Great Britain, through the bodies of her women in war-industries, was equally threatening her future and the future of America, through the bodies of women in the industries of peace.

For example, take this matter of providing for the care and support of mothers in order to assure the health and strength of the coming generation. Take, to be explicit, a case that I had in my court in Denver before the war—the case of Mrs. N—.

Her husband had worked in the smelters. He had been employed there for sixteen years from ten to twelve hours a day. Work in the smelters is a dangerous occupation, and under our Colorado law he should not have been on duty more than eight hours a day; but, in order to evade the law, his employers had transferred the men in the smelters to the pay-roll of the railroad, where they might work twelve hours legally. At the end of a hard day, a tired workman stumbled against a pail of water and upset it on a slag pile. The slag exploded and killed Mr. N—. The railroad company paid Mrs. N— two hundred and fifty dollars for the life of her husband, and that was the end of the first chapter.

Mrs. N—, with six young children, settled down in a little house by the railroad tracks to a life of poverty and ill-paid labor. The children were allowed to run wild, because she could not look after them; she had to leave home to earn for them. They were continuously hungry, because she could not earn enough to feed them. Near the house, the railroad's box cars were always standing as a temptation to mischief. Tommy, her eldest boy,



In the laboratory of a French base hospital



Englishwoman breaking lumps of iron ore

Giving a lesson to French soldiers made blind in the war

broke into a box car, one day, stole two dollars' worth of lead that had come from the smelter—the smelter where his father had been killed—sold it for sixty cents, and took the money to his



Women ambulance-drivers in France working over their cars

mother. He was arrested and brought to the Juvenile Court. End of chapter two.

The agents of our state Humane Society, so-called, here entered the case to report that they had investigated Mrs. N— and found that she was "bad." In an attempt to eke out her earnings, she had taken a boarder in her little shack. In the course of time and temptation she had entered into relations with this boarder which the Humane Society described as "immoral." Therefore they proposed to take all her children away from her and put them in orphan asylums, and leave her to complete her ruin.

That is to say, society having killed her husband by failing to enforce the laws for his protection, and having left her without the means to raise her six future citizens efficiently, and having forced her into the temptations of immorality in order to save them from starvation, and having debauched her boy Tommy in the same process of poverty—society now proposed to punish her and Tommy and all the other children for the acts and omissions of which society had been guilty.

Our Juvenile Court, of course, does not see the responsibilities of society fulfilled in this way, and we did what we could to save Mrs. N— and Tommy and her other little citizens from complete disaster. But, as a result of this and many similar cases,



Women glass-workers in a Lancashire factory

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we lobbied the Colorado legislature for a Mothers' Compensation Act that should allow us to pay such women as Mrs. N— as much as fifty dollars a month to stay at home and rear their young families, so that these might be a profit to the state instead of a loss. It was peace-time. The war had not taught the world the value of mothers and children to the state. The legislature would not act.

In the mean time, a Progressive campaign in Colorado won the initiative and referendum, by which the people themselves could initiate legislation. One of the first

laws that we initiated was the Mothers' Compensation Act. But the law contained no appropriation of money to carry it out.

In Denver we had to ask the city council for the money. We asked for an appropriation of five thousand dollars.

That seemed little enough, but it was too much for a committee of business men from the Denver Chamber of Commerce, who came to the hearings on the city budget and objected to giving five thousand dollars to assist destitute mothers. They said it was "paternalism," "an encouragement to pauperism," "a fad," "the worst sort of socialism." They would have called it "Bolshevism," but that word had not yet been initiated itself. They argued against any appropriation for mothers.

While they were arguing, I glanced down the budget and found

an item reading, "For the Dog-catcher's Department, eight thousand dollars." I called their attention to this item. The city was providing eight thousand dollars for the purpose of seeing that the streets were not overrun with homeless, ill-bred, and dangerous dogs. It was, in effect, an appropriation to provide for a good breed of well-cared-for dogs by catching and destroying all the poor mongrels for whom nobody would buy a tag. I pleaded for "dogs' rights for women." If they could appropriate eight thousand dollars for the better breeding of dogs without being "paternalistic," couldn't they give five thousand dollars to ensure a better breed of human beings? Would they do more for the offspring of a dog than for the children of a human mother?

They decided that they could grant "dogs' rights for women," and the business men dropped their objection. After the hearing, one of them came to me and said: "I was a fool to appear here, on this protest. I've never thought of these things at all. You're right. I was only thinking of my taxes."

The British had been taught by the war to think of something more than taxes. They had begun to think of the real values of their community life, and of how to protect men, women, and children from the industrial evils of peace as well as war, and of the means by which the nation could assure education, comfort, and happiness to all its citizens. They were campaigning for a number of bills—the Fisher Educational Bill, the Child-Welfare Bill, the Maternity Bill, and the bill establishing a Ministry of Public Health.

In the campaign for the Maternity Bill, they ran against a sort of opposition which we had been fighting in Colorado. That was the opposition of the churches, the religious, and all the most moral people of the community. They present a baffling problem in peace as in war.

One of our greatest difficulties in the Juvenile Court had been to care for the young unmarried mothers who came before the court. They were not "bad" girls. The bad ones knew how to avoid motherhood. These were usually girls who had been

betrayed by their own ignorance or innocence and the overpowering strength of natural instincts of which they had not been properly warned. They were about to give birth to children under conditions of ostracism and shame that were sure to blight the lives of their infants and themselves. That is to say, they were about to bring into the world future citizens who would surely be a liability to the state instead of an asset. We had no way in which we could provide them with the care and attention they needed, and no way to protect them from the disgrace that was certain to destroy their social value to the state.

Equally, we were unable to provide in advance for the poverty-stricken young mother who abandoned her infant—because she foresaw no way of raising a child—and who was charged with a crime for deserting it. And, equally again, we had no way to help the poor mother who could not afford medical attention in childbirth, who could not even remain away from her work long enough to regain her strength after the birth of her child—with disastrous results to both parent and offspring.

One Sunday, after a week in which I had heard several such harrowing cases, my wife and I went motoring in the country. We passed the farm of a well-known stock-breeder, who hailed us and invited us in. He had a reputation all over the West for raising a very strong and enduring breed of horses; and in the West, where the horses have to climb hills and mountains, such a reputation must be well deserved. I asked him how he had won it. He replied: "There's the reason in front of you," pointing to a pasture in which a score of mares with their colts were browsing and feeding and playing about in the sunlight. "We don't put the mothers at work for several months before and after foaling. We leave the colts with them as long as possible to feed. It makes all the difference between our horses and inferior stock." And when I thought of all those pathetic young mothers whose tales I had been hearing in court, I cried out in despair to myself, "Why can't they have horses' rights?"

So we began our slogan, "Horses' rights (Continued on page 166)



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Women workers filling gas-shells in a British munitions plant and wearing masks to protect them from noxious fumes

THE brothers Underwood walked together upon the terrace of their newly rented domain in a sunny corner of Surrey, and, as it chanced to be Sunday, indulged in a morning cigarette. It was a very delightful country house of considerable size, in perfect order, with a full staff of servants. Both brothers were in good spirits.

"I imagine," Stephen said, looking about him, "that it will be quite impossible for us to live here without a large, a very large expenditure."

"The same thought has occurred to me," George Henry assented cheerfully.

"I understand," Stephen continued, "that we have seven gardeners to pay weekly."

"A third man servant brought me my shaving-water," George Henry observed, "and from what I have seen of the butler, I should think he would be cheap at a thousand a year."

"Then there is the housekeeper, the lady in black silk and old lace, whom you took for Lady Drummond herself. She has a suite of rooms of her own, and a maid to wait upon her."

"The shooting, too. We know nothing whatever of sport, Stephen. We are sure to be robbed. I understand that gamekeepers are remarkably proficient in the art of mulcting their employers."

They stood for a moment looking across the exceedingly pleasant prospect of tree-embowered park, with corn fields and rich meadow-land beyond. A humorous twinkle shone in Stephen's blue eyes. He laid his hand upon his brother's shoulder.

"George Henry," he said, "you will be fifty years old next week."

"Perfectly true," was the solemn reply, "and you will be fifty-four the week after."

"Have you considered," Stephen went on, "how absolutely unique is our position? Through no special enterprise of our own, simply through an extraordinary increase in the use of rubber and indigo and various such commodities, we are in receipt of what might be termed a princely income."

"Princely indeed!"

"Yet," Stephen continued, "we find ourselves in a position of some embarrassment. Where other people struggle to make both ends meet, we find ourselves always confronted with the problem of preventing them from overlapping too much. Last night, George Henry, I read our dear father's letter once more. I could not help feeling a slight sense of guilt when I read that memorable sentence: 'I charge you,' he says, 'without waste, yet with a certain lavishness, to disseminate among your fellow creatures a considerable portion of the income which I feel will accrue to you.'"

"We have tried our best to increase our expenditure," George Henry declared.

"We have, indeed! Our failures have been many. Speculations into which we have entered, with the sole idea of dispersing



"Gentlemen," she said, "you will forgive my saying so, but I find your views so extraordinarily

The Rakes of

This is one of a delightful series of short stories in which Mr. Oppenheim tells of the efforts of two eminently respectable English brothers to get rid of their money faster than they make it.

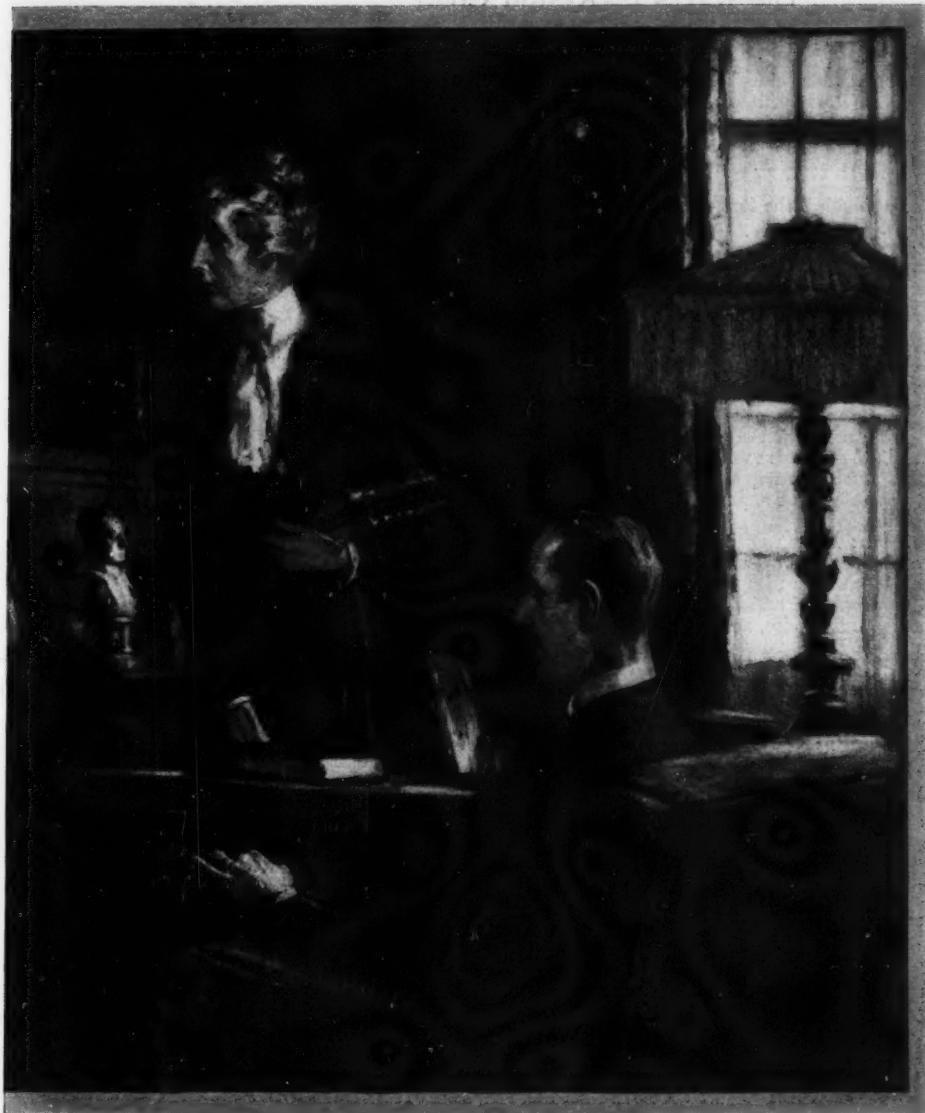
some of our accumulating capital, have disappointed us by their extraordinary and unforeseen success. This present move, though, George Henry, the credit for which belongs to you, will, I think, be of great assistance. The up-keep of an estate like this must be enormous, and the rent, although not so much as I had hoped, is still considerable."

"We must hope that all will turn out as we wish," George Henry said. "I considered Mr. Duncan's few remarks, when he sent us back our last balance-sheet, a little uncalled-for, considering the great increase in our personal expenditure."

"I saw him yesterday at the Milan," Stephen observed. "I told him that we had taken Keston Court, furnished, at a rental of four thousand a year."

"What did he say?"

"His remark was doubtless meant to be jocular, but I found



opposed to my preconceived ideas that, for the moment, I am nonplused"

Keston Court

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

in it a certain irony which I presume he felt himself entitled to make use of. He simply observed that without doubt we should discover gold under the tennis-lawns, coal in the park, and a clause in the lease by virtue of which these became the property of the tenant."

A personage of exceedingly august demeanor came slowly along the terrace toward them. He was clean-shaven, austere, and pompous. In his morning clothes, he had the appearance of being much better dressed than either of his masters.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, bowing to Stephen, "Mrs. Buxton desires to know if you will accord her an audience."

"Mrs. Buxton?"

"Your housekeeper, sir."

"We will see Mrs. Buxton in the library at once," Stephen consented.

"Very good, sir."

The new tenants of Keston Court took up a position of vantage in their magnificent library and awaited the proposed visit. Stephen stood upon the hearth-rug, his hands, however, vainly seeking the protection of his customary coat tails, dark-flannel suits having been allotted to them by their valet as more suitable wear for the country on Sunday morning. George Henry supported his brother from the depths of an easy chair. The entrance of Mrs. Buxton seemed to indicate that such support might be necessary. The perfection of her simple attire, her poise, and the manner in which she gave her orders to the maid who followed her, carrying various books, were all evidences of a status and qualities entirely unfamiliar to her new employers. She greeted them kindly, however, and accepted the chair which Stephen placed for her.

"That will do, Amy," she told the maid, as she watched the disposal of the books upon the table. "I will ring when you are required."

The maid departed, and Mrs. Buxton drew the books toward her. The onus of opening the interview appeared to rest with the brothers.

"You wished to see us?" Stephen ventured.

Mrs. Buxton smiled faintly.

"I thought it best to explain to you," she said, "my system of keeping the housekeeping books, to go through the salary-account with you, in case you should desire to effect any reductions, and to explain my views generally as to the economical management of the household."

The brothers looked at one another a little blankly. Stephen waved away the ledger which Mrs. Buxton was opening.

"My dear Mrs. Buxton," he begged, "we do not wish to be worried with accounts. The recommendations which we have received are sufficient. We leave the management of this establishment entirely in your hands."

"And pray do not think," George Henry put in, "of any reductions."

Mrs. Buxton seemed a little unnerved, also more than a little surprised.

"I understood," she said, "that, being City gentlemen, you would take some interest in the economical management of an establishment such as this."

"My brother and I," Stephen explained, "have no particular desire for economy. We are, in fact, inclined—inclined to be extravagant; are we not, George Henry?"

"Most decidedly," was the prompt assent.

Mrs. Buxton was distinctly nonplussed.

"You will forgive my remarking that this is unexpected," she said.

"You will get used to us, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen declared encouragingly. "We ask you—our wishes are that you conduct this place in as lavish a style as possible. Spare no expense in the meals which you prepare for us. Let our servants be well

The Rakes of Keston Court

paid. You spoke just now of reductions. We should, on the other hand, prefer you to look through the list of servants and see whether some slight advances might not be desirable. Your own salary, for instance, Mrs. Buxton, if you will excuse me?"

"I am paid two hundred pounds a year, the services of my maid, and a private sitting-room," Mrs. Buxton announced.

"Ridiculously inadequate!" Stephen exclaimed.

"Absurd!" George Henry echoed.

"Let me suggest three hundred pounds," the former begged. "I trust that the emoluments of the house generally are not fixed upon such a paltry basis?"

Mrs. Buxton pressed her fingers for a moment against her forehead.

"Gentlemen," she confessed, "you have a little confused me."

Stephen coughed.

"Mrs. Buxton," he said, "let us take you into our confidence. We are rich men."

"Increasingly rich," George Henry added dismally.

"We have only lately realized our duty," Stephen continued, "as regards the dispersal of a certain proportion of our income. It is our wish to spend more. It is for that reason we have taken this very charming country estate. Do not cramp our efforts at the start, Mrs. Buxton. Do not wage here a campaign of economy. Get value for your money, but spend."

"You confuse me, gentlemen," Mrs. Buxton again admitted. "It has been the study of my life to effect every possible economy in the management of the various households with which I have been associated. I have found this course of action universally appreciated. I was hoping that, in your service, and with your assistance, you being City gentlemen, I might learn something more of the art to which I have devoted many years."

"On the contrary," Stephen pointed out, "we should wish you, while you honor us with your services, to unlearn as much as possible."

"I have succeeded," Mrs. Buxton announced, with some pride, "in reducing the indoor expenses of this establishment, with four people day by day, and occasional lunches and dinner-parties, to fifty pounds a week."

"My dear Mrs. Buxton!"

"My dear lady!"

"Fifty pounds a week must mean starvation for everyone," Stephen protested.

"A life of misery for all concerned," George Henry put in.

"We are not socialists," Stephen continued, "but we wish the servants' hall to fare as well as the rest of the house. We should like you, Mrs. Buxton, to arrange a little entertainment once a week in the servants' hall—a small band for dancing, or any popular entertainers you may fancy could be secured from Keith Prowse's. We shall not consider the expense. If more convenient, we could arrange this matter ourselves."

"We have also," George Henry said, "a motor-car coming down, intended entirely for the use of the domestics under your control. My brother and I being in the City a portion of every day, and the staff numbering, I believe, over twenty, they will naturally have a certain amount of spare time."

Mrs. Buxton rose slowly to her feet. She was so upset that she picked up the ledgers herself and placed them under her arm. "Gentlemen," she said, "you will forgive my saying so, but I find your views so extraordinarily opposed to my preconceived ideas that, for the moment, I am nonplussed. I thank you very much for your offer of an increased salary, but I am not sure whether I shall be able to give you satisfaction. I have never been accustomed to conduct a household in the manner you suggest."

"Give it a trial, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen begged.

"Just a week or two," George Henry suggested.

"I will, with your permission," Mrs. Buxton decided, "consider the proposition in my apartment."

She moved toward the door. Stephen opened it, and closed it after her. He looked anxiously toward his brother.

"Well?"

"I am afraid," the latter regretted, "that Mrs. Buxton did not altogether appreciate our point of view."

"She is evidently," Stephen remarked, "a lady of very strict demeanor. I imagine that her sense of discipline and economy will induce her before long to seek a position elsewhere. Let us try what we can do out of doors. We will see if we can discover Mr. Andrews, the gardener."

They strolled across the lawn, and at the entrance to a walled garden, one end of which was glittering with greenhouses, they came upon that potentate. It being Sunday, Mr. Andrews was dressed in sober black and wore a black bowler hat. He carried gloves and an umbrella.

"The clergyman coming to call," George Henry whispered.

"Nothing of the sort," Stephen replied. "This is the man we are looking for. Good-morning, Andrews," he went on. "Fine lot of glass you have here."

"But it's not so expensive to keep up, sir," the man replied, raising his hat. "It's wonderful what can be done with five men and a couple of boys, properly looked after, and prices of fruit in the West End what they are. You'll be surprised, sir, when you see my books."

"Another Mrs. Buxton!" George Henry groaned.

"Do we understand," Stephen demanded, "that you are accustomed to dispose of the fruit you grow here by sale?"

Mr. Andrews stared at his questioner.

"You'll no understand what we do raise, sir," he remarked compassionately. "I'll just be taking you round."

"We are not interfering with your Sunday habits, I trust?"

"It's of small consequence, sir," the man replied. "The church here's not to my liking, and that's a fact. You'll just follow me, gentlemen."

The new tenants of Keston Court spent an exceedingly exhausting hour, at the end of which Mr. Andrews invited them into a small shanty rigged up as an office. Here he produced several memorandum-books and some sheets of ruled paper.

"I prepared this for your coming, gentlemen," he announced, "knowing you're from the City, and keen, as it were, on the matter of figures. On this side, you'll see the salary-account, which, with my own wages, five men, and two boys, comes to a matter of eighteen pounds a week. Then there's the cost of seeds, manure, coal, and other items—you see them there—and on the other side there's the sales—no such bad sales, either—and an allowance for such fruit and vegetables as is sent to the house and servants' quarters. You'll see, gentlemen, that the gardens and hothouses are verra nearly self-supporting. I'm proud of those figures, gentlemen. Take them away and study them, if you're willing."

Stephen adjusted his *pince-nez*, glanced through the memorandum-book, and shook his head gravely as he returned it.

"Andrews," he said, "this is most disappointing."

"Disappointing, you call it?" the gardener exclaimed, a little taken aback.

"Don't misunderstand me," Stephen continued. "Your figures are wonderful, but in every detail your accounts show a lamentable tendency toward the vice which is our pet aversion—the vice of parsimony."

The Scotchman removed his hat and scratched his head.

"The good Lord!" he murmured. "'Parsimony!'"

"Yes, Andrews," his new employer continued firmly; "here I find that you put down your own salary—you, whom I understand to be one of the most accomplished raisers of fruit and vegetables in this country—at four pounds a week. Disgraceful!"

"It's no too much for a man like me," Andrews protested.

"Too much!" Stephen repeated. "It's too little, man! Do you want us to feel, every minute of the day, that we are slave-drivers, my brother and I?"

"Eh? What's that?"

"Your salary list all through is a disgrace," Stephen continued sternly. "I am not blaming you, Andrews. You are an honest man and have done your best for your employers. You forget, however, that there are others to be studied. Do you not owe something to yourself and to your family, and to those who work for you so faithfully?"

Andrews smiled in a sickly fashion. He was not at all sure that he was not being made fun of.

"You will forgive me, gentlemen," he begged. "This is strange hearing."

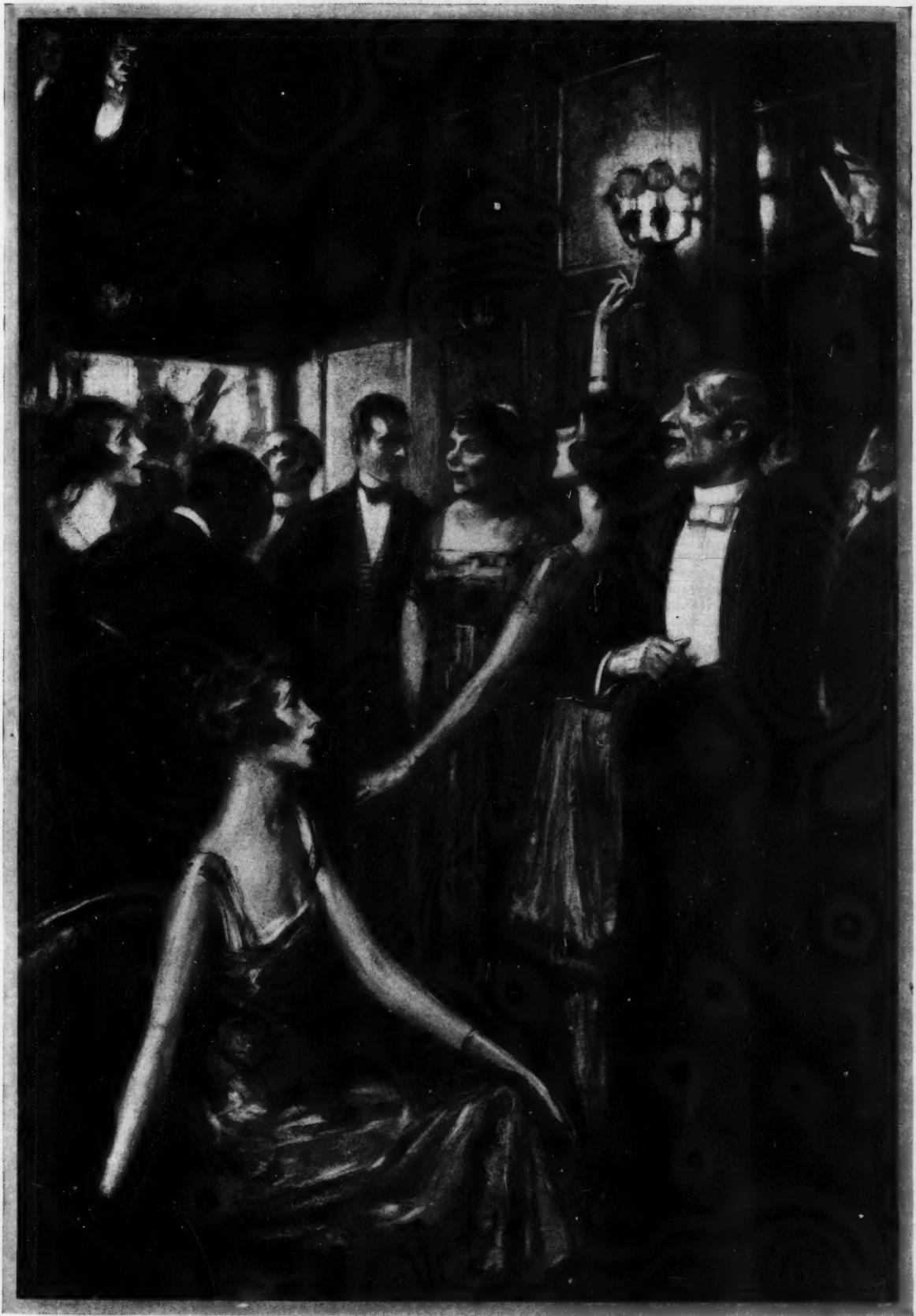
"We shall not quarrel," Stephen said firmly. "You are a man of the world, Andrews. You are a shrewd man. You will recognize the fact that it is necessary for you to adapt yourself to the whims and ideas of your employers. You have been drawing four pounds a week. The thought makes me shiver."

George Henry looked at his brother in silent admiration. Considering, as he well knew, that they neither of them had the faintest idea as to what a gardener's wages might be, he was perhaps justified.

"You will kindly," Stephen instructed, "draw in future six pounds a week. You will increase the salaries of your staff by twenty-five per cent., and you will at once discontinue this mercenary principle of sending your fruit to market."

"Discontinue! No send my fruit to market!" the man exclaimed. "Am I to make a dunghill of it, then?"

"My brother and I are directors of several hospitals," Stephen said. "We shall hand you a list to-morrow. In future, the



SKETCH BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"I trust that you will all enjoy yourselves," he said simply. "My brother and I have been very interested in watching you dancing to such very inspiring music."

The Rakes of Keston Court

whole of the surplus fruit will be despatched at convenient days of the week to such institutions as we shall indicate. See that the servants' hall, as well as the dining-room, are thoroughly well supplied."

Mr. Andrews closed his books a little reluctantly.

"I'm no denying, sir," he admitted, "that you've given me a bit of a shock. When I heard that the place was let to two City gentlemen, I was thinking they'd appreciate my ways. I'm your servant, though, and I'll obey your orders. Eh, but it's a powerful lot of fruit and vegetables to be giving away for just nothing at all—even to the hospitals!"

"My brother and I are not in need of money," Stephen explained. "On the contrary, it is our wish to spend it."

"You're no Scotch gentlemen; that's verra certain," Mr. Andrews observed, with a faint attempt at waggishness. "As regards the trifles of increase to my own salary, I'm not above taking it and thanking ye kindly, and I'll bear in mind your wishes with regard to the others."

They parted company, and Stephen drew a little sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven the man was Scotch so far as regards his own salary, at any rate!" he murmured, as they retraced their steps toward the house.

After luncheon, the brothers strolled across to the neighboring golf-links. George Henry spoke hopefully of the extravagance of sport.

"I was reading an article in one of the reviews last week," he said, "in which the writer asserted that the money spent in sports and games in the United Kingdom during a single year was sufficient to liquidate the national debt."

"One could no doubt spend a great deal in yachting and horse-racing," Stephen acquiesced, "but our deed of partnership prohibits any speculation with regard to them. Quite right! We must see what golf will do for us."

They found the professional in his workshop. He was a large, loosely-built Scotchman, with stubbly fair mustache and keen eyes. He looked them over with interest and bade them a cheerful good-afternoon.

"We have come to consult you," Stephen explained, "with reference to our starting the game of golf."

"And why not, indeed?" was the decisive answer. "It's a healthy sport, gentlemen, and the least expensive there is."

The faces of the golfing aspirants perceptibly lengthened.

"We had an idea," George Henry said diffidently, "that if we purchased every known variety of club, indulged in a new ball for every stroke, and engaged a golf professional to devote himself solely to our tuition—"

"Eh, mon, but it's not necessary," the professional intervened. "Half a dozen clubs each in one of my hide-leather bags—they're no more than fifteen and sixpence each—will start you properly. As to a new ball at every stroke, the thing's ridiculous, as you'll realize when you've played the game. And a couple of hours' tuition a day, which I can very well spare you myself, will be all that you're needing from a golf professional. A matter of twenty pounds will make golfers of you, gentlemen."

Stephen sighed.

"I have no doubt, George Henry," he said to his brother, "that we shall find the pursuit exhilarating."

"Even if it fails to help us in our present state of embarrassment," was the somewhat dismal response.

"I've an hour to spare, gentlemen," the professional said, "if you feel like taking your first lesson. There's a club or two in the shop would suit you nicely."

The acquisition of clubs, at any rate, appealed to his two visitors, and was conducted upon a scale which made their vendor, notwithstanding his nationality, indulge in a little mild remonstrance. Thereupon followed an hour, during which Stephen and George Henry, throwing dignity to the winds, endeavored to train and develop a new sense and a new set of muscles. The result was not altogether unsatisfactory, and the professional bade them an encouraging farewell.

"You'll no make scratch golfers, gentlemen," was his comment, "but you'll be a pair of useful half-swingers when I've done with you."



"Mrs. Buxton," Amy explained, "does not approve of ragtime music."

"This is all very well, so far as it goes," Stephen observed, as soon as they were out of ear-shot, "but I am afraid that, except from the health point of view, golf is likely to be of little use to us. The man hesitated even to accept the sovereign which I pressed into his hand as a little recognition of his efforts."

"That may have been," George Henry confessed, with a somewhat conscious smile, "because I had just given him one myself."

"You were unreasonably secretive about it, George Henry," his brother said severely. "I did not even see you put your hand into your pocket."

"Neither did I see you, for the matter of that," was the cheerful retort.

Stephen sighed.

"You are right," he admitted. "We must not allow our troubles to come between us, George Henry. We must endeavor to treat one another with confidence. Who is this person?"

George Henry, who had once been a great reader of serials, recognized immediately the brown-velveteen coat, the corduroy leggings, and knobbly stick of the man who stood prepared to accost them.

"It is a gamekeeper," he declared.

"Our gamekeeper," Stephen observed hopefully. "This may be another chance for us, George Henry. I have heard that the preserving of game is very expensive."

The man touched his hat respectfully and introduced himself.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Name of Higgs. Happening to see you come along, and hearing that you was away most of the week-days, I made so bold as to come out for a word."



"Quite right," Stephen replied. "You, I believe, are the gamekeeper to the estate?"

"Gamekeeper and vermin-killer, sir," the man assented. "There's two thousand acres of it, and a good bit of wood. There ain't many hours of the day that I'm idle."

"Two thousand acres!" Stephen repeated, in a shocked tone. "My good man, we are not sweepers, my brother and I! You must engage an assistant immediately."

"Yes," George Henry chimed in. "Get another vermin-killer."

The man appeared a little dazed.

"I know of a likely lad, sir," he admitted, touching his hat. "What I wanted to ask was—was you thinking of rearing?"

"Rearing?" Stephen repeated, in a tone of great deliberation.

"Ah!" George Henry murmured, looking sagely at his brother.

"To tell you the truth," Stephen confided, with simple candor, "we have never before resided upon a country estate. Exactly what did you mean?"

"There's a nice few wild birds, sir," the man explained, "but we've generally reared a few hundred up to this year. It's full late now, but the last lot of eggs is only a week overdue, and there's hens in plenty. The coops are all ready, and if you'd a fancy for turning out a few more hundreds, it could be managed."

"The idea appeals to us," Stephen assented at once. "This pheasant-rearing, I understand, is a most expensive process."

"Not the way I does it," the man replied, with a pitying smile. "With meal at its present price, and rakinings, I'll turn you out a nice lot of birds as you'd hardly notice the cost of, so to speak. Mr. Helmsby, over to Wanford, has the eggs."

"Arrange for them to-morrow," Stephen directed, producing his pocketbook, "and whatever you do, don't underfeed the birds. If anything is required to add to their comfort, pray see to it. My brother and I are exceedingly fond of birds."

"We had an aviary once," George Henry remarked reminiscently.

The man dropped his stick and was several seconds picking it up. When he did so, it appeared that there was something in his eye.

"You have a book for your expenses?" Stephen inquired.

The man produced from his pocket a somewhat soiled and crumpled memorandum-book. Stephen adjusted his *pince-nez* and glanced through a few pages.

"Do I understand," he asked, with his finger upon one item, "that your weekly wage is no more than two pounds a week?"

"There was some talk of a rise last Christmas, sir," the man explained hopefully, "but it didn't come to nowt."

"We raise your wage ten shillings a week," Stephen declared. "For the rest, here is fifty pounds for expenses. Pay for the eggs, and provide yourself with such supplies as are necessary for bringing up the young

birds. Be liberal in their diet."

The man placed the notes in an awed manner within the pages of the book, which he buttoned up carefully in his pocket.

"If you'd like to cast your eye over the partridge-ground, gentlemen—" he began.

"Partridges?" George Henry interrupted. "Are you doing anything to stimulate the production of partridges?"

The gamekeeper stared at his questioner suspiciously. George Henry's expression, however, was convincingly ingenuous.

"There's a good few coveys," the man said thoughtfully, "but that storm we had last month washed a good many of the young ones out of their nests."

"They must be replaced," Stephen insisted.

"What can you do about it, Higgs?" George Henry asked anxiously.

"Well, I don't rightly know what you can do, gentlemen," the man confessed. "I've heard tell of putting a few Hungarians down in the middle of the ground."

"Hungarians?" Stephen repeated (Continued on page 94)

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and of Margie Daw, a special writer. By searching among Henry's effects, Margie penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Henry's career on the paper is short, for he writes an indiscreet interview with the mayor. But his ability is recognized, and Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper, assigns him to write a biography of James H. Cantey, who was a power in the city, and whose estate owns, among other valuable properties, the newspaper.

This news creates consternation among some of Cantey's former associates—Tim MacIntyre, the mayor; O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Cantey, in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work. Meanwhile, MacIntyre and his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project. They make desperate efforts to recover the strong box from Henry, and fail to get him to tell his history. Meanwhile, he has returned the box and announced his intention of giving up the biography. He and Miriam are in love. He tells her who he is, but not the tragic episode of his past. Miriam begins to get better, and Henry announces their engagement to Miss Russell.

Madame Watt dies, leaving her fortune to Henry, but he declares he will not touch it. His identity is thus revealed, and Miriam's married sister, Mrs. Appleby, carries her off to California. Henry accepts an offer to write advertising matter for Holmes Hitt, the nephew of the Mr. Hitt who was Henry's associate on the paper. Holmes Hitt is about to inaugurate an extensive advertising campaign, and believes, from what he knows of Henry's ability, that he is a man who will furnish some very original copy.



A feminine voice fell on

XXVII

THINKING PERFECT PORCELAIN

THE City Trust Building was the newest and most impressive business structure in the city. It stood, sixteen stories high, on the corner next east from the News Building. The entire ground floor was occupied by the trust company. Occupying the fifteen floors above this were the offices of virtually all the most important corporations and the most successful lawyers, contractors, promoters, and representatives of out-of-town business concerns. Qualters, Cummings, and Biddeford, for example, were on the second floor. The Great Hills Pulp and Paper Company (a strong Painter concern) was on the floor next above. All of the seventh, eighth, and ninth floors were occupied by the Valley States Insurance Company, another Painter property.

So the City Trust Building, through its impressive size, its choice (in the real-estate vernacular) situation at the very center of the business district, overlooking Cantey Square, radiated an air, an aura, of success. It was the home of financial reputations, the very local temple of Prosperity. Which explains why the offices of Holmes Hitt occupied the best—the southeastern-corner of the sixteenth floor. On the ground-glass door were simply the three words, lettered in black and gold:

HOLMES HITT, INC.

Within, if you opened the door, was a bare enclosure, hardly eight feet square, with a door, a small window with a calm-faced



Calverly's ear. A familiar voice

girl behind it, and a wooden bench. Beyond the inner door was a corridor, with offices. At the end, another door bore the inscription:

MR. HITT

Here were two rooms, one occupied by a trimly efficient young woman secretary; the other, the corner room, large, airy, with five or six mahogany chairs, a long, bare mahogany table, a simple little wall desk (closed), and on the wall a few paintings. The room was severely gray; the paintings had clearly been selected for their coloring. Nowhere was there a pigeonhole of papers, nowhere a sign of the familiar clutter of business offices.

Thither, promptly at nine in the morning, came Henry Calverly, carrying his old alpaca coat wrapped in a newspaper.

The calm-faced girl at the door kept him waiting for a while on the bench. He sat, parcel on knees, staring at a bare wall, frowning a little, fighting back turbulent thoughts. But among these thoughts, at moments dominating them, was a purpose. Through a wakeful night he had been working it painfully out. He must live on; he must fight; he must win. Miriam might need him terribly, but he couldn't go again to her with empty hands. Somehow—no matter how—he must carve out a place for himself here in this rough, actual world. It had come down now to a final test of his metal. Either he was designed to stand alone, as an inhabitant of this particular earth, or he was not. It was high time, once and for all, to find out. And with Miriam spirited off, with all that had so suddenly come to be vital, real in his life hanging in suspense, the time was short.

An efficient-looking, well-dressed young woman came in, glanced at him, waited while the calm-faced girl pressed a button, opened a partition door, and passed in. A moment later, she reappeared, made sure that he was Mr. Calverly, showed him along the corridor, through the outer private office and into the corner room. There she left him. The heavy door swung to.

He looked about at the paintings. They pleased him. And breathing out of the severely rich furniture, out of the soft rug under his feet, the airy spaciousness, the paintings, he felt there was the very living instinct of success.

The young woman secretary brought in a fresh whiff of it when she unexpectedly entered. She was like another and not inexpensive bit of decoration.

"You may want to look these over," she remarked, and left a heap of papers on an end of the table.

He drew up a chair, plunged his fingers into his hair, studied the papers. There were proofs of advertisements, all built about that "White Bathroom" phrase. There were booklets picturing a porcelain factory, showing the processes of manufacture; interviews, illustrated, with officers of the company; a clip of letters bearing on the advertising problem; blueprints of the new tile factory, and so on.

He asked the young woman for pencil and paper, and tried rephrasing the advertisement about the "Perfect Porcelain" idea.

He had given up the idea of putting on the alpaca coat. It would look hopelessly out of place in this magnificent room. In fact, dwelling at moments on the atmosphere of the place, he despaired of ever fitting into the job. He wasn't like this. In his heart he wasn't like it. After each such moment, he plunged at his task, wrote a new version of the advertisement.

At half-past ten the door opened and Holmes Hitt appeared. He wore a smoothly pressed, perfect-fitting suit of pale linen, with a tie of cool blue silk. The wide ribbon that hung from his nose-glasses was blue, matching the tie.

The merest corner of a handkerchief, bordered with palest blue, showed above the breast-pocket. The smooth young face was quietly, pleasantly, yet unsmilingly alert.

"Good-morning," he said, glanced at the papers, and, perhaps with amusement, at Calverly's tousled hair, drew up a chair. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, just trying an advertisement."

"Let me see."

But before looking over the scribbled pages, the calm eyes of Holmes Hitt surveyed the room. They rested on the newspaper parcel on a chair. He reached under the table. A buzzer sounded faintly. The decorative secretary promptly appeared. Holmes Hitt's gaze indicated the parcel. The secretary glanced from it to Calverly.

"It's mine," said that young man, a little flushed.

"Oh, all right," remarked Holmes Hitt.

The secretary disappeared.

"As for this stuff," remarked Holmes Hitt, fingering the papers, "what you've done is to write nice phrases. And too many of them. Nothing in that. Later to-day I'll take you over to the factory. You must see the work and get the feeling of the men behind it, their ability and energy, and faith in their product. Then you must give up your whole mind to thinking about it. You must eat, breathe, dream Perfect Porcelain—until you're fairly bursting with the impulse to tell people not only how good it is but how necessary it is. Then you must visualize the woman you'll be writing at."

"Woman?"

"Certainly. You're dealing with homes. Every home means a woman. You've got to think Perfect Porcelain so hard that you

The Passionate Pilgrim

think it straight from your head into hers, get her to dwelling on the thought of Perfect Porcelain until nothing else will do—nothing in the world. Give up your whole being to it. Fight for those six thousand homes, one by one. Win them. There's no other way. It must crowd out of your mind every other—”

A soft buzzer sounded. Calmly Holmes Hitt rose, slid back a panel over the desk, and drew out a telephone instrument.

“It's for you,” he said.

A feminine voice fell on Calverly's ear. A familiar voice.

“It's me,” said the voice, adding, after a moment: “Mary Maloney. This—is Mr. Staf—Mr. Calverly, isn't it? I called up the *News*, and they said I might find you here. I had an awful time getting anybody there that would say anything. . . . Where am I? Why, right down here by the *News* Building, in the drug store. Listen: Could you come down for just a minute? Two telegrams came. They just left them lying on the table in the hall, and I thought they might be important, and so I—”

Calverly turned. Already the secretary had entered with mail. She stood at Holmes Hitt's elbow while he went swiftly through the thick pile of papers, pausing now and then to outline a brief reply.

“I'm afraid I—I'd better step out, just for a moment.”

Holmes Hitt merely moved his head.

Uncomfortably aware that he was being drawn momentarily farther from Perfect Porcelain and the new relation with life, feeling, in fact, out of key, Calverly went down to the drug store.

Mary's little plump person rose from a stool by the soda-fountain. Her face was suffused with color. She was smiling. She was unexpectedly pretty. Her great, curiously honest eyes moved him to a feeling of gentle regard, even of tenderness, that was yet like a faint revival of an old memory, of something that had happened very long ago.

One telegram was from Parker, in Chicago.

It read, in the familiar telegraphic jumble of words:

Can you come at once discuss estate as there is no other legatee I prefer take no steps without advice from you and there are many matters should be gone over carefully or if you cannot come will go to you important.

It stirred no particular interest in his breast, so he slipped it into a coat pocket.

The other was from Humphrey Weaver, offering either to come at once or to send money. A few extra words of cordial import warmed his heart, as such words do when found on a telegraph-form.

He walked out with Mary to the street.

His preoccupation fell away for the moment. Here she was, on his hands, rather confused. Something must be said. And her manner, simple, almost alarmingly open, made it evident that she had been thinking every moment of him.

“You were good to come, Mary,” he said.

“Oh, no! I thought you ought to have them. And I didn't think they'd object at the office. I never asked for time off before, this way. I didn't care much. I've thought lately I might look up another job. You get tired of doing just one thing.” He couldn't reply to this. “The girls were awfully excited,” she ventured. “At the news, I mean.” Her eager confusion was fading. “I—I could see that you were going through trouble,” she added timidly.

“I was, Mary.” His voice was so gentle that she glanced up at him. “I still am.”

“I'm sorry,” she murmured.

On the step of a River Street car she hesitated, looked back. He was standing motionless, holding his hat above his head. She bit her lip. The car rolled away. She went in and looked, with swimming eyes, for a seat.

Calverly returned to the room at the top of the City Trust Building, pausing only to telegraph Humphrey that he had a job, was in excellent spirits, and needed no help.

Holmes Hitt made room for him at the table. The correspondence was cleared away.

“There's no other way,” said Holmes Hitt, taking up a half-tone of an elaborately equipped bathroom. “You'll find that you must shut out from your mind every mental image except Perfect Porcelain and the home it's going into. By the sheer power of words you have to move Perfect Porcelain from the factory to the freight-yard, over hundreds, even thousands, of miles of railroads, through wholesale and retail plumbing establishments into six thousand of those homes. You have to get specifications for Perfect Porcelain into the plans for six thousand new houses. You can only do that by stirring six thousand women to the point of insisting, even of overcoming, the objections

of their architects. Your principal medium will be the woman's magazines. All you really have, of course, is the white paper before you. That's all—white paper, plus a brain. You can write. No man on earth can make a phrase live as you can. But can you, with a phrase, lift that Perfect Porcelain bathtub, shower, wash-stand out of the factory, move it across the country, and install it in a house? For that's what the writer of advertising . . . y has to do.”

Calverly, struggling with depression, had sunk back in his chair. “I don't know,” he replied; “I doubt it.”

“I don't, Calverly. Not for a minute. Fill your mind with Perfect Porcelain, and you can do it.”

Calverly regarded the smooth face, the calm eyes, the studiously arranged color-scheme of the young man before him.

“There are other makes of bathroom fixtures, aren't there?” he asked dully.

“Certainly.”

“Some of them about as good as this?”

“None of them better.”

“And it's going to cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to exploit this make. That'll be added to the price, won't it? This room, part of your income, even my little income, will all be added to the price?”

“Certainly.”

“Why not save all that money and let the woman buy any make she likes?”

“Because we shall be raising the standard of comfort and cleanliness in the homes of America. We shall be stimulating business, stimulating life itself. Energy put out in the mercantile field creates new markets, new business. Life isn't an accumulation of things. Life is energy, and energy is life. The money spent in pushing Perfect Porcelain will force a higher standard of manufacture. It will stabilize small businesses all over America. It will improve advertising itself. But, above all, it will make better homes. Homes that are more livable-in.”

It was difficult to withstand this flow of easy yet alert talk. And the man himself was utterly convincing. He radiated confidence and success. He was a living example of his creed.

“But how about the poor devil who has to pay for all this—that woman's husband? We're going to force it on him by stirring his wife's desire for it—are we?”

“Certainly.”

“Is that sound economy?”

“Certainly. Better homes make better men. By the way, note that phrase down: 'Better homes make better men.'” Calverly obediently wrote it down. “And remember this: Life isn't a stable thing. You can't put life away on a shelf and expect to find the same thing you left there. It's fluid. It's volatile. Business is always either shrinking or growing. Men are either growing or shriveling. I personally stand for growth. Every time I improve a home by installing a Milhenning bathroom, by just that much I improve America. Because of my effort, America is growing where it might shrink. Remember that one vital fact: energy is life.” Calverly bent forward over the papers. “You've got to think, feel, believe Perfect Porcelain with every ounce of energy in your mind and spirit before you can write a sound line of copy.”

Calverly looked at him, a kindling light in his eye, a touch of color in his cheeks.

“All right,” he said; “I'll do it. I'll put everything else aside. It's worth the chance.”

“It is your chance,” said Holmes Hitt.

The door opened.

“There are several newspaper men outside,” said the secretary, quietly, “to see Mr. Calverly.”

“I won't see them!” cried that young man.

Holmes Hitt thought this over.

“Yes, you will,” he said. “You'll have to. May as well get it over with.”

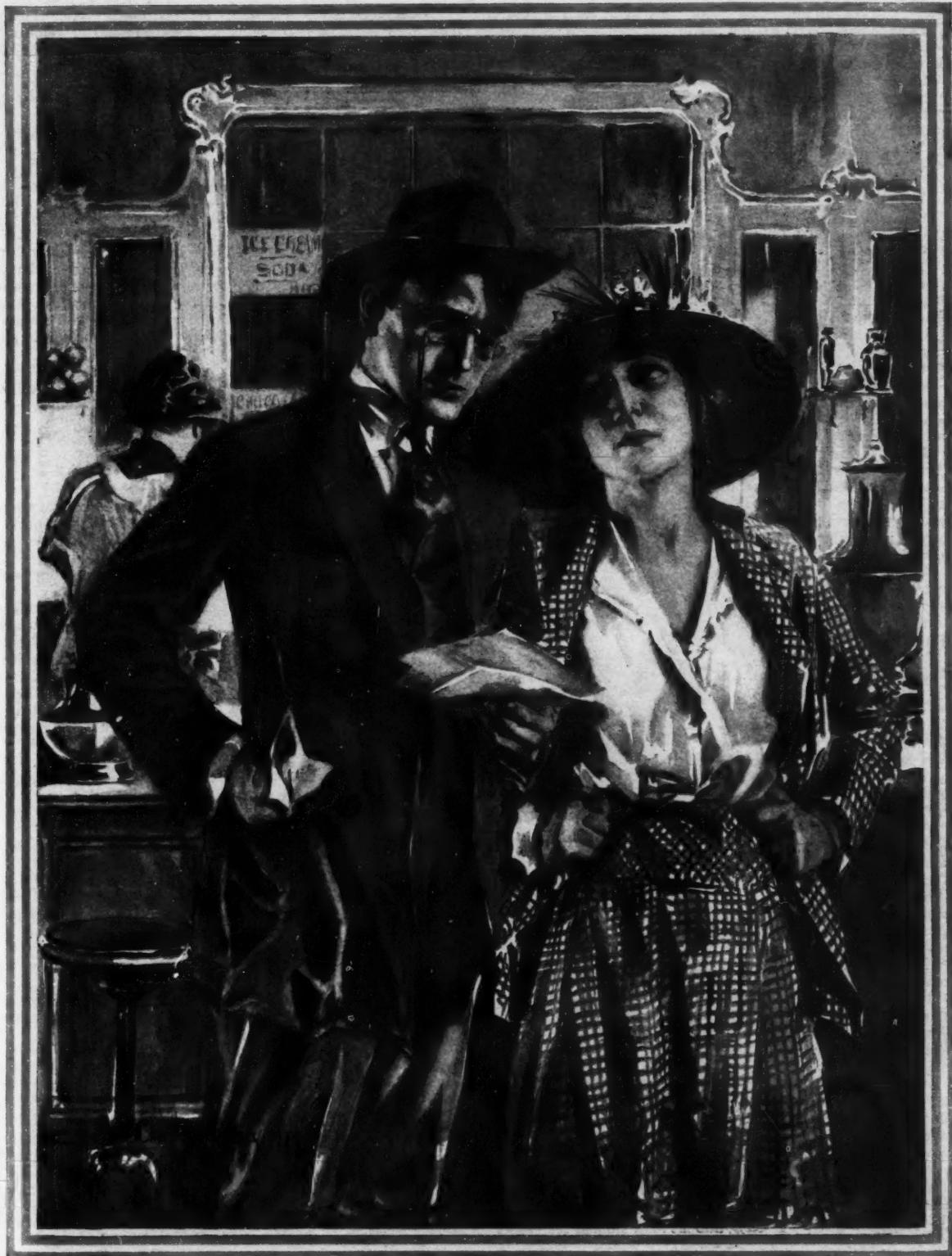
“But I've told them all I—” And Calverly, sputtering, went out to the bare little coop by the outer door. Three young men were sitting on the bench. Two of them he seemed to know. They had doubtless been in the group at the boarding-house.

“Mr. Calverly,” said one, “we hear from Chicago that your attorney expects you out there to-day.” Calverly spread his hands. “He confirms the news that the entire fortune has been left to you. You're a millionaire, of course. When are you leaving?”

“I'm not leaving.”

Another spoke up.

“Of course, Mr. Calverly, you'll understand that this is a very dramatic occurrence. The papers can hardly ignore it.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

It stirred no particular interest in his breast, so he slipped it into a coat pocket. The other was from Humphrey Weaver, offering either to come at once or to send money. A few extra words of cordial import warmed his heart, as such words do when found on a telegraph-form

The Passionate Pilgrim

Won't you tell us something about your plans for the future? Will you take up novel-writing again?"

"No," muttered Calverly, in great discomfort. "I don't know. I can't talk to you." He was by this time in utter nervous confusion. These men, with their talk of the future, brought up, overwhelmingly, the past. The time had not yet come when he could look back calmly on those awful years. Why couldn't they let him alone? He could have screamed at them.

"You said you were not going to Chicago?"

"I said that. I'm not."

"Then this Mr. Parker will be coming here?"

"No—I don't know."

"Of course, Mr. Calverly, you must realize that in taking this attitude you are suggesting a bigger 'story' than any we've got so far. Do you mean to say that you are refusing this fortune?"

"Yes!" The inner pressures at last found an outlet in voice, gesture, blazing eye. "I mean just that! I won't touch her filthy money! I don't want ever to hear it spoken of again. Now get out and leave me alone!"

He slammed the door on them. The girl at the window looked after him, mildly surprised. Doors weren't slammed in the establishment of Holmes Hitt, Incorporated.

He loitered in the corridor. It wouldn't do to go back to that corner room in this condition. He must think Perfect Porcelain. He set his face, marched back doggedly. Then, before the unruffled, momentarily exasperating Holmes Hitt he exploded.

"I don't care for advertising!" he cried. "It's debasing! It's vicious! Just because the wide circulation of magazines and newspapers gives you a chance—because this new scheme of putting into people's minds the thing you want them to think—"

Without lifting an eyelid or shifting a foot, Holmes Hitt, at this point, surprisingly, dramatically brought down a flat hand on the table with a bang.

"New?" he said, with only a little more vigor than usual.

"New?" My dear man, don't you know that advertising has been the greatest force in the world since life began? New? Why, bless your heart, do you know who were the greatest advertising men in history? They were Alexander, Julius Caesar, Ghengis Khan, Peter the Great, Martin Luther, Ben Franklin. Caesar writes his own 'Commentaries,' puts them into every school in the civilized world, keeps them there two thousand years. Why? Advertising! Luther burns the pope's bull. Where? In his old porcelain stove? Not a bit of it! He burns it at the city gate. Why? Advertising! Kings travel around laying corner-stones and addressing orphan asylums and attending teas, have their pictures taken in every kind of costume. Why? Advertising!"

"Oh, come—those things aren't a parallel to this commercial—"

"Aren't they though? 'Commercial!' What's commerce? Selling things, isn't it? Suppose a man gives his life to building up a manufacturing business? Suppose he makes honest goods, believes they're the best? He wants people to know about them, doesn't he?"

"He wants their money."

"Money, nothing! He wants success, power—yes. That's human. What does your soldier, your statesman, your reformer, your novelist want? Success, fame, power! One man sells his goods; another sells himself. What's the difference?"

Again the soft buzzer sounded.

"For you," said Holmes Hitt, with a quizzical glance.

And again it was a woman's voice.

"It's Margie—Margie Daw—Henry. I want to see you."

"Well—I'm busy just now."

"Are you engaged for lunch?"

"For lunch—why, no; I don't think so."

"Well then, meet me—let's see, I don't want to go to Philippe's—I'll tell you! You're a millionaire now. Meet me at the Rivoli at one."

Calverly came slowly back toward the table. He knew now that Holmes Hitt was a force. He would have given almost anything in the world just then to feel even a little of that clear mental energy in his own worn-out brain. He thought of it as worn out. Even so, the man fired him. The trite phrase: "Energy is life," rang in his ears like a new gospel. He felt those steady eyes on him.

"It all comes down to thinking it," said Holmes Hitt. "And thinking it means wanting to do it. You can put Perfect Porcelain into six thousand homes if you want to. The question is: Do you want to?"

"Yes," said Calverly; "I do."

XXVIII

IN WHICH MARGIE DAW FINDS HERSELF USEFUL MAINLY AS A STIMULANT

"THEY'RE pounding you pretty hard, aren't they?" observed Margie. She looked fresh, pretty, more than usually boyish. The gaiety and clatter of the restaurant suited her to-day.

Calverly inclined his head. His sensitive mouth twitched.

"But I don't care," he said. Holmes Hitt wouldn't have cared.

"That's hardly true, Henry. Of course you care. And you've got to do something about it."

"Work's the thing!" said he, with sudden emphasis.

"What work? Advertising business?"

He nodded. She shook her head firmly.

"It is. You don't know, Margie—how I've lived. It's practical life. I've got to take my place in it."

Again her little head moved in a decided negative.

"What else?"

She nibbled at her salad, considered, finally leaned her elbows on the table and let her bright eyes rest thoughtfully on him.

"Henry, I've just learned—it's really why I called you up—that we've taken a Sunday syndicate story about you from the National Feature Service. The Sunday editor arranged it by wire this morning. It's going to be one of those hideous things—colored picture of Henry Calverly as a famous writer wearing a laurel wreath, another of Henry Calverly in a striped suit looking out between iron bars—" He shivered. His eyes—she thought them like a dog's now—hung on hers. She knew she was torturing him. "Yes; really. I was there when he ordered the drawings. The story is to dwell on the sensational ups and downs of your life."

His lips moved. She caught the one word:

"Please!"

"But we've got to consider this, Henry. It's a fact. That story's going all over the country. There'll be others. They'll pound you right down if you let them. The question is: What are you going to do? How are you going to meet it?"

He shaded his eyes with his hand. He was silent so long that she fell to eating again.

"I'll ignore it," she thought he said.



He drew up a chair, plunged his fingers into his hair, studied the papers



There was a long, tense silence. Finally he looked up at her, seemed, in a hesitating way, about to speak

"But you can't, Henry."

"I can. They can't touch my private life."

He faltered a little on this. They could, and they would. They had already, for that matter, touched it to the sensitive quick.

"You're going to make me speak plainly——"

"Why talk of it at all?"

"Perhaps I can help. I'd like to."

He was silent, head on hand, eyes downcast now. Playing with his fork. He couldn't eat; she was bearing so on those old worn nerves.

"You're a page-one problem, Henry. Your whole life. Hiding your head in Holmes Hitt's office can't change that fact."

"I don't think I know what you mean," he murmured.

"You're a man with a public name. There's a public Henry Calverly. He isn't so, but he's the only you that the public knows or cares about."

"I don't care about the public."

"Oh, but you do! You've got to. All your real work, until you die, has got to be done in the public eye. And what the public thinks of you, thinks you are, will make you or break you. It will carry you on to success or pin failure on you at every turn, no matter what you may personally try to do."

Again he was touched with that involuntary little shiver. She couldn't see his eyes. She wondered, with swift insight, what recent deep hurt she had probed. Sure of her reasoning—firmly, in fact, on her own ground—she pressed on.

"Let's look at the hard fact. You're tagged now, Henry. Your name suggests prisons—and aliases. It's unjust. Most reputations, one way or the other, are unjust. Every public man bears a tag. The shrewd men see to it that their tags are pleasing, popular. Hence press-agents. Politicians have them, and preachers and bankers and actresses. Their job is to build up a fictitious personality. They find out what the public likes in bankers, preachers, actresses, statesmen, and make their employers look like that. Very few newspaper reputations but are false. You surely know that. Even the great names—Washington and that inspired cherry-tree yarn. Of course George Washington told lies. From all I can gather, he had violent moments; but the cherry tree triumphed, and Gilbert Stuart finished the job with his

undying portrait of frozen virtue." For one swift instant, Calverly's deep eyes swung up in a sharp glance, then dropped again. She was puzzled, unaware that Holmes Hitt had, within the two hours, laid the foundation for her talk. "The simple fact is, Henry, you're tagged wrong."

"Work," he said again. "I'll work it out, little by little."

"It won't do it. Reprobates have gone down in history as paragons of virtue. Human angels have gone down as devils. We've got to change your tag. Big job." She mused aloud. "Publicity is the greatest force in the world. The great dear public doesn't see straight, and it never will."

Henry turned toward the music, moodily watched the violinist, said something about the cheapness of these popular songs.

She went on studying him. Clearly he didn't see it. It seemed tragic. They'd simply pound him to death; there'd be no let-up, no mercy. The public was merciless, casually but persistently cruel. They smashed one so.

"That's what you're up against, Henry. Yours is a publicity problem. Nothing else. I don't know whether I can make you see it. If I can't——"

He shrugged this off, peered out from under his hand at the musicians.

"When do you get the money, Henry?" He shook his head. "One or two years, I suppose. These things take time. Has the will been probated?" No answer. "You do get it, don't you, Henry?"

"Oh, please!" It was hardly more than a sigh.

"You're awfully difficult. More than anybody else in the world you need a publicity man right now. Time is passing. We'd have to catch it right at the top of all this row. Maybe, even then, we couldn't do it. It's a chance. And, of course, if you won't help—against your will—I can't do a thing. I could if—" She leaned across the table. "Supposing it's hopeless, Henry, after all—supposing you just have to clear out again—I can't bear to think of your going alone. We might work it out together. You need a woman awfully to take care of you. And to work through you. I'd take a chance with you, Henry. My life isn't so much. I'd pack up and go—oh, anywhere—Africa, South America, China! It doesn't much matter where. It would be one more experience. There'd be a thrill in it. Perhaps that's what you

The Passionate Pilgrim

need. I find—the way I feel about the little time you were at my place. I'm fussy; some men I'd loathe, just seeing them round—you know, coats off—shaving—Oh, I know all about it. I've been married. But I'm young enough, and not so unattractive. And I wouldn't set up claims on you—smother you—make exactions—strike a hard bargain—like these innocent little marrying things."

There was a long, tense silence. Finally he looked up at her, seemed, in a hesitating way, about to speak.

"I've got to get back," he said. "Up to the office. It's my first day there, you see." And he faintly, apologetically smiled.

The warm color faded from her face. She had again let herself go too far; her usually quick mind couldn't make this turn in time. She couldn't speak at all, walked out with him in silence.

"I don't want you to think I don't appreciate all you've said," was his stiffly inadequate remark.

From this sort of thing she could only turn away, telling herself bitterly that she was a fool.

And he went back to the City Trust Building to carry on his dogged, grotesquely heroic little struggle with what seemed to him, for the moment, reality.

Holmes Hitt, it appeared, had shut himself in at precisely two. Calverly recalled dimly that he had spoken, a full day earlier, of doing that. The man seemed to him quite wonderful. He couldn't himself imagine knowing, a day in advance, that he could, at a given moment, shut off all departments but one of an active brain and coolly call on that one to function. He felt now the admiration and a touch of the envy that the emotional man must feel at times for the successfully methodical man.

He wandered out of the office and took the elevator down. He was disturbed and curiously stimulated. He walked across town and out to his own room, shut himself in there. The quick, plausible mind of Holmes Hitt seemed almost to have substituted itself for his own. Margie had added emphasis to this pervading, compelling force of the man, without successfully intruding herself. If anything, she had driven Calverly's thoughts precipitately back to him. She had intensified his rather blind,

certainly desperate determination to lay hold of every-day life. By reviving that emotional tension between them, she had driven him off, sharpened his will, brought his best, his emotional faculties into play. He had none of the Perfect Porcelain data there in his room; but that was what he went at. He drew rough sketches of the perfect bathroom, even of the typical suburban home it was to make better. He wrote phrases, prose descriptions, verse. Ideas came; he played with them. He worked there until night, and on nearly till morning, pausing only to rush out and buy some magazines and a cup of coffee. It seemed to him that he couldn't go into the boarding-house dining-room—not as he felt now. Something near the old creative pressure was on him. He pored over the advertising pages of the magazines, tried imitating their effective points, then altering them, twisting them round, then hit on the idea of designing an advertisement that would compete effectually with the hundreds of others in a particular magazine. He began to see the possibilities of type, white spaces, contrasting thicknesses and qualities of paper, colored inks, drawings, and designs. Little by little, what he had thought of as the vulgarity of his subject and of advertising in general faded out. He saw, felt the business enterprise that lay back of each commodity. He felt drama in it. After all, wasn't it life? Wasn't it ambition, energy, the struggle for preeminence?

The next morning—it was near noon—he appeared, disheveled, hollow-eyed, but in a curious way nearly happy, at the office.

Holmes Hitt exhibited no surprise over his disappearance the day before, merely studied him with calm, slightly amused eyes, then looked through the little heap of papers that Calverly placed before him. These held his interest. Once or twice he even nodded approvingly.

"This," he said, tapping them, "is a start. We'll go out to the factory to-day. I want you to see porcelain made. It's beautiful. And I want you to talk with the workmen. I want you to realize that each of them is a human being, supporting a family, working something out. Then you'd better chat with the firm. They're big men. You'll feel humble. All through (Continued on page 110)



Here, stretched comfortably out on a grassy bank, looking idly out at the boating parties, they fell to talking of the Cantey biography

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George

Randolph Chester

The Profit *is in the* Digging

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



IDON'T quite get you," puzzled the city engineer, his gaze straying from the huge J. Rufus Wallingford to the lean and lank Horace G. Daw. Both the unexpected callers were in full evening dress, and both wore the suavity and habit of men of the world, men of ease, men of confidence.

"We came to break the news to you, brother," grinned Blackie Daw, sitting on the piano-stool, and trying the whirl of it. "You are about to receive a token in the neck."

"Look here!" City Engineer Wincap was a well-boned man of sandy complexion and a natural pompadour, and now the pompadour seemed to stiffen. "I don't know why you strangers horn into my home to muss up my private affairs, but——"

"Sit down, neighbor," soothed J. Rufus. "Sit down and take it like a man; and before we get through, you'll adopt us into the midst of your bosom. We've come to put a machine gun into your good right hand."

The city engineer took another look. Capable gentlemen these—men with keen intelligence and definite purpose—workers! But for what?

"Well?" he invited, though he remained standing.

"Thank you," chuckled J. Rufus. "The story begins as follows." And he took the most commodious chair in the parlor, like a welcome and familiar guest. "We read your doom, Wincap, in the evening papers."

"Why 'doom'?"

"Don't kid yourself," advised Wallingford, with a wave of the hand on which sparkled a two-thousand-dollar diamond. "I know municipal politics as practised from the moment old Mr. Municip invented the game, and there's no more chance of a change in it than there is in the multiplication table. Your enterprising city has torn up its beautiful new boulevard four times in three years—once for the water-mains, once for the sewer-pipes, once for gas, and once because. Now they're going to improve the boulevard by burying all electric wires in conduits. Who pays? The voters. Who wins? The contractors, and such of the city officials as are not too proud to go out with a club and accept gifts."

"For a stranger, you read fast," Mr. Wincap admitted, and at last sat in the hard, stiff chair of the period of Louis Thirteenth to Sixteenth inclusive. Wallingford produced long, fat black cigars, and Wincap furnished the matches. "Well?"

"Well," went on Wallingford, "the time has now arrived to select the village goat. Press and public unanimously demand to know why all these pipes were not thought of in the beginning. Press and public unanimously shout that somebody had a knot of solid ivory. Friend Wincap, you have just time to send word to mother that you died brave."

"What's on your mind?"
"Money," confessed the
visiting contractor

"You talk like a stranger," scorned the engineer, with a smile of apparent superior ease. "The town knows that, in the beginning, I planned a tunnel for all these things, but there was a yell about expense, and——"

"Four years ago?" interrupted Wallingford. "Say, the public will remember a scandal forty years, but will forget a good deed in forty minutes. I'll make a little bet that you're to be crucified, that you'll be fired, and that your reputation for boneheadedness will beat you to every job you try to get. If you don't believe me, call up your chief, or whoever runs the works in this particular Sodom, and ask him why he let the heretofore smoothly tamed *Times* admit that there was a blunder, and declare that the guilty party must be found. The *Times*, remember!"

Mr. Wincap spent a couple of moments in solemn thought. That the other papers should insist on a scapegoat for the wasted millions was but normal and natural, but when the *Times* said anything, it was as if Big Matt Haine himself had spoken. The prospective goat now remembered that yesterday the chief had remarked, in the presence of others, "This ought've been done in the first place." Yesterday the chief had evaded Wincap's request for a look at the secret plans of the boulevard.

"Not on your life!" suddenly yelled the city engineer, his sandy complexion flaming like a sunset. He jumped from his chair, jammed his hands in his pockets, and strode up and down the fancy parlor. "They can't make a Patsy of me! I'll tell everything I know. If I go down, they go with me. If——"

"Nix, brother; you don't repair a watch with a hammer. Now listen: We've brought you a few words of wisdom. We're here to seat you in the golden chair, with the crown of vindication on your paprika locks, and the little white dove of peace in your lily-white mitt."

"Just like that, eh?" mocked Wincap. "Have you met Matt Haine?"

"Not specifically," smiled J. Rufus. "Blackie, bring your head into the triangle."

For a solid half-hour the triangle sat huddled close, while the smooth, soft voice of the professional vindicator flowed on and on; but in the final pause, Ben Wincap, though wistful, remarked dejectedly:

"This would sound better to me if you had made yourself familiar with Big Matt. He's the boy who invented 'safety first.'"

II

Big Matt Haine sat in a much whittled armchair in the exact center of the six-by-nine shack which served him as an office,

The New Adventures of Wallingford

sat looking stolidly out into the cluttered yards of the Haine Construction Company. His slouch hat was on the back of his round head, and his hairy fingers were linked together, and in his mind a weighty problem was slowly seething. One of the thick fingers was methodically tapping a knuckle. Suddenly the motion stopped. Across the yards, around the heap of rusty road-scrappers and between the rows of rock-drills, there came a resplendent being, huge, majestic, and glistening from the patent-leather tips on his shoes to the top of his shiny hat. Big Matt moved not a muscle until the door opened; then he raised his head a trifle.

"Matt Haine?" inquired the resplendent stranger, closing the door and drawing the other chair toward him and beaming down at the recognized governor of the city.

"Un-huh."

"I'm Big Jim Wallingford—contractor—Baton Bleu!"

Big Matt watched Big Jim as the latter sat down and pushed his silk hat on the back of his head.

"What'd you say your town was?"

"Baton Bleu."

A wrinkle in Big Matt's forehead and a suppressed grin on the part of Big Jim. Baton Bleu meant no more to Haine than a star in the Pleiades.

"What's on your mind?"

"Money," confessed the visiting contractor. "I'm pulling a swamp-improvement scheme for my burg, and my city council will have a lot of choice sycamore as a side bet. Can you use about twenty car-loads of good street-railroad ties?"

A rumble in Big Matt's throat.

"It's been done. The trolley company here has spent its dividends for the next lifetime, and I'm out of it."

"Cleaned up, eh?" A huge chuckle of friendly understanding. "You let the public have your stock. Sorry you can't use that sycamore." The boss of Baton Bleu looked at his watch, but carefully refrained from glancing out of the window, though a slight frown crossed his brow. "I have to place it pussyfoot, because my town's bought itself an alarm-clock."

"They're all gettin' educated," grumbled Big Matt, accepting one of the long, thick, black cigars, and pinching off the end with a thumb and forefinger which worked like a vise. Suddenly, his bushy eyebrows came together in a straight shelf. "They're a bunch of ungrateful whelps in this town! We never hand 'em a public improvement but what there's a scrap over the cost of it, and some good man has to get the gaff!"

"We ought to have a clearing-house for good men," seriously considered the visiting boss. "Pass 'em around from town to town as soon as they've turned their tricks."

Big Matt laughed.

"Swell dope, Wallingford! But wouldn't they get too strong for us?" He had glanced out of the window as he spoke, and his glance stayed. Down through the yards came two other visitors—Ben Wincap, and with him a tall, thin, lithe-stepping gentleman who wore a brown suit, a yellow waistcoat, a pink shirt, a red tie, a green-felt hat, and pointed black mustaches.

The visiting boss had been about to look at his watch again, but, seeing the arrival reflected on the face of Big Matt, dropped his watch in his vest pocket and sat back comfortably.

"Hello, Chief!" hailed Ben Wincap, with sidelong curiosity at the resplendent big stranger. "Shake hands with Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos. Mr. Haine, *señor*."

"What's the name?" painfully inquired Big Matt, enveloping the foreigner's hand in a mighty paw.

"Not the famous Brazilian engineer!" exclaimed Wallingford, taking the aching hand of Señor Dawzos in his own, and giving it a grip which raised the foreigner to his toes.

"The same!" proudly proclaimed Ben Wincap.

"Well, I'm Jim Wallingford—Baton Bleu—contractor." And the prosperous Southwestern politician shook hands again, chuckling as the Brazilian raised to his toes. "So this is the genius who built the suspended water-works on a viaduct over the Amazon, the boy who cut the tunnel through a solid-marble mountain from Rio de Guila to Hispero, and paved the streets of both towns with the marble! Well, well!"

"The same!" again proclaimed Ben Wincap, with a peculiar elation in him—the elation of an amateur who finds that he is not flunking in his lines. "Of course, Matt, you've heard of Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos?"

"Well, maybe," admitted Big Matt, after a slight hesitation. "Wallingford, shake hands with Ben Wincap, my city engineer. What's on your mind, Mr. Dawzos?"

"I gasp!" replied Señor Dawzos, waving both hands in the air and twirling swiftly both mustaches. "Eet ees eemense! In

Brazeel we are infant! Four time you tear up your beeyutiful bouleevor', and the profeet, my frien'—here he raised both hands and slapped Big Matt Haine on the shoulders—"the profeet ees in the digging. Beeg Matt, I am ashame! Four time tear up the bouleevor' have I never done!"

"You can carry it too far," considered Matt, and sat down. They were all friends here. "You have to give a town its money's worth."

"The town—bah!" laughed the Brazilian genius, tossing his hands in the air and snapping his fingers. "The town beed-dam! In Brazeel we make the great enthuse. We say nothing like eet in the world. We play the museek. We make the speech. We have the parade, the flag, the holiday, the grand feast, the beer, the cooked cow, the sheep. Ver' well; the town cough up the money; we give the improvement; we say this man damn thief; we put nice present in hees pocket; we send heem away; we tell town—behind its face—go hades. But Meester Beeg Matt! My frien'! Never—nev-ver do I yet tear up bouleevor' four time! Marvelous stunt, Meester Beeg Matt! With that, how I should enthuse Rio de Guila! I salute you!" And once more he slapped Big Matt on the shoulders.

"You're the boy for me!" declared Big Jim. "Suppose you come with me down to Baton Bleu and engineer my swamp improvement, Señor Dawzos?"

"Nozos!" And Dawzos waved a lean and lank forefinger in front of Big Jim's countenance. "Nozos, Beeg Jeem; I have engineer the swamp. The first time I engineer the swamp so eet ees dry. I am infant! The nex' time I engineer the swamp so eet need a half-million-dollar pumping station. Nex' time—ah, the nex' time I engineer the swamp so eet must be done over every year. I know the swamp. The profeet, my frien', the profeet ees in the digging."

Beeg Matt and Beeg Jeem looked at each other, and Beeg Matt laughed in his throat and Beeg Jeem laughed with his shoulders, and Ben Wincap took a deep breath.

"More and more you convince me that you're the boy," urged Wallingford. "Now look here, *señor*: I'll make it worth your while. You'll be a novelty in Baton Bleu—a classy novelty, and above suspicion. I'll pay you more—"

"Not the swamp!" Señor Dawzos' hand waved so violently that his fingers quivered. "I am reech! I am in United States to educate. I take back only the treck they have not known in Brazeel. I have learn the swamp. But the four time to tear up the bouleevor'—ah!" He blew a swift succession of kisses at the ceiling. Suddenly his hands come down with a mighty smack on Big Matt's shoulders. "Meester Beeg Matt, I engineer for you!"

Just then a boy came in with the afternoon paper and thrust it in the hand of Big Matt, and on the very front page was the picture of the famous Brazilian engineer, Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos. Across the top of the paper was a big black head-line:

TO SUPPLANT BONEHEAD WINCAP

Big Matt stared at the head-line for a moment; then he stared at Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos; then he stared out of the window at a muddy derrick, his bushy eyebrows contracted into a straight shelf; then he slowly turned in the direction of his city engineer.

"Say, Ben, what kind of an engineer is he?"

Ben Wincap swallowed something hastily.

"Dawzos? Why, Matt, he's the ace! He's the chief decoration for the *Plumb and Transit*, the *Construction News*, the *Journal of Mining*, all the engineering papers. Why, Matt, for an ordinary dub engineer like me to know Señor Dawzos is an honor."

"Hunh!" And Big Matt slowly rasped his chin with a hairy hand. "Say, Jim, why don't you take Ben, here, for that swamp job? He's a good two-handed worker, as much of a hustler at the polls as he is in the office. He's had his tongue cut out, and is the best all-round little engineer that ever drew the three plans!"

It was Wallingford's turn to stare.

"The three— Oh, I see—public, private, and political. Well, Mr. Wincap—"

"Look here!" Even though he had been prepared for this, and for the coolness of its doing, Ben Wincap's sandy face turned pale and his jaw-muscles worked. "Don't I have any say in this? You can't move me around like a checker-man. I'm not—"

"Save it, Ben; save it!" rumbled Big Matt, though not unkindly. "You know that some good guy has to go to the public abattoir, and you're it. Hold up your throat!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHANDOS

"Fire!" yelled the excitable Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos, as the blaze leaped high and caught the rack of big wall maps

The New Adventures of Wallingford



"Oh, will you?" Bonehead Wincap himself, and he stood in the doorway. Just behind him was the suave and smiling Wallingford. "Bonehead Wincap, eh? Well, I've got your number, Horace G. Daw!"

III

BEHOLD the dark Brazilian genius in charge of his office, with four capable draftsmen trying earnestly to penetrate the Brazilian method of engineering! No hesitancy on the part of the new city engineer, whose portrait was in all the papers this morning, alongside the deposed and the disgraced Bonehead Wincap. As a preparation for the fifth and last digging-up of the boulevard, Señor Dawzos, clad this morning in a bright-green suit, a lavender waistcoat, a purple shirt, a rose-colored tie, and a yellow hat, opened his little traveling-bag, exchanged his coat for a blue-velvet working-jacket, and called for all the plans of the sewers, the water-pipes, the gas-pipes, and the work which had been done because; then he had a large sheet of Manila paper tacked on a table for himself, took up a pair of compasses, and, with a mighty flourish, drew a circle. Across the face of this circle he drew intersecting arcs, one after the other, and in the hundred-odd triangular spaces began to set down figures taken from the plans. The draftsmen came by ones, by twos, and in a cluster to look on in silence; but the great Señor Dawzos paid no attention to them. With the fingers of his left hand entwined in his black hair, and with his black brows fiercely knotted, he began to cast these figures crosswise, vertically, and diagonally, to add, subtract, multiply, and divide, carrying his results out to the thirtieth and fortieth decimals, while the draftsmen came and looked and went away again.

Presently came a large, resplendent stranger. A quiver went through the drafting-room—a quiver of intense inspection, of comparison, of emulative study. Big Jim Wallingford, the boss of Baton Bleu! He was in the papers, too! Negotiating with Ben Wincap for a swamp job. Lucky Ben!

"Good-morning, *señor*."

Minutes passed; then Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos looked up abstractedly, and said, "Howdee?" and resumed his work. Nevertheless, though nothing had passed between them which mortal gaze could detect, some of the beam went out of Big Jim's countenance, and concern sat on his brow.

"When you've time, *señor*, I'd like to get a little tip from some of your swamp-drainage experiences, if you'll do me the favor."

Minutes passed. The concentrated mathematician finished

dividing a length of a sewer-pipe into the diameter of a water-main, and looked up with a far-away gaze.

"Eet ees for you to wait, Beeg Jeem."

"Oh!" Beeg Jeem glared at the distinguished Brazilian and loafed out. Presently he loafed in, and loafed out again.

In a short time he was back, to await the pleasure of the autocrat, and he was there when Big Matt entered. For the frac-



tion of a second, a flash, keen and eager, passed between J. Rufus and Señor Dawzos. Behind Big Matt was a strapping, broad-shouldered fellow, whose thick arms hung from him like pendulums, and whose battered face sat in his jaw like an acorn in its shell. In one enormous hand he carried a long, narrow package; and it was at the sight of this package that the eyes of Big Jim Wallingford glistened.

"Hello, boys," rumbled Big Matt. "Hello, Jim! What's on your mind?"

"Waiting to get some of your star performer's swamp-drainage dope, Matt."

"Well, he's the party!" Matt Haine, by now, was loudly proud of his importation. "Hello, Señor!"

Minutes passed. Señor Dawzos, holding up his left hand for silence, finished the division of eleven decimals into thirty-eight.

"Howdee?" he then said, and began to set down some other figures.

Big Matt examined the crisscrossed circle, and began to fret.

"What's that junk?"

"Feegeures."

"Oh!" The man who had ordered the mayor to hire Señor Dawzos jammed his hands deep in his coat pockets and scowled. "Well, you're wasting your time. The back room, Joe." And the acorn-faced man swung back toward the private office with his package. "Come on, Dawzos."

"Eemediatly," agreed the famous engineer, and thereupon Matt stalked after Joe. J. Rufus, his glistening eye fixed on that swinging package, sauntered in that direction also.

"Dawzos!" This from the boss of Grayville.

Slowly the South American celebrity rose from his rapt arithmetic and turned to Matt Haine with a trace of a snarl beneath his sharp-pointed black mustaches.

"Car-r-r-r-rama!" he hissed. "Ees a dog here by name Dawzos? Eet ees not to me you address. I am Señor Dawzos! And politely, please, Haine!" Hurling this final insult at Big Matt, Señor Dawzos returned to his figures.

The fellow called Joe came to the door of the private office and looked inquiringly, but Big Matt sent him back with a jerk of the thick thumb.

"Oh, all right." Making a hard (Continued on page 104)



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The Rakes of Keston Court

(Continued from page 81)

thoughtfully. "Exactly in what way do they contribute toward the fecundity of the birds?"

The man closed his eyes for a moment. "Hungarian partridges," he explained. "They change the breed."

"Purchase as many as you will," Stephen directed. "An excellent thing, that, to change the breed."

"They cost a bit of money," the man said, "and they're none too easy to get hold of."

"Splendid! I mean," Stephen went on hastily, "we must not spare expense in this matter. We have bound ourselves to keep up the estate, and the shooting is the most important part of it. My brother and I are at home every night to dinner, Higgs. Bring up any further accounts you may have, and we will discharge them at once."

The man watched them disappear—neat little figures, talking earnestly to one another.

"Babes in the wood!" he muttered. "Once kept an aviary! To think that simple folks like that can make money! Why, they ain't fit to be trusted with it!"

Stephen and George Henry were lingering over their single glass of port on the eighth evening after their arrival at Keston Court. Between them lay a little pile of memorandum-books, and a box of cigarettes from which it was their custom to take one each at a later stage of the evening.

"On the whole," Stephen pronounced, "I think we may consider this first week satisfactory."

"The results disclosed by the books are encouraging," George Henry admitted.

"Hungarian partridges appear to be luxuries," Stephen continued. "Mr. Andrews was fortunate, too, in finding that consignment of highly expensive chemical manure."

"The all-round increases in salary," George Henry pointed out, "have been received without complaint. Our entertainments for the servants, too, are likely to cost money. We are paying to-night, I think, twenty guineas for the Solly and Tolly Quartet."

Stephen appeared interested but dubious.

"What are they?"

"They are ragtime performers," George Henry explained, proud of his superior knowledge. "They play music, I understand, of a catchy character. That very respectable young maid of Mrs. Buxton's told me that they possess the gift of forcing the unwilling to dance."

"You did not forget, I trust, to give Ross orders as to the champagne for the servants' hall?"

"I told him to serve them with as much as they could drink, subject to his discretion," George Henry acknowledged.

There was a timid knock at the door. Mrs. Buxton's maid presented herself. She stood timidly upon the threshold.

"If you please, sir—" she began.

Stephen put his hand to his ear and turned round.

"Come a little further into the room, Amy," he invited. "What is it that you desire?"

The girl approached a little unwillingly.

She was as neat as usual, but there were traces of tears in her eyes.

"If you please, sir," she announced, "Mrs. Buxton wishes to know whether it would be convenient for you to see her?"

"Quite," Stephen consented. "Ask her to come this way at once. And, Amy?"

"Yes, sir?"

"I trust that you are enjoying the dance?"

"Thank you very much, sir," the girl replied gloomily. "I am not allowed to go into the servants' hall this evening."

"Not allowed?"

"Mrs. Buxton," Amy explained, "does not approve of ragtime music."

"Dear me!" Stephen murmured. "Come; that's too bad. We will intercede with Mrs. Buxton."

The girl retreated, with a murmured word of gratitude. Mrs. Buxton followed close upon her ambassadress. Stephen rose and offered her a chair. She closed her eyes.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said; "I prefer to stand."

"Just as you wish, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen replied. "My brother and I are a little tired, however, with our day's labors in the City. You will excuse our remaining seated."

Mrs. Buxton sank into the chair with an air of martyrdom.

"We find the books," her employer continued, "most satisfactory."

"I am glad you consider them so, sir," was the icy response. "Personally, I am ashamed of them. I am ashamed, also, of my staff."

"Dear me!" Stephen protested. "I see nothing for you to reproach yourself about in either direction. That the books exceed former amounts is entirely owing to our instructions, and so far as regards your staff, my brother and I find the service offered to us most satisfactory."

Mrs. Buxton paused to listen. The strains of the ragtime band were clearly audible, also the rhythmical movement of feet. There were occasionally other sounds—a shrill whistle, something which sounded like a cross between a post-horn and a cat-call—and a good deal of laughter.

"I have ventured to ask for this interview," Mrs. Buxton proceeded, "to tender my resignation."

"You disappoint us very much, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen assured her. "Have you any complaint to make?"

"None, sir."

"Then why do you wish to leave?" George Henry interposed pertinently.

"Because," Mrs. Buxton explained, "I find here no scope for such poor qualities as I may possess. It has been my ambition to keep my books at a certain fixed figure, according to the number of domestics and the number of guests. Your instructions leave me all at sea. You, gentlemen, appear to approve of extravagance. My efforts at economy find no favor with you. A person of no experience whatever could administer your household, where neither discretion nor economy are required. Furthermore, I am losing my hold upon the staff. Jenkins, the second footman, met me in the corridor on my way here, and invited me to indulge in what I believe



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he called a 'bunny-hug.' I caught a glimpse just now of my domestics dancing, and I can only say, sir, that I was shocked to think that these were the young men and women whom it has been my pleasure and duty to train. They are losing alike all sense of deportment and discipline. Next week, I understand that a troupe of negro artists are coming down. I can only guess at the character of their performance. I prefer not to countenance it in any shape or form."

"My brother and I," Stephen said, "are exceedingly sorry to hear this, Mrs. Buxton."

"Grieved," George Henry murmured.

"We placed the matter of the entertainments in the hands of the best agents in London," Stephen continued. "I cannot think that they would send us anything of an objectionable character."

Mrs. Buxton rose to her feet.

"I am perhaps old-fashioned," she confessed. "I shall be glad if you will appoint my successor as speedily as possible. I have no interest in a household where discipline is fast becoming impossible and where economy is not a consideration. You will pardon my discussing the matter further, sir."

Mrs. Buxton turned toward the door. George Henry coughed.

"The maid," he reminded his brother, in an agitated undertone.

"Quite so," Stephen replied. "Mrs. Buxton?"

The lady turned round.

"Sir?"

"Your maid, Amy, who was here a moment ago, seemed somewhat distressed at not being allowed to join the dancers. With your permission, we should like her to share in the entertainment."

"The young person, sir, is in your employ, not mine," was the cold reply. "I will convey to her your wishes."

The housekeeper closed the door behind her firmly. Her employers exchanged somewhat doubtful glances.

"Mrs. Buxton," Stephen said, "is obviously of an austere school."

"An unsympathetic person," George Henry declared. "We shall certainly be able to find a housekeeper who will enter more into the spirit of our wishes."

"At the same time," Stephen observed, a little nervously, as a louder catcall rang through the room, "I am not quite sure that it would not have been a wise plan to have exercised a little more discretion in our choice of amusements. Something in the nature of a magic lantern, now, or some part-singers."

"We simply chose the most expensive items on the list," George Henry pointed out.

They finished their port in silence. The catcalls continued.

"I think," Stephen suggested, rising to his feet, "that we had perhaps just better witness this performance, George Henry. If we find anything in it in the least objectionable, we can call in at the agency to-morrow."

"Precisely," George Henry assented, a little nervously. "Don't you think, however, that our presence would rather distract their enjoyment?"

"We will glance at them from the gallery," Stephen replied. "I have noticed a small place of that description over the clock."

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They made their way furtively toward this post of vantage and gazed below. At first sight, it appeared as if a certain number of fashionable young ladies in evening dress were indulging in a kind of Swedish exercise with a similar number of languid young men of fashion. Mr. Ross, with extraordinary dignity, was crossing the floor with a pompous strut, slowly pushing before him Mrs. Buxton's young maid. Mr. Andrews, very stiff, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, which he made frantic efforts to hide as soon as he perceived his employers, was engaged in a similar occupation, except that, as his partner was the cook, and a lady of ample proportions, his task appeared the more formidable. The whole of the noise appeared to proceed from the four colored musicians, who were doing all they could to induce the dancers to adopt a less serious view of their responsibilities. Stephen and George Henry looked down with growing approval.

"I see nothing whatever in this," the former observed, "to justify Mrs. Buxton's criticisms."

"The dancing," George Henry declared, "is most decorous. The polka in which we sometimes used to indulge is certainly a dance of more movement."

Mr. Ross at that moment caught sight of his employers. He leaned in a dignified fashion toward the leader of the musicians. A moment or two of misunderstanding followed. Mr. Ross, however, was not to be denied. With the tips of his right fingers still retaining his partner's, he whistled a little air. The four black faces suddenly lighted up. They bent over their instruments. In a moment, the tune was changed, without apparent disconcertation among the dancers, who solemnly pursued their perambulations to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Ross looked toward the gallery and bowed. A whisper ran round. One and all joined in the chorus. Stephen and George Henry acknowledged the compliment. As soon as the strains had died away, the former looked down with a smile.

"I trust that you will all enjoy yourselves," he said simply. "My brother and I have been very interested in watching you dancing to such very inspiring music."

There was a burst of applause. Stephen and George Henry retreated.

"Most gratifying!" Stephen murmured.

"Entirely so," George Henry assented. "I think that we can retire to our beds with a clear conscience. Fortunately, our rooms are on the other side, so the noise will not disturb us."

Stephen opened the library door. A bottle of Perrier water, two tumblers, and two slices of lemon were displayed upon the table.

"Most thoughtful of them not to have forgotten our customary refreshment," Stephen declared. "Between ourselves, George Henry, I don't fancy that we shall miss Mrs. Buxton. Notwithstanding all my instructions, I discovered in her weekly books indications of a desire to avoid perfectly justifiable expenditure."

"It was har'ly kind of her," George Henry said, "to keep that exceedingly well-mannered maid doing needlework in her room while the others were enjoying themselves."

"We will find a housekeeper," his

brother concluded, as he prepared to retire, "of more liberal views."

The engagement of Mrs. Buxton's successor was by no means a difficult task. A Mrs. Harmon-Browne, whose references were unexceptionable, duly presented herself for the post and was engaged without hesitation. She was a distinctly good-looking woman of youthful middle age, with a politely reserved manner and a most demure expression. Her hair was copper-colored, with variations.

"A treasure, I believe," Stephen decided, the evening of her installation. "She received my few remarks on the subject of lavish expenditure with enthusiasm. I think we shall find her of considerable assistance."

"She seems to have brightened up already since she came," George Henry observed.

"The loss of her husband at such an early age," Stephen remarked, "was doubtless a heavy blow to her. We must see that she has a comfortable home."

Mrs. Harmon-Browne showed every inclination to arrange that for herself. At the end of the first week, she had lifted her drooping eyes. A smile, half plaintive, half seductive, played frequently about her lips. She showed a disposition to linger when she brought her books in for approbation. There was a certain brief space of time when George Henry had met her unexpectedly in the corridor, which remained a disturbing but secret memory. At the end of another week, she had certainly found herself. She was the life and soul of the entertainments below, and the number of visitors whom she received from outside grew daily. Nevertheless, a slight uneasiness concerning her entered into the minds of both the brothers at practically the same moment. Unused to keeping secrets, they became confidential on the subject one night about a month after her arrival.

"George Henry," Stephen asked, as he took his first sip of port and looked round to see that the door was securely fastened, "what is your candid opinion of Mrs. Harmon-Browne?"

"I am afraid," George Henry admitted, "that she is not what you might consider an entire success."

"She is amiable," Stephen continued judicially, "and hospitable. The servants like her, and she certainly helps them with their entertainments. At the same time, there are certain things about her which, to my mind, are not entirely satisfactory."

"I agree with you," George Henry assented. "I agree with you, Stephen, entirely."

"For example," the latter proceeded, "I hardly think that she was acting in entire accordance with her position when she sent down her compliments to us from the housekeeper's room on Tuesday night and asked us to make up a rubber of bridge with a friend of hers who had motored over from the barracks."

"I must say," George Henry agreed, "that I thought it indiscreet."

"Then, on Thursday night, a motor-car arrived with guests for her quite late in the evening. The piano was going, as you remember, until after two o'clock, and it was not our fault that, rising very early the next morning, we found the door of her sitting-room wide open and the table



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WITH the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can always be as well-groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

To make the cuticle smooth

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. Never cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle.

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

decorated with numerous empty champagne-bottles."

"I am not entirely clear," George Henry said, "as to the privileges of a house-keeper, but I should be inclined to say that Mrs. Harmon-Browne exceeded them. One of the young men, I am informed, slept in the house."

"Ross felt it his duty to mention the fact," Stephen assented. "He added that the young man was too ill to be moved. I noticed that he dwelt for a moment after the word 'ill'."

"To anyone else," George Henry observed, "he would probably have said 'drunk'."

"She appears, also," Stephen continued, looking steadfastly at the color of his port, "to be a sleep-walker. I have heard footsteps in our corridor on several occasions. Last night, I was able to open my door noiselessly and look out. I do not consider it becoming that our housekeeper should perambulate the place in a rose-colored dressing-gown covered with lace."

"And bare feet," George Henry put in. "I saw her the night before."

"And some sort of head-gear which is, I presume, the modern equivalent of a night-cap. If I am not mistaken, George Henry," his brother went on, after a moment's hesitation, "it may have been my fancy, or did I hear the sound of voices?"

"She saw me looking through the door," George Henry confessed, "and invited me to explain the pictures to her."

"Dear me!" Stephen exclaimed.

"I spoke to her as severely as possible under the circumstances. I was, unfortunately, in my pajamas, and not able to continue the conversation. I considered her deportment, however, unbecoming. She stood and laughed at me, and—"

"Most unbecoming!" Stephen interrupted. "We cannot have her wandering about our corridor. I am afraid, George Henry, that, although she is extremely satisfactory in some respects, we must get rid of Mrs. Harmon-Browne—What on earth!"

There was a thump at the door. In reply to their invitation to enter, there was a moment's pause, the sound of half-stifled voices, and then the sudden entrance of the lady in question. She was wearing an extremely décolleté evening gown, and she was leaning heavily upon the arm of a young man who was vainly trying to escape.

"Brought friend in to introduce to you," she explained. "Mr. Harold Underwood."

"Not my fault, uncle," the young man pleaded. "Mrs. Harmon-Browne invited me down. I thought she was a guest here, and there was some sort of house-party on. I had no idea that she was your house-keeper."

"Housekeeper!" Mrs. Harmon-Browne exclaimed in derision. "Get on with you, old thing! I'm a guest in the house; that's what I am. Looking after things for your uncles. Great friends of mine, both of them. Going to teach them to dance. Come on, Mr. George Henry; I saw you twinkling at me out of your bedroom door the other night. Come and let me teach you the one-step."

"Madam," was the indignant response, "I have no desire to learn that or any other dance."

"Mr. Stephen, then," the lady suggested, turning toward him. "Teach you

Cosmopolitan for May, 1919

in two turns. Give you the time of your life. You're giving in too early—that's what you boys are doing. Nothing like living while we're young. What about a whisky and Perrier? Or there's champagne in the servants' hall."

"Harold," Stephen said sternly, "what ever excuse there may be for your presence here under these circumstances, we will consider afterward. If you desire us to make allowances for you, you will at once conduct this lady to her apartment and lock her in."

Mrs. Harmon-Browne wrenched herself free from her escort's arm.

"Think I've had too much to drink," she asked, swaying a little on her feet, "just because I want to be friendly? I hate all this stuck-up business. Why don't you come out of your shells, you two? We'll teach you a thing or two."

"We rely upon you, Harold," George Henry appealed, almost pathetically.

Harold whispered in the lady's ear. His speech appeared to have some reference to liquid refreshment, for she immediately clutched his arm.

"Come along, Billikins!" she invited George Henry. "No? Well—we'll come back and fetch you later on."

Stephen and George Henry stood at the door and watched the couple disappear into the servants' hall. Then stealthily, but with some haste, they ascended the staircase and locked themselves in their respective rooms. They wished one another good-night through communicating doors on the inside.

"George Henry," his elder brother said firmly, "Mrs. Harmon-Browne will have to go."

"Without a doubt," George Henry agreed fervently.

"I don't know whether it struck you," Stephen continued, "but it appeared to me—"

"She was undoubtedly drunk," George Henry interrupted. "I fear that her example in the servants' hall will be most pernicious."

"I have noticed a lax tone there myself since the departure of Mrs. Buxton," Stephen sighed.

"To-morrow morning," George Henry declared, "we must dismiss her."

"I fear that it will be our duty," Stephen admitted. "We must sleep upon it."

The next morning, however, brought its own problem. Stephen passed across to his brother, with a little gasp of dismay, the solitary letter which he had received. They read it together. It was from their solicitor, and it contained an enclosure.

DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD:

I think I can do no more than send you on the enclosed, which speaks for itself.

Faithfully yours,
ROBERT JARDINE.

The enclosure was from another firm of solicitors, and was addressed to Mr. Jardine.

DEAR SIR:

Re the letting of Keston Court to Messrs. Stephen and George Henry Underwood.

My client, Lady Drummond, desires me to write you on the above subject. She has learned, with the utmost pain and dismay, of the proceedings at Keston Court since her departure, and she is astonished that two clients recommended by your firm, and in possession of seemingly unexceptionable references, should

countenance behavior there entirely unseemly and inadmissible. She understands that the housekeeper in charge is a lady lately connected with the stage, under the name of Miss Florence Smithers, that weekly entertainments and dances of a highly objectionable character are given in the servants' hall under the countenance of this lady, that unlimited quantities of champagne are provided and drunk, and that, in short, the entire discipline and moral tone of the establishment are destroyed.

Under these circumstances, my client here-with gives you notice that she desires to avail herself of the clause in our agreement which gives her power to refuse to sign the lease if, at any time within the three months covered by the agreement, she should come to the conclusion that the proposed tenants are undesirable.

She desires me to add that under no circumstances will she reconsider her decision, and she begs me to point out that the place must be vacated on the thirty-first of next month.

She is making it her business to inquire into the bona-fide character of the references given by City houses of stability as to the personal character of Messrs. Stephen and George Henry Underwood.

Faithfully yours,
MILES & MILES.

Stephen laid down the letter with a groan.

"I fear," he regretted, "that our entertainments in the servants' hall were a little too lavish."

"It is the most dangerous thing in the world," George Henry declared, "to raise the salaries of domestics. They immediately become dissatisfied and suspicious."

"Wherever we turn," Stephen added, in a tone of despair, "with the object of dispersing a little more money, disaster seems to wait upon us."

"And there is still," George Henry muttered, under his breath, "Mrs. Harmon-Browne to be dealt with."

They finished their breakfast in silence. The same idea seemed to occur to both of them. George Henry rang the bell, but it was Stephen who commanded the presence of their valet.

"Robert," he directed, "we shall dine in town to-night and sleep. Have our bags packed and placed in the car."

They drove away half an hour later. Mrs. Harmon-Browne was still asleep. Keston Court, with its glittering array of greenhouses, its walled gardens, was a peaceful and a pleasant sight. They turned and bade a sad farewell to it.

"I fear," Stephen sighed, "that we have involved some of these excellent people in difficulties."

"Mr. Higgs' late pheasants," George Henry reminded his brother.

"And Hungarians."

"Mr. Andrews' connection for the disposal of his fruit has been severed."

"It will be our duty," Stephen declared, "to deal munificently with these people."

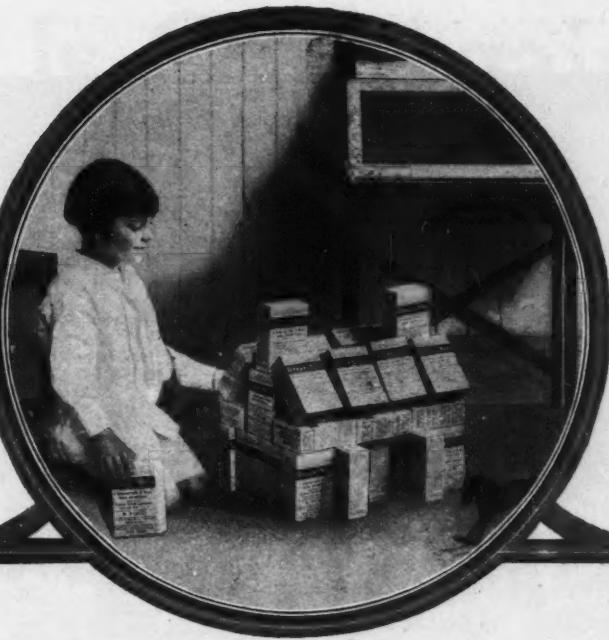
"Even then," George Henry said bitterly, "we shall have wasted these last two months."

"Absolutely," Stephen agreed.

They leaned back in the car, their brows furrowed with care. City men, hastening to the various stations on foot, glanced at them significantly.

"Even these millionaires," one remarked to a friend, "have to worry a bit how to keep what they've got."

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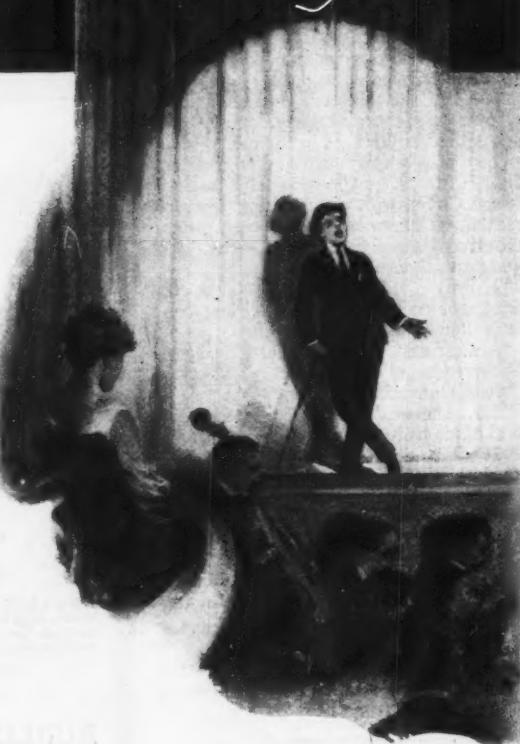


"It's You, Arthur!"

ARTHUR FIELDS, the great vaudeville favorite, is a past master at putting the "punch" into popular songs. The illustration is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories and shows Mr. Fields standing beside the New Edison and singing in direct comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. This test of direct comparison is an Edison test. It is made by no other manufacturer.

At the table are seated three experts, who pass on each Edison recording. In the group surrounding them are several popular Edison artists who happened to be at the Edison Recording Laboratories when this test was made. Among them are Collins and Harlan, world famed singing comedians; George Wilton Ballard, the popular ballad singer; Cesare Sodero, Director of Sodero's Band; and Eugene Jaudas, Leader of the Jaudas Society Orchestra.

The verdict of this critical assemblage was expressed in the spontaneous ejaculation, "It's you, Arthur." The New Edison has never failed, in similar comparisons, to bring forth a similar verdict.



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*Good old Broadway, bad old Broadway, where joy is king
and care must wear the mask of mirth.*

Broadway is itself again!

THERE are those who appear to believe that the Edison Recording Laboratories specialize on grand opera and classical music to the neglect of the songs of the day. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

During the war, the output of RE-CREATIONS was necessarily reduced but now the Edison Manufacturing Laboratories are operating at full blast and the Broadway Hits are being produced in large quantities.

The artists who sing the new songs and play the new dance music for the New Edison will testify that Mr. Edison's recording experts are as painstaking and exacting in recording the latest nonsense from "Tin Pan Alley" as they are in making a record of a grand opera aria. Recently, after repeated rehearsals, a celebrated singer of comic songs said disgustedly to his companion: "Edison certainly makes you earn you money. You'd think I was going to sing 'Celeste Aïda' instead of a thing that nobody will remember the name of twelve months from now."

This singer spoke the truth. It is an inflexible rule at the Edison Recording Laboratories that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

*The Popular Song Publishers' District.

For the same reason that the New Edison brings to your home everything the ear can give you of the art of the world's great opera singers, it also puts the very breath of Broadway into its RE-CREATION of the Broadway song and dance hits.

The illustration on the opposite page is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories on Fifth Avenue, New York City, as Arthur Fields was making the acid test of singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his voice.

If you will close your eyes as you listen to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of Mr. Fields' voice in some of the recent Broadway song hits a magic carpet will transport you to Longacre Square, and Fields' performance will be as entertaining to you as if you were sitting in a second row seat at the Palace Theatre.

Mr. Edison spent three million dollars in research work to develop the phonograph which performs this miracle. Do not confuse this wonderful Three Million Dollar Phonograph with other sound producing devices. There is but one instrument which sustains the test of direct comparison with living singers and instrumentalists. It is

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concession to the foreigner, he returned to the big drawing-board, and said, "Excuse me, Señor Dawzos; would you do me the favor to step into the back room for a little parley?"

"With pleasantness," promised the señor. He strode nimbly into the back room and shook hands with the fellow called Joe, while Big Matt, turning suddenly in the door, blocked the entrance of Big Jim.

"Nix, Jim," he said. "A little gum-shoe stuff. You know how it is."

"Oh sure, Matt!" husked Big Jim, the beam dropping out of his round, pink face. And the door slammed.

"I brought you a cinch," stated Big Matt, unwrapping the bundle and revealing a long, round tin box. "Now, if you've been framed in on city work, señor, you're hep to how things are done, and I suppose it's the same in Brazil as it is in Grayville—that a city employee's first business is to keep his mouth shut."

"Yezos," cheerfully chirped Horajos Georjos Dawzos, his beady eye on the tin cylinder; "I'm hep."

Big Matt opened the tin box and drew out a roll of neatly accurate drawings.

"Here's the plans that were made before the boulevard was begun."

"Eemense!" exclaimed Señor Dawzos, in rapturous appreciation of the neat drawings. "Eemense, boss! I shall guard these drawings with my life."

"Don't trouble yourself," he was dryly advised. "Joe's here for that purpose, and he's the boy that licked Jack Rafferty just the day before Jack was going to challenge Fitzsimmons. They're safe with Joe."

For an instant, a frown flitted across the brow of Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos, and he drew a long breath; then he said, "Eemense!"

"You might as well go right to it," advised Matt.

The Brazilian expert sighed a deep, deep sigh, and lighted a cigarette, and drew a circle with a mighty flourish.

IV

"But thees morning I shall still feegure," explained the city engineer, rolling up carefully the drawings, replacing them in the tin case.

An hour passed. Señor Dawzos tore off sheet after sheet from his big pad of blank paper, and crumpled the sheets, and filled the waste-basket at his feet, while Big Matt Haine looked out of the window in stolid drowsiness.

At three minutes after ten, the city engineer raised his head and listened. There was the sound of a rapidly approaching fire-gong. The engineer lighted a cigarette immediately. Two seconds later, that whole side of the room was in a blaze! The loosely crumpled paper in the waste-basket had been set afame by the carelessly thrown match.

"Fire!" yelled the excitable Señor Horajos Georjos Dawzos, as the yellow blaze leaped high and caught the rack of big wall maps. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" He threw open the door into the drafting-room, while Big Matt and the fellow called Joe rushed for the waste-basket and bumped their heads together. "Fire!"

And Señor Dawzos, plunging back, upset the water-cooler on the floor.

Fire! Fire! Fire! The place was in an uproar as the four draftsmen raced back. There was an immense clatter in the corridor. Half a dozen firemen dashed in.

"Them plans!" suddenly came the shout of the fellow called Joe, and the shout ended in a bellow like a hungry lion's.

"Car-r-r-r-rambal!" shrieked Señor Dawzos. "The plans! The eemense plans!"

"What!" The thunderous voice of Big Matt Haine shook the room. "I'll murder for this!" And he began throwing things about like a maniac in his raging search. "I lose two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on my contract! I'll have to dig up the whole boulevard to measure for those conduits! Find those plans!"

"Ah!" The engineer from Brazil had a sudden flash of genius. He rushed to Big Matt and grabbed him by the arm. "Thees plan—we not need her!"

"You what?" And Big Matt calmed himself enough to listen.

"Leesten!" Señor Dawzos was fairly glowing with the happiness of his thought. "We put the conduits electree on top, in a box of cement, in the meddle of the boulevar. Braval! Eet ees arteestic. Eet ees easy for the repair. Eet ees cheap."

"Say!" bellowed Big Matt. "If you can't spend a public fund better than that, you better go back to Brazil!"

"Ass!" Señor Dawzos beat himself on the head in humiliation. "Eet ees dumb that I not remember! The profeet eet ees in the digging!"

"What's the trouble, Chief?" The chunky reporter for the *Times* rushed in, followed by a phalanx of the newspaper boys.

"The plans of the boulevar!" shrieked the imported city engineer. "Car-r-r-r-rambal! The beeyutful plans! They are lost! Nobody but the eemense Wincap knows what ees beneath the boulevar!"

"Ha!" snorted the chunky reporter of the *Times*. "Bonehead Wincap!"

Big Matt raised his head slowly.

"Who said Wincap was a bonehead?" he demanded.

"Leesten!" The excitable Brazilian genius had another flash. He fairly danced with the joy of it. "Here ees the idea colossal! We shall do thees. We shall take everything out of the boulevar—the sewer-pipes, the water-pipes, the gas-pipes, all the pipes, everything. We shall build a tunnel to hold them, and then we shall put them back with the conduits electree. Car-r-r-r-rambal! Eet ees eemense! We shall do without the plans! We shall do without the bonehead Wincap!"

"Oh, will you?" Bonehead Wincap himself, and he stood in the doorway. Just behind him was the suave and smiling Wallingford. "Bonehead Wincap, eh? Well, I've got your number, Horace G. Daw! You're not a Brazilian, and you're not even an engineer. You—"

"What!" A chorus of howls rose in shocked surprise, and above the hubbub came the stentorian voice of Big Jim.

"Fake!" he boomed, his round face purple.

Oh, wow! Here was a good laugh on the town and on Big Matt Haine! Not a

Brazilian! Not even an engineer! Oh, wow!

"I'll send you up for life!" roared Big Matt, and it was his impassioned voice which brought the guilty wretch to his senses and made him bluff it out.

"Car-r-r-ramba!" he hissed. "And thees to me! I shake off your dust from my feet! I queet you cheely! *Adios! Car-r-r-ramba!*" So saying, the distinguished builder slammed his hat on his head, and ran out of the door and clattered down the stairs.

"Well, Ben," observed Big Matt, out of the lull which followed. "It looks like you're the Patsy to save the town a big loss. Get back on the job."

"Not on your life!" snapped Wincap. "I'm like the Brazilian bean—I quit you chilly. Four years ago I drew the plans for this boulevard complete, sewers, water-mains, gas-pipes, conduits, and all. And I can prove it! It's a show-down, Matt Haine! You got to tell these newspaper boys! Why weren't those pipes put in, in the first place? Who was the bonehead?"

Big Matt considered long and cautiously, while five newspaper men and three cubs watched him with the eyes of a cat at a mouse-hole. It was a show-down, and the boss used the trump-card he had withheld all these years, the card which always wins but can only be played once—abuse of the voters.

"The public, darn 'em! The public's the bonehead! They wouldn't stand for two million dollars at one crack, but they'd stand for five pinches at a million each. So I'm lettin' it cost 'em five. And you paper fellows go out and tell 'em to take their medicine! And Ben Wincap's all right. He's a grand little engineer. Now, Ben, will you come back?"

There was a pause, in which Matt and Ben looked each other in the eye; then Matt's big head shook almost imperceptibly.

"Not on your life! I'm bidding good-bye to this burg. I have a swell job draining the South—and it's for life. You can bust the town digging up the boulevard to find out where your pipes are. Grayville tried to put the kibosh on me, but now I'm vindicated. The place can go to the devil!"

"And put that in your papers!" grinned the visiting boss. Oh, would they? Oh, here was a front page worth while! Oh, they'd have a hot paper to-night! And they rushed out to get it on the press while the sparks were still flashing.

When they had gone, three large and substantial men exchanged the barest flitting trace of a smile; then Big Matt led the way into the seared and sopping-private office and closed the door.

"Well played, boys," beamed Big Jim Wallingford, and produced the fat, black cigars. "An hour after the papers get on the streets, the voters will rise in their majesty and demand the recall of my friend Wincap; and the responsibility will be theirs—eh, Matt?"

"Sure thing!" husked Big Matt. "I suppose you'll be wanting more money, Ben. Well, the council will vote it to you. The pay of the city engineer goes up five thousand a year—besides the usual rake-off."

"All right, Chief," agreed Ben. "I'll take hold in the morning—that is, if you and Wallingford can come to terms."

Big Matt was not a nervous man by any means, but his head did jerk slightly as he

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turned it toward Big Jim and surveyed that resplendent being with dawning suspicion.

"Where do you come in?"

"In the middle," replied Big Jim, with a chuckle. "I'm a merchant, Matt, and I have some fine goods for sale—a swell engineer with a well-trained tongue and a handy set of fingers and an inch-by-inch knowledge of everything beneath the streets of this town. He's under contract to me for the next three years, and he's a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand loss to you if I take him away. I'll split it with you."

Big Matt moistened his lips and looked at his old friend Ben and said, "Huh?" Then he turned back to Big Jim and said:

"You're a take, too. You ain't got any swamp to drain. The whole thing's a plant." His only response was a chuckle. "So I'm to be the bonehead! Well, I won't. You got Ben under contract for three years. Go ahead and pay him his salary—and how do you like that?"

"Oh, tush, Matt!" retorted Wallingford. "You can't pass me the bonehead. Mine isn't that kind of contract. I can fire Ben Wincap any minute on a two weeks' notice; but he can't get rid of me by any means short of suicide. How much will you give me for my man?"

"Ten thousand."

"Sixty," chuckled Jim.

"Twenty."

"Sixty."

"I quit."

"No you don't, Matt; you're just beginning! Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, and this is flat and final. If I take Ben away, you know what you'll lose—not only on this one deal, but in the future. I'll sell you Ben Wincap for fifty thousand dollars. Take him?"

Big Matt Haine drew a deep breath, turned to his desk and wrote a check for fifty thousand dollars, to the order of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Now, tell me something," he requested, as he passed over the check and took Ben Wincap's contract in exchange: "How did you guys get away with those drawings?"

Ben looked at Jim, and Jim looked at Ben, and they grinned.

"Did you notice, Matt," said Wallingford, "that the Fire Department was here before the fire started? Well, I pulled the fire-box, Matt, and told 'em on what floor."

The chief turned slowly to Ben.

"Where was you?"

"Outside the window," snorted the city engineer. "I caught 'em as they came down."

"Outside the window?" Matt repeated the words numbly. "But who—"

A knock at the door. It opened, and there stood the lean, lank Brazilian gentleman, with a tin cylinder under his arm.

"For the love of Mike!" gasped Big Matt. "The Brazilian bean!"

"Blackijos Daw," explained Wallingford. "The Spanish onion. He's little pal, Matt."

"Well, it was strong enough for a bonehead," admitted Big Matt. "But tell me this: How did you con artists break into my pasture?"

"Just dug in," grinned Blackie Daw, taking a look at the check, which was kindly offered for his inspection. "That's our specialty, friend Matt. The profeet ees in the deeging."

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"I am happy to say that I received your instructions, and that in spite of traveling a good deal, my condition or power is remarkable at ninety years of age."

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"I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me."

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"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth of forty-one."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 60 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"The beauty of your whole advancement is that the word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words it made a new man of me. I have been an average man all my life since the first day I used it. I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

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Unless your mind and body are capable of withstanding abuse without distress you have no real mental, vital, living or health power. You have but "average power of life." You have but negative health or life power. Real health power, real personal power, real power of life and real success come only through the vital power to live and the masterful power to succeed. The Conscious Evolution character of power of life, mighty power of positive will, higher health, higher vitality and dynamic energy will enable you to easily master and enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique and wonderful discovery that has revolutionary human possibilities and furnishes the body, personality and mind with a degree of driving and smashing energy that surpasses imagination.

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This new system gives a new idea of how truly masterful, conquering, creative, healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with life, dash, energy and the fire of triumph. It is thoroughly natural and simple, but it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without study, loss of time, use of drugs, medicines, or dieting, without weight-pulling or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging, electricity, cold baths or forced deep breathing, in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like nor give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you feel the surging of the higher energy after the first thirty seconds—*half a minute*.

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share

Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly demonstrate to you that you are only half as dynamic, vital, well, strong, energetic, brave, authoritative, only half as forceful, dominant, self-reliant, daring, courageous and but half as progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful and creative as you may easily become, through higher personal evolution.

Gain a Conquering Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, high education, excellent health and even unusual strength of body. Many are good-looking, are good talkers, and possess every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures

in life because they do not possess a vital, triumphant dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not creatively correlated and activated. They do not possess the conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to a really fine, true and beautiful success.

Conscious Evolution can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, that you are facing the world with only half the personality that you are easily capable of having, that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be, in fact, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you in thirty seconds—*half a minute*—that you are living an inferior life.

A Supreme Life

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life. You owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily come into possession of a new dynamic life and unusual vigor, a dominant type of high energy and power of personality—a new realization of the meaning of life and success.

Everywhere throughout the land men and women, in every walk of life, through Conscious Evolution are secretly and privately advancing themselves in life, happiness, joy and power—through consciously employing the principle of evolution. Whether you are a Doctor, Lawyer, Banker, Business Man, Financier, Mechanic, Soldier, Sailor, Laborer, Philosopher, or Scientist, Conscious Evolution is for you. It is for those who wish to make their existence on earth a source of higher, supreme satisfaction.

Give Conscious Evolution a trial of thirty seconds—a *half minute*—and you will become personally conscious of the new life and higher energy and vitality of which you can have a superabundance, accordingly as you really desire.

Make Yourself Fearless, Forceful, Alive, Vital, Powerful, Dynamic, Constructive, Creative

You consist of mind and body, and upon your evolution depends your power of life.

Conscious Evolution can increase your "power of life" amazingly, so that you may have super-energy of mind and body, and with super-energy of mind and body, the problems of life which now

A Giant In Mind and Health

annoy you, antagonize you and overwhelm you will seem as non-existent. You will gain a new freedom—a handsome liberty.

Life is difficult only for those who have feeble "powers of life." Those who have tremendous power of life overwhelm the obstacles and reach the goal and success, while those who are feeble in life become anchored to posts of failure.

The most important possession or resource for you is "great power of life." Do not rely merely on blind evolution but gain a "maximum power of life" through Conscious Evolution, and you will find that life and success hold altogether new and higher meanings for you.

Conscious Evolution gives such unlimited courage, confidence, self-reliance and will power that the troubles of life seem to dissolve and the joy of existence becomes tremendously real, thoroughly permanent and without limit.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women of all ages and conditions vitally alive, vitally dominant, vitally aggressive, vitally well, vitally conscious, and vitally ambitious.

Conscious Evolution gives greater power to live the superior life, the better life, the higher life, the more successful life, the life worth while and the life in complete accord with the ultimate laws of evolution and creation.

Conscious Evolution can increase your combative, fighting, aggressive, motive, forward and persistence power. *Conscious Evolution* can increase your power of continuity.

Conscious Evolution is the easy and direct means to the attainment of dominant personality, dominant will, dominant mind and dominant body.

Conscious Evolution is the way to a forceful personality, forceful mentality, forceful will and forceful mind.

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"I feel better than I have for months. My circulation is so much better and I feel younger and I can actually enjoy the energy through a better circulation of blood. I can stand working hard and longer and have much greater powers of concentration. People tell me how well I look."

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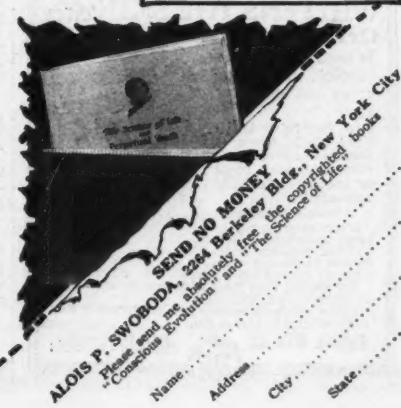
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clear, that I began to get it straight. There we were—she rich, I poor; she a sheltered invalid, I an outcast." Mr. Hitt smiled gently at the rhetorical touch. Henry pressed on: "She's really pretty defenseless in the hands of all those people about her. She's had no business experience, no worldly life at all. The whole story broke on her at once. She thought my change of name was just to escape unpleasant notoriety. She didn't dream that I'd been a convict." Mr. Hitt winced at the word. "It's true. It's the word. She—she loved me, you see—" His voice broke a little here.

"Then she still loves you."

"That would make it harder. I almost hope she doesn't. No; I can't say that."

"Of course you can't!"

"But here's what it comes down to"—Henry leaned earnestly over the table, spoke with sudden clear conviction—"a woman who has given her heart to a man has a right to be proud of him, hasn't she?"

Mr. Hitt thought a long time.

"Yes," he finally had to admit; "she has that right."

"Well"—again Henry spread his hands—"that puts it straight up to me. You see? I've got to make good. I've got to build a new name for Henry Calverly. I've got to! As soon as possible. Every day that the thing rests this way makes it just that much harder for her. When they say to her—as they will, 'The man you love is nothing but that, and that,' she must be able to reply with, 'Yes; but he is also this.' You see? And I can't so much as write her a note until I've worked it out somehow. Better this slow pain than stirring it up, torturing her."

Mr. Hitt slowly nodded. A touch of moisture came to his patient eyes. The thought of this ardent boy—he seemed that—building the new name in that corner room of Holmes Hitt, Inc., the thought of Hitt Panatelas and Perfect Porcelain—all this was curiously touching. The boy's problem was so much bigger, clearly, than he was able to see. "It's really a publicity problem on a large scale," thought Mr. Hitt, unaware that he was substantially quoting a certain brisk young woman of his acquaintance. He had an illuminating cross-light on the curiously ingenuous young man before him, who didn't seem able to perceive that his life was a wreck, and who was, after all, so appealingly young. And Mr. Hitt felt sorry, too, for Miriam Cantey. There was another chance for the boy, of course. He spoke of it.

"I notice that you leave the money out of account in all this talk."

Calverly looked at him directly, with a touch of surprise and more than a touch of dignity.

"I shall never touch that," he said simply.

It came down, in Mr. Hitt's mind to the question: What, what on earth were you to do with him? Beyond standing by.

On another evening, they took a trolley ride to an amusement park, up the river. Here, stretched comfortably out on a grassy bank, looking idly out at the boating parties, they fell to talking of the Cantey biography. Henry asked his friend hesitatingly, even shyly, how he meant to handle it.

"I don't know. Conventionally, I suppose. I'm plugging through Amme's

assortment of papers. It's an excellent picture of Amme's mind—the whole selection. And the way they're classified. I can see just the book he wants. It'll look like all the standard biographies. It will please the family. And it will be worthless."

Henry glanced up quickly, warmly. Little had passed between them on this topic, so important to both. From moment to moment he was discovering new points of mental and spiritual contact with this singularly youthful old man. For to twenty-six, fifty-eight is indeed age.

"It won't please all the family," he said, an almost devotional softness in his voice. "Not Miriam."

"Oh, it will, my boy! It'll have to. Jim Cantey was rugged, sometimes rough, what we mean when we use the term 'big.' He'd have wanted the truth, I think, himself."

"She knows that. And she knows a good deal of the truth. He left it with her."

"No? That's interesting! Not unlike him, though. It was an unusual friendship, that—father and daughter."

Later, they sat for an hour on a bench in Cantey Square. Two automobiles stood before the City Trust—a taxi-cab and a limousine. Two men came out of the building—one, a little unsteady of foot, the other guiding him by an elbow. The taxi was paid off and spun away. The two stood by the limousine. There was a brief argument. Then they got into the car and were driven rapidly off.

Mr. Hitt's eyes followed the vehicle with mildly quickened interest.

"Hm," mused he aloud. "That's curious!"

"I didn't notice who they were."

"Mayor Tim and Oswald Qualters. Together."

"It's not the first time."

"One doesn't think of them as having anything in common."

"Why not?"

"Well, Qualters is a gentleman, and has been chairman of the Republican State Committee. Tim isn't a gentleman, and is boss of the Democratic machine here."

"I don't think party lines mean anything to Qualters. He's interested in power. Anyway, he's bossing the mayor just now."

Mr. Hitt was frankly surprised.

"I didn't know you knew Qualters," he said.

Henry hesitated.

"I do—a little. He's a shrewd man, I think."

"Very, very shrewd."

They fell silent.

Mr. Hitt forgot that night that he was tired. He walked up the hill to Henry's boarding house.

"My boy," he said, almost tenderly, gripping his hand, "I can't write the real stuff. I know that now. Margie Daw—you'd hardly know her—Margie says I'm too old. She's right. I'm going to do my nice little pattern biography. A book that Esther Appleby and Amme and Harvey O'Rell will think really good. They may even call it 'literary.' You and I will know better, but—well, never mind that. I'm thinking about you. You've had a terrible time. There's trouble, perhaps endless struggling, ahead of you. But a fact stands out—your youth. And I know that you're going to do real work. I know it!"

Calverly moodily shook his head.

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"A quart of rain Water. 3 Ounces of Blue Knolly Gawalls. Bruise ym. It must stand and be stirred 3 or 4 tines in ye Day & then Strain out all ye gawalls all ten Days add 2 Ounces of Clear Gummary Beck & $\frac{1}{2}$ an Ounce of Coporous $\frac{1}{2}$ an Ounce of Rock Alum half an Ounce of Loafe sugar ye Bigness of a Hoarsel nut of Roman Vitteral brak ym all small. Before they be put in it must be stirred very well for ye space of two weeks."

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5 Stamping Inks
7 Typewriter Ribbons
Velvet Showcard Colors
White and Gold Inks
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Numbering Machine Inks

Cosmopolitan for May, 1919

"I'm going to put Perfect Porcelain into six thousand American homes," he said. "I've got to. It's the one thing between me and—"

"My boy"—the older man smiled out through his spectacles—"let me tell you one thing: The only way they can kill a writer is to cut off his head. So long as there's paper and pencil in the world, or birch-bark and charcoal, or ink, or—by God—blood, they can't kill a writer! Never let yourself forget that fact."

Calverly again shook his head, and said good-night with a wry smile. But the glow that was in him stayed warm for some time. For one thing, he had, at last, a friend.

XXX

WHAT QUALTERS SAID TO THE MAYOR

OSWALD QUALTERS had been a quiet force in the community for a decade or two. His casual, offhand manner, his easy, even light way of dismissing little difficulties, his sure hand with graver problems made him early popular on club directorates. No one had ever seen him even momentarily nonplussed. He never talked lengthily or wasted time, except in pleasure. In all his business activities, as in his personal and club life, he never hesitated to accept responsibility, never appeared to take difficulties seriously, was never ruffled or tired or ill-humored.

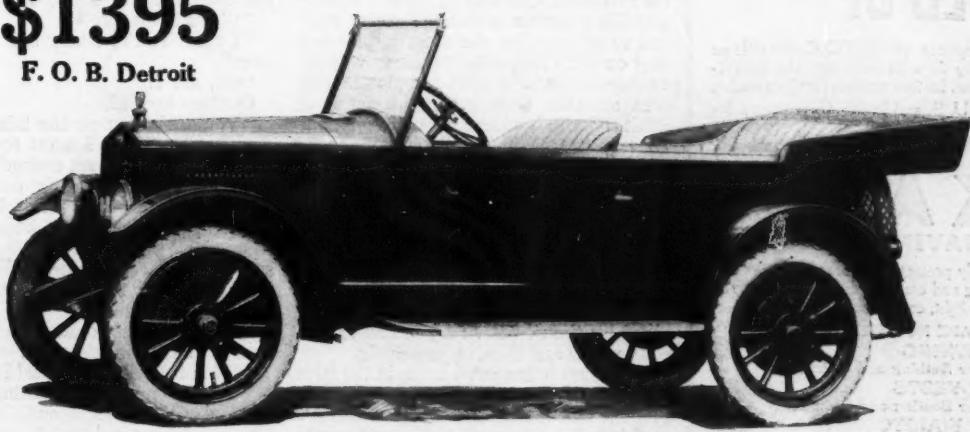
Gradually, a knowledge of his easy skill spread among the solider business men. It was known that he had handled this matter or that conspicuously well. It became known, too, far beyond the city, among shrewdly managed interstate financial groups, that in local matters it was well to "see" Qualters. And the occasional evidences of this outside influence were not overlooked in the neighborhood of Cantey Square. He had become a factor on the board of the Cantey National Bank as well as of City Trust.

Observant eyes had lately noticed that Bob Listerly turned to him on occasions, that even the gruff, driving Harvey O'Rell was consulting him. The Cantey estate still seemed to dominate the city, financially and politically; still, the Cantey tradition was wearing a little threadbare. Among the trustees there was no clear unity of political purpose. Amme was an academic little man, shining by a reflected light, with no real grasp on the rough facts of life. Listerly had no vigor—merely ability. He made it a rule to play safe with the *News*, quietly selecting editorial writers who would discourse on sports or the weather or the need of hurrying the construction of the public baths when any real political or financial crisis impended. O'Rell was the only strong man in the group, and he had grown quiet and cautious of late. Among them, the Cantey interests simply drifted.

In Qualters' own mind the outstanding difficulty had been Amme. The interesting little scene in his own study when a drunken mayor broke in on the talk with young Calverly had given him his first real hold. Amme had distinctly failed to rise to the situation. He had been shocked and confused. It had been too clear that O'Rell was involved in a discreditable attempt to take papers from Calverly's room—involved with the mayor and

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All who have seen the Essex will understand how difficult it is to appear temperate in our claims for it.

People are saying the most enthusiastic things about it. They like its light weight and the way in which it combines the economy of the cheap car with the quality, endurance, comfort and performance of the large costly automobile. Motorists in every section are praising the Essex. It is the leader of every automobile show. Tens of thousands have ridden in it. A million have seen the Essex. All hail it a new leader.

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That in a sentence expresses the view of practically everyone.

It describes their feelings as to its type, its value and its distinctive performance. Motorists have long talked of the car that would be enduring and comfortable to ride in and of great performance ability and still that would be neither heavy nor costly to buy or operate.

They describe the Essex as being "the car" that fills that field.

And they have long wanted a light car that they would not have to apologize for because of its appearance. So their expression, "That is THE Light Car," describes their feelings concerning the Essex.

All motorists are not interested in such performance tests as reveal a car's limit of speed. All have not an opportunity to wit-

ness what a car will do under the trying conditions of hill and mountain service. But those who ask for such proofs are enthusiastic over what they have seen the Essex do. They too, say, "It is THE Light Car."

Who Will Get Essex Cars?

That is the question all are asking. Dealers know the maximum number of cars they are to get. They are keen observers of conditions. They know how orders are being placed and they know there are not going to be half enough Essexes to supply those who will want them.

Thousands have already been shipped. They are going out from the factory in increasing numbers every day. But orders are also piling up and dealers everywhere have established buyers' waiting lists.

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FOR MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

Chest measurements for all garments: —Size

No. 1, 24 to 30 inches; Size No. 2, 32 to

36 inches; Size No. 3, 38 to 44 inches;

Size No. 4, 46 to 50 inches.

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the police heads and common criminals.

The recollection of the scene more than once brought a momentary smile to Qualters. Amme had been so naive. He really hadn't seemed to know that beneath the surface of club and political and business life a certain amount of rough work had to go on, that the most resplendent king couldn't long hold his power without a concealed army of spies and plotters and even assassins undermining his foes. A result of the incident was that Amme forever lost faith in O'Rell. The man who had for years stood in his mind for strong, dignified business vigor was now revealed with feet in the mire. It was disquieting. It was unsettling. He had always talked pretty freely with O'Rell. He had to go on now, appearing to talk freely with him—they had too many common interests to permit of a crude break—but his tongue belied his thoughts. And you had to lean a little, now and then, on somebody.

Then disquieting news came, in the form of a letter from Will Appleby. It was really a matter for the trustees. But you couldn't confide in Bob Listerly. Bob would hardly let you. And he had lost Harvey. For a matter of hours, Amme struggled with the bold idea of going it alone—to grasp control of the Cantey estate. But it was too big for him. He ended, shortly after lunch, over at the Town Club, by leading Oswald Qualters up into a corner of the deserted library and showing him the letter.

It was not altogether a satisfactory interview. Qualters, he felt, didn't take it as seriously as it deserved. He asked only one or two questions. He hadn't much time, said rather abruptly that he was going away for a week or so.

His questions were as follows:

"The trust dissolves pretty soon, doesn't it?"

"This fall. Miriam will be twenty-five then."

"And she gets absolute control?"

"Yes."

"She'll agree to a voluntary renewal of the trust, won't she?"

"I'm afraid not."

"At least she'll have to leave things in your hands?"

"I proposed something of that sort. You see what Appleby says."

"Tim. She still has those papers of her father's?"

"She took some of them with her. The ones Calverly had. Will sees as clearly as you or I that it's unjust to established business to leave them in existence. But he naturally feels a delicacy about taking them by force."

"Of course."

And that was about all the satisfaction Amme could get, at the moment.

But within an hour Qualters called Mayor MacIntyre on the telephone and ordered him to come to his office by the private stairway at eleven that night.

The mayor was inclined to sputter at this treatment, but Qualters cut him off.

When he came, Qualters put him in an armchair and looked him over coldly.

"Tim," he said, "you've taken your last drink."

"Look here, Qualters: I'd like to know—"

"I've no time to argue. You're going with me, to-night, down to Aberdeen. I've taken a private ward for you there."

The next instalment of *The Passionate Pilgrim* will appear in June *Cosmopolitan*.

Cosmopolitan for May, 1919

"Well, of all the—"

"Do you like being mayor, Tim?" MacIntyre, flushed, speechless, stared weakly up at him. Qualters lighted a cigarette. "Because, if you do, you've got just one chance of getting reelected."

"Who's to hinder?"

"I am. You're taking orders from me now."

"Oh, am I?"

Qualters nodded.

"You're skating on the thinnest ice of your career, Tim. I want to drive that into your head. I've got to shock you sober. When you're drunk, you talk. And a man that's as close to prison bars as you are right now has got to keep his mouth shut. You have no choice. Do exactly as I tell you, and you may slip by."

"I guess we'll see what Harvey O'Rell's got to say about—"

"O'Rell's taking orders from me, too." Qualters flicked his cigarette.

"What if I tell him you said that?"

"Told him myself this evening. An hour ago. Get this straight, and then shut up. You can be mayor, O'Rell can stay with County Railways, but only if you both obey orders. I could cut you both loose without losing much sleep. As for you, I've got enough evidence to put you in the penitentiary for ninety-five to a hundred and ten years on all counts." Mayor Tim's jaw sagged. "Some of it's here in my safe; some of it's in Miss Cantey's trunk, out in California; the rest is in the bank-vault down-stairs here, where none of your precious friends could get if they tried—Are you sobering up a little? Have a drink of water. Now, listen: The Cantey estate trust dissolves this fall, on Miss Cantey's twenty-fifth birthday. That invalid girl, without an hour of business experience, comes into control of the entire property—County Railways, Cantey National, the *News*, all the real estate, the votes on thirty or forty other boards—"

"But a girl like that couldn't—"

"Of course she couldn't! But—"

"Where's Amme—I'd like to know?"

"Shut up, Tim! Amme has admitted to me—to-day—that he can't control the situation. That's what's the matter."

"Then—"

"Then some other man will. Whoever she happens to be interested in. She may even turn back to Calverly. If she does, you're done."

"Well—well, I guess I can drag you down with me."

"Not for a minute! I'm clear. You can't touch me. But a young reformer, a dreamer, once in Miss Cantey's confidence, could raise hell with pretty nearly everything in town."

"You were going to put him in prison, too, Qualters. Why didn't you do it?"

"It proved not to be a prison case. It's got to be handled in another way."

"Put he's right here. Got a job in this building."

"Leave him to me. I'm going to take you to Aberdeen now. Remember, unless you want me to kick you into the gutter, keep sober and keep still."

"What are you going to do if I—"

Qualters raised a steady hand.

"Just that," he said. "Keep still. I'm going to drive over to Dayton from Aberdeen and catch a train for California. Come along."



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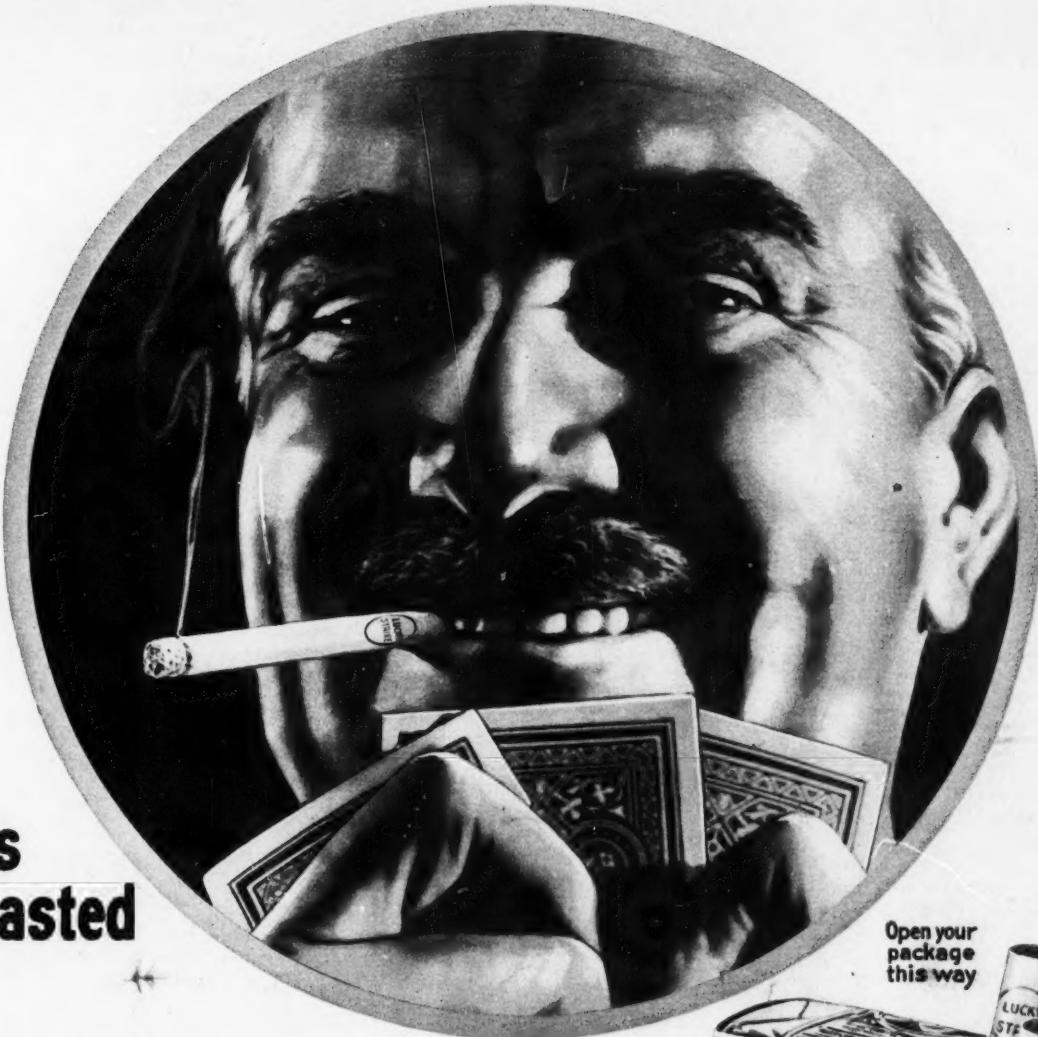


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It's
toasted

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Holding four good ones

And a good time to light a Lucky Strike—the toasted cigarette. Made of real Burley tobacco—toasted. Tobacco has a delicious taste when it's toasted—as most foods are better cooked.

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It's
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Open your
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Holding four good ones

And a good time to light a Lucky Strike—the toasted cigarette. Made of real Burley tobacco—toasted. Tobacco has a delicious taste when it's toasted—as most foods are better cooked.

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Offers You a ~~15c~~ Imported Human Hair Net
FOR ONLY 10 CENTS
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Read It Again

(Continued from page 31)

He curses her frightened smile. His fury is so great that his slavered lips draw back like a wolf's from eager fangs.

The woman retreats as he advances. Under the blast of his denunciation, she flattens herself against the wall, shivering, her palms now pressing the plaster at her sides as if to find a door behind her, now clasped before her in appeal to the demoniac man who reviles her. She cannot scream, and there is no one to hear her. She reads murder in the man's eyes as he snarls:

"Oh, you—you—There's no word for you—I've got to kill you—and by—"

She makes a desperate rush. He strikes her in the breast, and she flops back against the wall and slips to the floor.

He turns for a weapon to crush her with. She springs to her feet and darts past him to the door. He whirls, slips. Before he can reach her, she has closed the door.

He rips it open, looks about the dark hall, sees her stumbling fleetly up the stairs. He follows in long strides. She flings another door shut in his face. He hears the key turn.

He hurls himself at the door, batters it with knee and shoulder. It cracks, splinters. He tears out a ragged strip of it, thrusts his arm in, turns the key, strikes the door back, and steps in.

She is at the window-sill. She calls to him,

"If you come near, I'll throw myself out on the rocks!"

He halts a moment, then, seeing how dangerously she is poised at the brink of death, leaps toward her, his hand outstretched.

With a little whimper of despair, she writhes through and drops from sight.

He runs to the window, leans out, and sees her once graceful, beautiful body a broken, awkward, ludicrous bundle of rags and flesh rolling and bounding down a shelving cliff toward the uplifting arms of the sea.

From the man's throat a cry of anguish breaks forth horribly. He drops to his knees, sobbing, wringing his hands and biting them, gibbering the woman's name in unbearable regret.

This looks like the ruthless persecution of a helpless woman by a merciless brute, such an atrocity as a white-slave driver would inflict on a hapless rebel against his vicious demands.

It might well be one of the numberless instances of a worthless husband compelling his wife to earn on the streets the money he squanders, and murdering her when she mutinies.

But, even so, why is a brute a brute? What inner torment persecutes him and drives him to the frenzy in which he persecutes some wretch else? For surely he who makes a victim of another must first have been himself the victim of something else.

Also, the chapter might have been the logical conclusion of an actual incident such as once a doctor told me of, in which a wife, mentally as bodily diseased, decoyed the young friend of her son to his ruin. The boy's father learned the truth and vowed to kill the siren. But he did not keep his threat, and the husband never knew.

How the Hobsons Earned Money for Cherished Projects

What They Did, You Can Do

DURING the long Winter evenings, Mr. Hobson was very fond of reading the current magazines, and when a story particularly appealed to him he would read it aloud to Mrs. Hobson after the children had been put to bed.

One evening he brought home a copy of *Cosmopolitan*, and after the dinner table had been cleared he reached for his briar and settled himself comfortably for a pleasant evening.

Her light household duties performed and the children asleep, Mrs. Hobson took up her sewing and listened with a great deal of interest while her husband read aloud what he considered the best story in that month's issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

"That's a wonderful story!" Mrs. Hobson exclaimed. "It should be read by everybody. Mrs. Pierson especially would like to read it, I know. The first thing in the morning I'm going to take the magazine to her."

This thought led Mrs. Hobson to wondering if all her friends knew about *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and the interesting stories it publishes. She felt that it would be a real service to them if she could tell each one individually about the magazine and how much entertainment and instruction she and her husband got from it every month.

Fortunately, at this moment she picked

up the magazine, and the first thing she saw in it was an advertisement of the International Magazine Company, publishers of *Cosmopolitan* and five other magazines. This advertisement told her that if she would communicate with this great publishing house, she would learn how she might make some extra money by representing these six magazines in her neighborhood.

She immediately thought of many things she would like to do if she could spare the money. She had never earned a single penny since her marriage five years ago. And often she had wished she knew some way by which she could earn a few dollars without sacrificing the family dignity or too much of her time.

By earning some extra money she would be able to more substantially support the charity organization of the church; she had often thought what a wonderful thing it would be if she could contribute more liberally to the various organizations which, like the Salvation Army and the Red Cross, are continuing their efforts in an even broader way than before the war. In fact, like every other woman, Mrs. Hobson often had what James M. Barrie calls "The Twelve Pound Look," which is merely another name for the desire every woman has for a measure of economic independence.

She immediately wrote to the International Magazine Company, and a few days later she received full particulars, accompanied by a complimentary copy of an attractive magazine called "The Jinger Jar." She read it with enthusiasm. In "The Jinger Jar" she learned all the

details about the International Magazine plan. It gave her many interesting suggestions as to how she might put that plan into operation and make some money for herself.

Mrs. Hobson was inspired to become one of the most enthusiastic workers for this group of magazines in her town, and before long she was in receipt of salary and bonus checks which exceeded her fondest hopes.

She was pleasantly surprised at the ease with which she was able to turn her enthusiasm for *Cosmopolitan* into profitable channels. She didn't have to use much argument to get people to subscribe. They already knew that this great magazine publishes, month after month, the work of such great authors as Robert W. Chambers, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, and a host of other world-famous writers.

She sold Hearst's Magazine too, with its wonderful new stories and serials by world-famous writers. To her woman friends she sold *Good Housekeeping* and *Harper's Bazaar*—two of the most beautiful and useful publications ever published to hold the interest of the very finest type of woman.

Enthusiastic motorists were easy prospects for *Motor Magazine*; and she made not a few sales of *Motor Boating*.

In fact, Mrs. Hobson made such a substantial addition to the family income that it wasn't long before her home began to show evidence of her industry.

"And yet," she said, speaking to a friend about her work, "it takes so little time to earn this money! A couple of hours occasionally, after the household work is finished, is quite enough, and I'm sure that after these subscriptions expire the subscribers will place their renewals with me, because the magazines are so interesting that a person once a subscriber is always a subscriber."

* * * * *

What Mrs. Hobson had been able to do, you can do.

To represent the *Cosmopolitan* and the other magazines published by the International Magazine Company is a business of which any man or woman, young or old, may feel proud. You can earn more money; you can broaden your vision. You can get out of the rut in which too many people find themselves.

This plan of easy money making offers what you may have long sought—an opportunity to acquire poise, self-reliance, and alertness as well as the possibility of a substantial addition to your income. If you are interested, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

You will receive in the earliest mail your first copy of "The Jinger Jar," and thereafter be in touch with the greatest publishing organization in the United States.

1919

International Magazine Company,
Dept. 5, 119 West 40th St., N. Y. City.

Please send me "The Jinger Jar" with full particulars about how I can make money representing your six great magazines.

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Or, imagine that the woman was, as has happened often enough, a spying traitress to her husband's country. She learned from him the plans of his regiment and sold them to the enemy, so that her husband led his men into the ambush she had made possible. Having seen his comrades slaughtered and escaping from the death-trap alone, he has realized that only his wife could have apprized the foe of his marching-orders. And so he has returned to administer himself the punishment she has earned by all the laws of war.

Under this light, who wins your sympathy—the cowardly wretch who bartered her husband's secret or the vengeful wretch who feels that her destruction is the one last rite he owes to the butchered soldiers that trusted him? Perhaps you have even pity enough to spare for the woman suddenly beholding her own crime in all its loathsomeness and fleeing almost more from herself than from her husband, offering her own life as a sacrifice to save him from having to take it.

Yet, again, this man might be one of those countless sufferers who reluctantly recur to alcohol, and whom it occupies like an invading devil that wrecks incalculable mischief and then vanishes, allowing the bewildered soul to return and view, with wonder and horror, the evil done with his own hands and voice but by another soul.

But this man was none of these. He was the pitiable slave of an occasional insanity, an inheritance he could not escape any more than certain districts can escape the tempests that haunt them.

This man loved this woman, and she him. But at times strange storms visited his mind and altered the aspect of everything, and then his wife became in his eyes a foul demon, an ancient succubus, whom heavenly voices seemed to bid him annihilate.

She had paid heavily before for those onsets, and her life had been saved with difficulty by people who chanced to be near enough to come to her rescue. At last, at his own request, he had been put away in an asylum so that he might not hurt the woman he adored.

But, after a long period of halcyon peace, the guards had relaxed their vigilance over him. And when the madness stormed back into his poor brain, he had found it easy to escape. With distorted cunning he had traced her to her lonely haven, and in the grisly light of his frenzy she had appeared once more to be a vile witch to be driven from the world she polluted.

Even in her panic she loved him, and felt sorrier for him than for herself, knowing how bitterly sorry he would feel for her when it was all too late.

Love gave her the final wisdom of pity and linked them in indissoluble bonds that could not be broken even in that whirling, overwhelming cyclone that we call life.

And so one might go on and on, taking old familiar stories and, as far as possible, changing the characters without changing the events, shifting the rays as the calcium-man does in the theater.

Delilah and Samson could be presented with lights exchanged, so that she should be such a fiery patriot as Judith was, and he such a foreign brute as Holofernes was. And Judith could be made to appear a fiendish alien murderer and Holofernes a martyr to her cunning.

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Relieves the tension on the internal ligaments and causes the internal organs to resume their proper positions and perform their functions in a normal, healthful way. Easy to adjust—great comfort. For men, women, children. Send for the belt on Five Days' Free Trial. If satisfactory, send us \$2.50. If not, return belt. Give normal waist measure when ordering.

The Well Health Belt Co. 182 Hill St., New Haven, Conn. DIRECTIONS: Write for proposition and full particulars.



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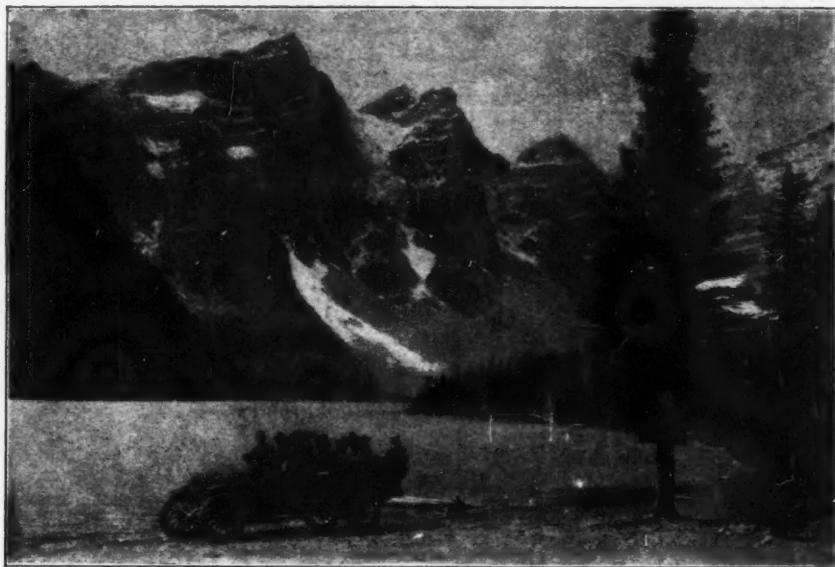


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Send No Money Just send your name and finger size, we'll send a Lachnitz ring, set in solid gold, with a diamond, to your home; when it comes, pay \$2.50 with a postcard, and we'll send it back to you in full days. If you, or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, or if it has been lost, if you return the ring in ten days, we'll return your deposit. If you decide to keep it, send \$2.50 monthly until \$18.75 is paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send your finger size. Harold Lachnitz Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1045, Chicago



Valley of the Ten Peaks, near Lake Louise

An Invitation to Canada

Under the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome even than in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian

Pacific is justly proud. They will, moreover, find a standard of comfort which the experienced traveller appreciates.

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.

President
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MONTRÉAL, Easter, 1919

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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Chicago, Ill.	140 South Clark Street	New York, N. Y.	1231 Broadway, cor. 30th St.	San Francisco, Cal.	645 Market Street
Cincinnati, Ohio	430 Walnut Street	Philadelphia, Pa.	629 Chestnut Street	Seattle, Wash.	608 Second Avenue
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				Washington, D. C.	1419 New York Avenue

My gums are so tender -have I Pyorrhea?



"I cannot understand why toast and other foods that must be well chewed should hurt my gums."

"They've become so tender. They bleed every time I brush my teeth."

HERE is an example of unsuspected pyorrhetic conditions that should have immediate correction. Unchecked pyorrhea often results in loss of the teeth; menaces health by pouring into the body germs from infected gums.

Bleeding, tenderness and congestion of the gums are pyorrhea's first symptoms—the stages at which prompt, effective measures should be used.

If pyorrhea is unchecked, the gums become inflamed; the gum tissues waste and recede from the teeth, exposing their root structure. Points of infection develop underneath the gum margin; the periodontal membrane which holds the teeth firmly in their sockets is gradually destroyed—the teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted.

As a safeguard against pyorrhetic conditions; as a check to pyorrhea's progress; as a home treatment which dentists endorse as an effective measure that co-operates with their efforts—use Pyorrhocide Powder.

Tartar is usually the cause of pyorrhea's start. Used twice daily, Pyorrhocide Powder removes the mucoid deposits and daily accretions before they become tartar formations. It soothes and heals; tends to check infection; restores normal circulation and tone to the gum tissues.

Thousands of dentists use and endorse Pyorrhocide Powder because its merits have been scientifically tested.

For nine years, The Pyorrhocide Clinic (devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and oral prophylaxis) made exhaustive experiments with Pyorrhocide Powder. The results of this research and analysis have proved to the dental profession its value in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea. Its superiority for general use as a dentifrice has also been thoroughly demonstrated by thousands of users.

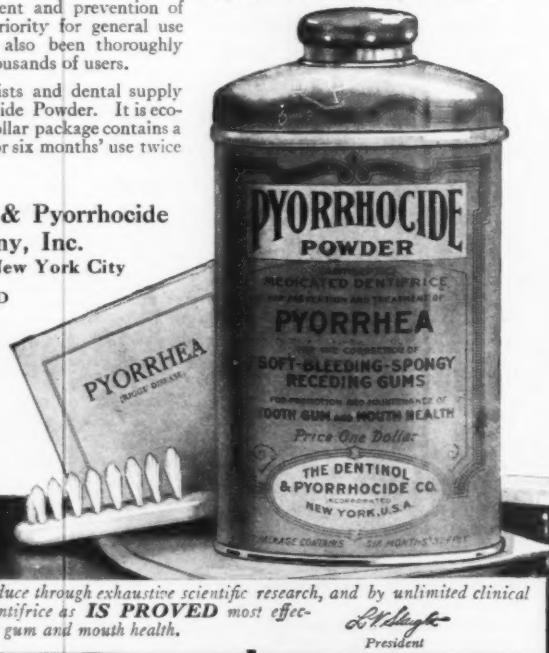
All leading druggists and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains a sufficient quantity for six months' use twice daily.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.

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FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

Upon request we will send you a liberal sample of Pyorrhocide Powder with our educational booklet on causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.



*We shall continue to produce through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as **IS PROVED** most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.*

*L. J. Stalke
President*

It is all in the lights. The French say that to understand everything is to forgive everything. Its corollary is true—not to forgive is not to understand. And one might well pray that the light should always so shine through him and return to him that he would read everything in a glow of mercy.

But the worst of it is that one can never know. When the white ray of all light is broken into color, we see but a little of it. Our whole rainbow is only an inch or two in a spectrum a yardstick long.

The vast majority of colors we have never seen and never shall see, though we may boil water or take photographs and accomplish other miracles in the ultra-violet and infra-red regions where all is dark to our eyes.

Into those too radiant illuminations we can enter only by the imagination. And, after all, what else is sympathy but imagination exploring the infinite space between ourselves and our nearest neighbors?

The next *Rupert Hughes* story,
The Butcher's Daughter,
will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

The Hungry Horde

(Continued from page 65)

shot, and then a third, not more than a mile out on the barren, and before the echoes had died away, the voices of Topek and Olee John were repeating the swift commands of Pelletier and O'Connor, Topek at the mouth of the crevasse, and Olee John at the herd stockade. With the first was Pelletier, and with Olee John, O'Connor. For the space of three or four minutes there was swift movement at the opening and the middle of the trap, the subdued clack of excited Eskimo voices, the running of feet, the rattle of breaking ice, the clink of weapons as the hunters adjusted themselves in their hiding-places.

Then fell a deep and tragic silence. In the cul-de-sac was a deadly stillness. Pelletier, even as the blood raced in hot suspense through his body, shivered in the warmth of his coat. Far away, faint as a breath in the wind, he heard a wailing, hungry cry—the distant tonguing of the pack. For a passing flash, his heart was struck by that sound, and he felt the prick of a conscience—and regret. Like a wolf himself, the Frenchman had fought all his life against the hardships of the North. "A wolf's fight," he had told himself often, when a hard and perilous task lay ahead of him. And now, after all his planning, in the moment of his triumph, there fell upon him, for an instant, a thought of the unfairness of his trickery. It was not a fight. It was not even a play of wits. It was a massacre of hungry things that he had staged in the cul-de-sac—a massacre of empty stomachs, a killing of creatures who wanted something to eat. It was this *hungriness* of it all that pressed upon him as he raised his hood still higher and listened to the growing cry—for more than once had François Pelletier fought his savage world for a taste of meat to keep the soul alive in his body.

And he wondered, as he prepared to kill, if, after all, the Eskimo and their dirty gods had a greater right to live than the clean-born, hungry wolves.



There isn't a girl who can't have the irresistible appealing loveliness of perfect daintiness

Within the Curve of a Woman's Arm

A frank discussion of a subject too often avoided

A woman's arm! Poets have sung of its grace; artists have painted its beauty.

It should be the daintiest, sweetest thing in the world. And yet, unfortunately, it isn't, always.

There's an old offender in this quest for perfect daintiness—an offender of which we ourselves may be ever so unconscious, but which is just as truly present.

Shall we discuss it frankly?

Many a woman who says, "No, I am never annoyed by perspiration," does not know the facts—does not realize how much sweeter and daintier she would be if she were *entirely* free from it.

Of course, we aren't to blame because nature has so made us that the perspiration glands under the arms are more active than anywhere else. Nor are we to blame because the perspiration which occurs under the arm does not evaporate as readily as from other parts of the body. The curve of the arm and the constant wearing of clothing has made normal evaporation there impossible.

Would you be absolutely sure of your daintiness?

It is the chemicals of the body, not uncleanliness, that cause odor. And even though there is no active perspiration—no apparent moisture—there may be under the arms an odor unnoticed by ourselves, but dis-

tinctly noticeable to others. For it is a physiological fact that persons troubled with perspiration odor seldom can detect it themselves.

Fastidious women who want to be absolutely sure of their daintiness have found that they could not trust to their own consciousness; they have felt the need of a toilet water which would insure them against any of this kind of underarm unpleasantness, either moisture or odor.

To meet this need, a physician formulated Odorono—a perfectly harmless and delightful toilet water. With particular women Odorono has become a toilet necessity which they use regularly two or three times a week.

So simple, so easy, so sure

No matter how much the perspiration glands may be excited by exertion, nervousness, or weather conditions, Odorono will keep your underarms always sweet and naturally dry. You then can dismiss all anxiety as to your freshness, your perfect daintiness.

The right time to use Odorono is at night before retiring. Pat it on the underarms with a bit of absorbent

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Massachusetts, says:

"Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

cotton, only two or three times a week. Then a little talcum dusted on and you can forget all about that worst of all embarrassments—perspiration odor or moisture. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of Odorono at all.

Does excessive perspiration ruin your prettiest dresses?

Are you one of the many women who are troubled with excessive perspiration, which ruins all your prettiest blouses and dresses? To endure this condition is so unnecessary! Why, you need *never* spoil a dress with perspiration! For this severer trouble Odorono is just as effective as it is for the more subtle form of perspiration annoyance. Try it tonight and notice how exquisitely fresh and sweet you will feel.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. We shall be so glad to do so. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 914 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 60c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

If you live in Canada, address mail orders or requests to The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.



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All the above plants are strong and hardy and will bloom this summer. We deliver to you, free of charge. The above SEVEN PLANTS for \$1.00 and our SENSITIVE FERN free.

THE KRIETER-MURPHY CO., Dept. P, Stamford, Conn.

At the head of the white pack ran Swift Lightning, and at his side ran Mistik, the timber-wolf. Once again the pack was running in hunt-formation. But it was not silent, as it had hunted the caribou herds a month ago. Scent of the reindeer, warm and thick in their nostrils, excited the wolves as the taste of flesh itself, and a hundred and fifty throats were giving tongue as the hunger-mad horde swept on. It was a cry that reached to the stars. It went moaning and shivering for miles over the frozen barrens. In Topek's village, women and children and old men heard it, and grew silent with fear.

Three miles ahead lay the entrance to the cul-de-sac, diminishing swiftly to two, and then to one. The voice of the pack died out, and in a hundred and fifty throats there was a panting, gasping, swallowing of breath, and in a hundred and fifty white bodies the straining of every nerve for the last great effort. The fires in those bodies were burning out. The strongest of the wolves forged ahead, and the weaker fell back. At the tail of the pack, a line of exhausted beasts, still fighting to be in at the kill, ebbed off into the starry gloom of the barren. A dozen leaps in advance of their nearest followers, Swift Lightning and Mistik led the killers. The mountain of ice loomed up ahead, and now had there been a thousand men on each side of the trail, the pack would not have stopped. Blind and deaf and insensible to all things but the smell of meat that was almost like taste in their mouths, the famished beasts swept between the yawning lips of the crevasse. Still on shot Swift Lightning and Mistik—on past the hundred human butchers waiting to wall them in, on past gleaming eyes that watched them from behind crags of ice and hummocks of snow, on—straight on—to the corral of piled-up blocks of ice behind which the reindeer were cowering, and at their heels came an avalanche of hungry ones.

It was then that, under the pitiless and searching brilliance of the stars, a man-made hell let itself loose in the cul-de-sac. There rose a scream—the scream of Olee John—and a shout—the shout of O'Connor—and following those cries there came the shrieking yells of a hundred voices, the crash of firearms, the rattle of harpoons, the hissing of spears in the air. And above it all rose the shrieking of Olee John. For Olee John, first of all, saw that the plans of men had gone astray. Even as the rifles cracked and the horde of hunters swarmed out to give closer battle, starving beasts were hurling themselves in great leaps over the top of the reindeer corral. As thirsty men face death for a drop of water, so they forgot everything in the presence of meat, and from the corral rose the thunder of hoofs, the crashing of bodies, and the cries of horned beasts. In the pack, death ran red and fast. A score of rifles sent into a leaden hail. O'Connor's automatics streamed steady trails of flame. Spears hurled through the air with deadly precision. And yet the white bodies continued over the top of the corral in a resistless flood.

Within that corral, death ran as red as in the beaten snow outside. Sheeplike, Olee John's herd met its end. Swift Lightning was already tearing at a throat, Mistik at another. There was rending of throats, scent and taste of blood, and famished jaws filled with flesh.

Why I Am Glad I Married

How My Marriage Has Brought Me Success I Never Dreamed Of

"I'LL tell you frankly, Joe, the luckiest day of my life was the day I married Helen Baxter.

Yes, I remember how you boys guyed me that night at the club, when I let out the secret of our engagement. I think it was you who said that I couldn't possibly make good with 'a woman around my neck.' I know you meant well, Joe, but you're were wrong, dead wrong, and I'll tell you why.

You are like a lot of other men I know, who have never actually considered marriage seriously, in its real relation to their daily lives, work, and success. They look upon their wives and families as obstacles in the path of their success—I have made mine the stepping stone to my success. Don't blame me for being frank because before I'm through I'm going to tell you how you too can start right now to make big success of your married life, just as I have done.

Six months after you were married you told me you were sorry you'd taken the step. It wasn't because you didn't love your wife, Joe, it was simply because you had entered into a partnership with your eyes shut,—without knowing what your obligations were to be. The 'capital' on which you started in the 'business of matrimony' was simply physical attraction, love of admiration and gaiety, excitement, the thrill of being near each other. That kind of capital doesn't last long, Joe—it's like going into business on borrowed money. You found it out six months *after* you were married. I discovered it, quite by accident, before I asked Helen to marry me. Here's how it happened.

Of course you remember the big house party the Allisons gave soon after they moved to the country. You remember that I arrived at the tail end of the evening and had to sleep on the couch in the Library? Dame Fortune was surely with me that night.

While I was undressing I paused once or twice to glance through the books on the table. You know Allison attributes his success, too, to the books he's read. Finally I picked one up called "Know Thyself." I read through the publisher's note and the introduction. You may laugh when I tell you, Joe, that I sat up reading that book until the breakfast bell rang the next morning, and the first thing I did after reaching town was to order a copy from the publisher.

The reading of that book was the turning point in my career. It opened my eyes, over-

night, to many things I never knew about life, marriage, and the sexes. It taught me that ninety per cent of the mothers and fathers permit their children to grow up in ignorance of the sacredness of the human body and its functions and that such ignorance is directly responsible for immorality and the double standard of morals between men and women. Helen and I both agree that the chapter on that one subject alone has spared us years of anxiety and fear as to the future of our children.

Why even today, although Bob is only nine and little Helen seven, they both know all of the mysteries of life which "Know Thyself" has enabled us to teach them, step by step, in the right way. We know that when they are later thrown among the temptations that you and I had to meet when we were youngsters, they will know how to act, what to believe, what to do, and best of all what not to do.

The chapters it contains on Marriage, After Marriage, Husband and Wife, The Family, and Children have alone taught me the principles on which all successful married life is based. As a result of my reading of 'Know Thyself' I knew just what to expect of marriage and just what it would expect of me. It has taught Helen and me what to expect from each other in all of our intimate daily relations about the home.

I learned that there are ethics of marriage which must be observed by husband and wife if Happiness, Contentment, and Success constitute the goal they are striving for. Those ethics we have always observed from the day of our wedding to this.

You don't need me to remind you, Joe, that I have been successful in business, although I know you have often wondered how I kept going ahead while the rest of the boys lagged behind. When Helen and I were married I was making just \$25 a week. That represented the 'gross income' of our partnership. Helen knew that I couldn't have a clear head for business unless my home life was happy and free from worry so she made that \$25 buy *all* the necessities and as many of the little luxuries of life as possible. She never nagged me for money—never balked at wearing last season's hats—never whined because she couldn't dress quite as well as some of her girlhood friends—she pulled 'with me and for me' and between us we made the best of what we had and were happy.

She made home the kind of place I wanted to be in. In the evenings we would read, go calling, or entertain our friends. If an important customer came to town I never felt ashamed to ask him to the house to dinner. Helen always made our home attractive to everyone, and one of the things I soon learned was, that a successful happy home life is reflected in a man's business life.

I didn't stay long on the \$25 a week list. The chance came to tackle that big Turner job out in Denver. It meant, give up our home here for perhaps a year or two, leaving our friends and taking little Bob on the long journey. Did Helen object? Not for a minute. We both knew our need for each other—we went to Denver together, stuck it out for two long years and I made good. I couldn't have done it, Joe, without Helen. She gave me something to work for—a home and two fine kids,

and she—why, man!—she never stopped thinking what else she could do to make life more interesting and more successful for me.

Last week the Board of Directors made me Treasurer of the company at \$25,000 a year. When I told Helen, she just looked at me and said, 'I knew you would do it, Ralph.' That's the attitude we've learned to take toward each other and toward our married life, from the very first day. We've been fair and honest with each other and with our children and it has brought us more happiness and success than I ever knew existed.

It all goes back to that night at Allison's when I discovered 'Know Thyself.' That book taught us the secret of a happy, successful married life, it made my wedding day the luckiest of them all.

Yes, Joe, I *am* glad I married, and there are thousands of other men and women who have been made just as glad as I am by reading the same book. I had the pleasure of meeting the publisher a short while ago and I jotted down a few of the important points he mentioned in discussing the book.

—it represents the combined efforts of a large number of noted specialists and educators, including Prof. T. W. Shannon, A. M., and Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D., L.L. D.

—it contains a Medical Department of over two hundred pages, edited by W. J. Truitt, M. D., formerly of National Medical College, Chicago.

—it contains eight illustrations in natural colors.

—over eighty descriptive illustrations and twenty explanatory cuts.

—it contains a complete section devoted to "Personal Help for the Married."

—the sections devoted to childbirth and the proper training of children, if earnestly studied and rigidly adhered to, would reduce the number of inmates in our jails and penitentiaries 50% in the next generation.

—present divorce laws could be abolished if every married couple would follow its instructions.

—over thirty famous authors were consulted before it was completed.

—the chapter on Ethics of the Unmarried is particularly enlightening to those about to marry.

—over half a million copies have been sold and it has been read by over one million American men and women.

You'll be interested to know that, acting upon my suggestion, the publisher is now offering to send the complete book, prepaid for five days, on approval, to anyone who is interested, with the understanding that they may either return it or remit the low price of \$4.90 at the end of the five-day period.

Here's a coupon you may use and I advise you or your wife to send for this book today. You needn't send a penny with the coupon, and you are under no obligation to keep the book after it reaches you unless you are entirely satisfied with it, so send the coupon before this liberal offer is withdrawn."

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In the battle-front of men gone mad with rage and despair, Olee John was screaming his wild lament in Eskimo. The white men were liars! The wolves were devils! The missionary gods were cheats and frauds—for they were giving up his herd to slaughter under his very eyes!

In his despair, he lost fear, and leaped upon crawling and wounded beasts with a great club. A score and a half of wolves were down, and some of them were still living. A frothing pair of jaws snapped at O'Connor as he dashed to the corral. Over the top he looked in. What he saw was a twisting and writhing mass, a terrible and formless pit of death in the starlight. Desperately he fired a fresh clipful of cartridges into the heart of it, and he yelled for the men with spears and guns. Olee John's herd was doomed; it was already down; a hundred and twenty ravenous jaws were tearing at its flesh—but O'Connor saw where also the wolves might be slain as the price of the sacrifice. He turned to yell his commands, and what he saw brought his heart into his mouth. The Eskimo had turned. They were running away! Even the bravest of them were crying out that no wolves that ever were born would kill and feast under the eyes and guns and spears of hunters a hundred strong. They were devils! They were beasts into which had entered the black souls of monsters—and they must fly before those monsters left the flesh of the herd for their own!

Vainly O'Connor called upon them. Olee John alone hesitated for a moment, then fled with the others. And fear gripped O'Connor then. Not fear of devils—but fear of the monster beasts when they had

The next *Swift Lightning* story will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

In the Enemy's Country

(Continued from page 45)

But it was not quite clear whether they regarded this consideration on the American's part as a virtue or a sign of weakness and incapacity. Indeed, this was the doubt continually raised by the manner of most of the people. One could not be sure whether they counted our leniency in our favor or took us for mere good-natured fools.

But always, as the young aides talked to the burgomaster and his wife, there was a sense of something hard to grasp—of barriers raised by a point of view fundamentally different. The burgomaster thought it was rather plain now that the German military party had undertaken the war. He did not reproach them for this. Their enterprise had gone wrong—that was all. As to the invasion of Belgium, of course that was necessary, because England and France had filled that peppery little country with soldiers in the Belgian uniform. To suppose that little Belgium alone and unaided could have held up the grand army for days and so muddled all of Germany's long-perfected plans was absurd. So blandly cocksure was the burgomaster in this belief that the aides were at a loss how to get any other notion into his mind.

"You admit," suggested one of them at last, "that the revelations from Bavaria show that Germany was responsible for the bringing-on of the war."

"Oh, yes."

finished the herd and found him there alone.

After the rabble of Eskimo hurried Constable O'Connor, one of the bravest two men that ever set foot north of sixty-six—and Olee John, seeing him coming, shrieked louder than ever his curses against white men and white gods, and sped himself up until he was leading the flight.

Half-way up from the mouth of the cul-de-sac, Topek and Pelletier and the wall of hunters met the flight. Before it had reached them, they heard the wild exhortations of the terrified hunters for their comrades to fly. The night rang with voices shouting the tragedy and the devil-miracle at the corral, and the second line of hunters wavered and broke. For a space, Topek tried to control them. But his voice was drowned. Pelletier's voice was drowned. And then, when Olee John himself ran up, wild-eyed and shrieking blasphemy, brave Topek himself turned in the direction of his village. After that came O'Connor, running, panting, and cursing under his breath, and when there was no longer a hunter in sight, the two white men followed gloomily in the trail of flight to the village of Topek, the Eskimo.

So it happened there was great feasting in the corral of the white men's trap that night; and as he had questioned himself in what he had thought was the hour of his triumph, so now, in his defeat, did François Pelletier wonder at the significance of this thing that had happened—that Fate and Olee John should have driven a herd of reindeer fifty miles down the coast in time to save the lives of a starving pack of white wolves.

The next *Swift Lightning* story will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

"Although you had been led by your government to believe the contrary?"

"Certainly."

"Then we suggest that you consider whether it is not possible that your government deceived you also as to the facts about the invasion of Belgium."

And that was what they left the young man to think about.

Of the atrocities, he simply did not believe the stories told. It had been necessary, of course, for the army to take harsh measures to protect itself from the irreconcilable old men, the scheming women, and the derisive children of Belgium, but if their towns were burned—well, they surely had themselves to blame. The towns of Luxemburg were not burned.

This was exasperating. Here was a nice young man, not a soldier, a graduate of three universities, and after two hours' conversation it was clear that he had not seen eye to eye once with the two minds from the Western world. The controversial parties were understanding each other's words, but there was no clear evidence that they were understanding each other's meaning.

The burgomaster and his wife seemed to feel that we should regard them with pity, as the victims of a misadventure. Their government had set out to loot the world. To aid it in this purpose, the people had endured all manner of sacrifice and hardship; and now, the attempt having failed,



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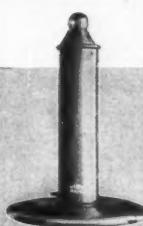
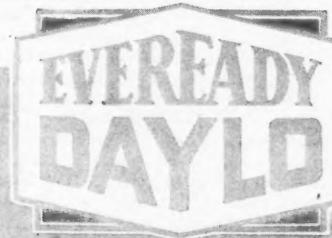
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Its single room might have been American, so far as rectangular shape and the arrangement of the furniture was concerned, with the pupils' benches facing the teacher's desk, which stood on the usual raised platform at one end. But it was the wall decorations that interested me.

they were in the unhappy case of having to make more sacrifices and undergo additional hardships to provide compensation for some of the wrongs done. I think this was typical. All Germany was feeling extremely sorry for itself. I saw no sign that they felt sorry for anyone else. Generally speaking, the people were depressed and stupefied. They were not conscience-stricken. They did not regret anything but failure. They did not fear anything but reprisal. And the more intelligent were now the more timorous. The peasants seem stolidly to understand that they had little to fear from the Americans if they behaved themselves, but the middle and upper classes were—apprehensive. For instance:

I was quartered in this same town in an elaborately furnished home where the hostess was quite obviously of the patrician type, and her large, intelligent face expressed an alarm which presently flowed over into tears when the handsome young lieutenant who attended to the billeting wished me on her. Although I was a mere journalist, a journalist, by the rules and regulations obtaining, was got up to look like an officer. Hence these alarms. From behind curtains and through narrowed doors there were furtive, frightened faces that marked my every coming and going with the greatest trepidation. One time and another, I made out among these peering faces three different young women in ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-five, who were doubtless the lady's daughters. It was on their account, no doubt, that she greeted my every appearance in her halls with uncontrollable tears.

Her face haunts me now—the face of fear, the face of ignorance of what a German lady might expect from American officers billeted in her home. Her fears were exactly of the sort I would have expected my wife and daughters to experience had the conditions been reversed. But this woman should have known that her home and her children were as safe in the keeping of American officers as if her own husband and sons had been there instead. That she did not know this puzzled me, as the whole expression and attitude of the people continued to puzzle and perplex until that morning when I came to the schoolhouse.

Its single room might have been American, so far as rectangular shape and the arrangement of the furniture was concerned, with the pupils' benches facing the teacher's desk, which stood on the usual raised platform at one end. But it was the wall decorations that interested me.

In a prominent place at the head of the room hung a colored lithograph of the kaiser, say at about thirty-five, in all the lace and gold of one of his most brilliant uniforms, and on his face was its most characteristic mask of haughty, imperious pride. The expression was not noble; it was not kingly; it was cold, proud, selfish, ambitious, domineering. That was the most prominent ideal held up before these children. That was their kaiser. That expression was his soul. The attitude of his heart and mind as revealed thereby was daily forced upon them as the most admirable spiritual example for them to pattern after.

On the left end of this same wall was a companion picture of the kaiserin, just as youthful, just as hard, just as full of cold,

Cosmopolitan for May, 1919

determined ambition as her lord's. And that was the model for the girls—an imperious mother, breeding sons for war.

But this was not all, though the walls of that schoolroom were singularly bare. On the right hand side was the picture of a German battle-ship plowing boldly through the seas, a huge bone in her teeth and the imperial ensign flying. How I wish I could remember the name of that battle-ship, because, by an odd coincidence, it was one of those which, a few days before, had steamed out of a German base to surrender meekly to the British and American fleet in the open seas; but the name refuses to come back to me, and for fear of making an error, I do not attempt to identify it.

And—climax of all!—on the opposite wall was the drawing in detail of a German submarine—not a picture but drawings by section.

And this is what they were teaching the child in the schoolrooms all over Germany. These were the ideas and the ideals being driven into his mind with every glance of the eye during every hour of the day. No picture of Goethe, none of the German Hoffman's famous portrayals of Jesus, not one of those choice rural landscapes, suggesting peace and plenty and domestic contentment, in which the country has always abounded—but bare walls, the kaiser, the kaiserin, the smashing weight of battle-ship iron, and the mechanism of an underwater pirate.

These were things in which the children of Germany had been taught to put their trust—these and the things that we know, from the way the *boche* made war, went with them in Teutonic thought. These were what they had been saturating their childhood with, from the tiny toddler up, for there were forms in that room for the five-year-old as for the adolescent country yokel. This was the sort of thing that had colored the national mind of Germany, which has so many times in the past four years perplexed the world and still perplexes it to-day.

Can the reader fancy how many times in the trying hours of the war, when battles and drives and campaigns went wrong, and the cry was still for men, while men and food were growing scarce, the schoolmaster walked down the aisle and pointed with his long pointer to the drawings of the U-boat and expatiated on its merits—told gleefully how this foul, illegal weapon which struck down the unarmed, the innocent, and the helpless in the night was slowly but surely bringing England to her knees, and how it would prevent America from landing even so many as one hundred thousand soldiers a year in Europe?

I can imagine it very well; and now, when these children stood for a week and saw their own unshattered army marching away fairly whole, leaving them to an invader's mercy, and then stood for another week, day after day, watching the never-ending columns of khaki soldiers, marching, marching, ever marching, artillery wheels rumbling, camions and supply-trains rattling, the whole paraphernalia of an army of foreign occupation establishing itself in the heart of Germany, they knew that all their schoolmaster had said to them was lies—lies—lies! And that is the explanation of the present mental and moral chaos there.

The German people have been taught

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lies, fed on lies, have believed lies, lived lies, and acted lies until now they are so sold to hypocrisy that they cannot redeem themselves in six months, and do not recognize the truth when they see it.

But, reverting to the schoolroom, did I say that those four pictures were the sole decorations? No—there was another. It had not been a part of the original scheme.

It was smaller, and a plain half-tone. It had been framed and placed between the portraits of the kaiser and the kaiserin, but brought low down upon the wall, so that it hovered like a guardian angel above the teacher's head. It was a picture of von Hindenburg, frowning, black, and determined.

And that picture, added late, during the despairing days of the war, had marked the gradual loss of the national faith in imperial institutions and its transfer to a man, who, independent of circumstances of birth, had won the trust of the people—grim old Hindenburg!

And the favorite of birth—the kaiser? He had failed them. If he had been the man he posed, how gallantly on that last morning, November 11, 1918, at, say, the hour of ten o'clock, would he have rallied his sons, paraded them before his glittering staff, then driven to the fiercest front of his army, which would have been the American front, and there, ordering them into line, each with a bayoneted rifle in his hands, have led them against the foe! They would have been shot down. They would have died. But they would have died like men. They would have brought the Hohenzollern dynasty to a glorious end, as gallant, self-sacrificing men who believed in a place in the sun strongly enough to die for it. But they did not. They had neither the courage nor the capacity for self-sacrifice. They saved their wretched lives by flight.

Perhaps it is well for the world that they did not so die. They would have given the German nation some heroes to canonize, to adore, and to worship. Now they have given them a spawn of wretched curs to point the finger of scorn at and to shun.

Herr Ebert said to the first German National Assembly, "We will be an empire of Justice and Truth."

They will have to change the decorations in the schoolroom first—take the kaisers and the kaiserins, the battle-ships and the submarines and the von Hindenburgs off the walls, and in their place put something else, Plato, perhaps, and Goethe, Washington, and Tolstoy, and—most of all—the picture of that Man who once girded himself with a towel and said: "Lo, I am in the midst of you as one that serveth!" and "If any would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all."

This Man, by following that doctrine, got a place in the sun.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—If your copy of Cosmopolitan does not reach you promptly on the 10th of the month, do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Owing to the present congested condition of the railways, delays in the operating of the mail-trains are inevitable. Therefore, in the event of the magazine's non-arrival on the 10th, our subscribers are advised to wait a few days before writing us, for by that time it will probably be in their hands.

The Colleen Rue

(Continued from page 70)

up, and, as though he were a hunting horse touched by the whip, every nerve and muscle quivered. In a daze, he watched her.

"I'm dreaming," he muttered; "I'm dreaming." The referee's whistle cut into the air.

"You're not dreaming," came the voice clear again. "I'm here."

Minow can never explain to Esthonia what happened that night on Lexington Avenue. He remembers coming forward grimly to finish a beaten man. He remembers his left wrist being gripped instantaneously by ten steel fingers. He remembers a left shoulder pivoting into position under his own left armpit. He remembers spinning into space in the "flying-mare" throw. He remembers the dull crash of his head on the insufficiently padded mat, whalebone legs going about him in a breath-strangling scissors-hold. He remembers the roar of the audience, the referee slapping O'Connell's back.

"O'Connell wins," went the decision. "Time: one hour and forty-seven minutes. Hold: scissors and arm-lock."

He is no longer the pride of Esthonia, is Alex Minow. He cannot explain to his native province how he lost that match. He tells Esthonia there was magic used against him; there must have been, he expostulates. Esthonia laughs. And yet, in a way, the man is right.

VI

In due time they were married, and they went to live in a bijou apartment overlooking Central Park, such a place as a bachelor banker might have, or an artist of note; but a ridiculous place for a member of a police force. There was nothing too good for his wife, who had been Di De Bourke, O'Connell decided, and all his savings—a notable sum, when rewards were taken into account—went to the furnishing and maintenance of that home. And he spent the more on her because she had been a governess in New York for six months and had known comparative want. She—who was his queen!

"But you can't afford this money, lad," Di told him.

"Leave it to me," O'Connell would grin. "There's nothing too good for my *Colleen Rue*."

Passed a month, passed two months, while those two hearts nestled together closer and warmer than birds in a nest. Outside, the world moved by on its daily affair, but to them, in that delicately purple Celtic honeymoon, it seemed no more than a mirage seen against an Afric sky. Time went by, measured by no mechanism of clocks, or by rising moons, or by the setting of suns. About his duties O'Connell moved in a vague unreality, as though in some drug-induced dream. And when he went home, he went as swiftly as a bird cleaving through May twilight to the blossoming bough where its mate and nest are. And when he saw Di, both their lips would be sealed and their hearts would speak in articulate, intelligible beats; and from then till dawn, a windy perfumed space would close about them, with shining stars.



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From the longhand letter rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E.

Write this circle at the beginning of and you will have Ed.

By letting the circle remain open it will be a hook, and this hook stands for A. Thus will be Ad. Add another A at the end, thus and you will have a girl's name, Ada.

From eliminate the initial and final strokes and will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for O.

For the longhand which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke

Therefore, would be Me.

Now continue the E across the M, so at to add D—thus and you will have Med. Now add the large circle for O, and you will have (medo), which is Meadow, with the silent A and W omitted.

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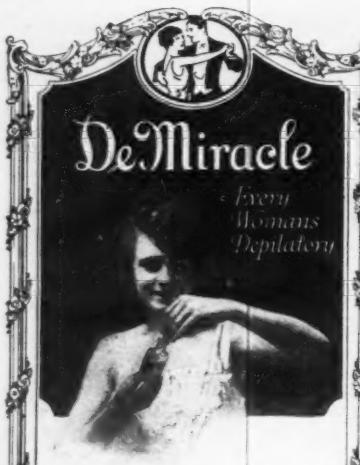
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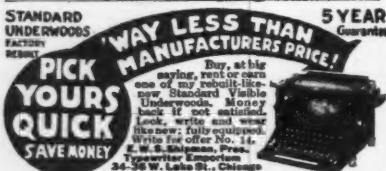
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And slowly from that trance and mystery they awakened, as people inevitably do, and life took on its proportions again—homely, cheerful, welcoming. Outside, there was still traffic in the streets and people; but a great radiance emanated from them. And O'Connell and Di were happy, because they had both glimpsed the Master Mason's pattern of existence, and saw the sweetness of it, and its broad harmony. And he was happy in his boisterous, bountiful way—bringing her presents and singing her songs.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator on Ida's hill?
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through Pennsylvania seeking you, Through burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace of the *Colleen Rue*?"

And she, happy in her own way—which was not demonstrative but very thorough—would smile that marvelous slow smile of hers. Her lids would drop slowly on the deep gray pools her eyes had become. She would kiss her finger-tips and touch him gently on the cheek.

"Dear heart! Dear lad!"

Perhaps it was because he had known nothing of women before, and perhaps it was on account of the difference of birth between them in Ireland, but, little by little, Di took on, in his mind's eye, a strange aspect. She was something to be loved, admired, adored—a being from another world, some pagan goddess who must be placated with gifts and burnt offerings. It always seemed to him unnatural that she, the *Colleen Rue*, should be married to him; as though it were some strange puzzle, he thought about it all the time he was on duty. All his love-making to her had been a passionate, poetic thing, far removed from the detail of life. He put her on a certain plane, and to her he gave all the trappings of it—comfort, happiness, luxury, adoration. He stood between her and material fact like a bulwark. She might have been an adored mistress rather than a wife.

"Oh heart, how can you love me so?" she would ask, with wonder in her eyes. And he would only affirm,

"I do."

And again time passed by, a year of it, it seemed to him now, and she was happier than ever. She knew next to nothing about his finances—he told her she mustn't worry herself about petty things like money. He was the man of the house. He would attend to that. He liked to see that glorious form of hers, splendid as her prototype and namesake's, clothed as well as any woman's in America. He liked to see that dim and flowerlike face peeping from a nest of furs. It was not because of a vanity that she was his wife, but because she was the *Colleen Rue*.

But in that year he was not so happy himself, for he saw the approach of the day when funds would be no longer in abundance, and the style of life he planned for Di would be unfeasible. That bijou apartment—how could he keep that up? In place of her tailored clothes, must she wear the ready confections of the common stores? Impossible, he said to himself. And what would she say if conditions like that arose? Would she be disappointed? Would she leave him? The mere imaginative figment gripped his heart with icy fingers.

"It mustn't be!" he swore to himself. "By God, it mustn't be!"

By now his name was in the papers regularly as a detective star. The information and cunning of his stool-pigeon, "Guinea Joe" Varesi, showed him trails that he followed blindly and unflinchingly alone when other men would have gone only in company with a squad. It was O'Connell who captured Ole Nansen, the dreaded yegg, after a hand-to-hand fight in a sail-loft on Water Street. It was O'Connell who escorted Ignatz Lefkowitz, the pickpocket, from Brooklyn to New York across on the Wall Street Ferry. When Lefkowitz jumped into the harbor in the darkness, O'Connell dived after him and swam around for fifteen minutes until he got his man and brought him ashore.

"He's got his nerve with him, that cop has!" the city admired.

It was to O'Connell, also, that Peter Robartes, the Western killer, surrendered in Hackensack—thus paying a great compliment, for Robartes knew that, with O'Connell, there would be no danger of a beating-up when manacled. And it was O'Connell who braved the pistols of the seven *Mafioti* in the Hester Street tenement, when headquarters were for getting a machine gun.

"He never lets his man go," New York boasted.

Came the night when a certain dope fiend slipped up to O'Connell as he strolled down Seventh Avenue. From the side of its twisted mouth, the Thing spoke in a whisper.

"There's something doing down at the Central Coal Company's office."

"What's doing?" O'Connell demanded, in disgust.

"Just something doing." The addict leered and slipped away.

He waited not an instant to notify headquarters or to ask help, for the hunting feeling was on him, but went straight southeastward to the company's offices on Bleeker Street. Very quietly and efficiently he came up behind the lookout on the street, stunned him with a black-jack, manacled and tossed him into an areaway, to be picked up later. He slipped through an opened window and into the offices. The safe had been blown open and Guinea Joe and Barney Hammerstein, the "Vid-dish Yegg," were cramming notes and bills into a satchel.

"So you've turned safe-cracker, Joe?" O'Connell was amazed. "Come on; I got to take you in."

"You wouldn't do that, Mr. O'Connell?" The Italian went white. "After all I helped you, you wouldn't do that?"

"This is too big a job." O'Connell shook his head. "You had a right to stick to your own line. You got to come in."

But Joe knew he wouldn't be brought in. O'Connell was under too many obligations to him, and O'Connell was too good a sportsman to round on a pal, as the phrase is. O'Connell knew it, too.

"If ever again, Joe," he said sternly, and was very grimly mute as to the rest of the sentence. Joe knew he was saved.

"How about my side-kick?" Joe asked. The yegg edged forward, wetting his lips.

"He's got to come along," O'Connell answered, though he knew in his heart he could not honestly arrest the man, having let Joe go.

"I ask you, Mr. O'Connell!" The yegg

went into hysterics. "Don't do it—I ask you! It was only a mistake. See, now—I show you. I got a little money. I ask you—be reasonable." He edged forward with a roll of bills.

O'Connell looked on hypnotized. All day he had been worrying as to the dying bank-account. When there were no more luxuries for his wife, what then? If he lived in ancient Macabre times, when Satan purchased souls for ringing golden counters, the enemy could have had his for five thousand dollars. Aye! One thousand, he had sworn to-day, on the street. The safe-blower held out the roll in quivering, nervous fingers.

"I got a mother, up in Simpson Street, Mr. O'Connell," went the singsong hysteria. "Look—I ask you. Just once. Here is twelve hundred dollars. I ask you—be reasonable." He thrust the roll into O'Connell's side pocket.

"Come on; beat it!" snapped Guinea Joe.

O'Connell stood uncertain, dazed. The pair moved off from his presence like phantasms. When he looked up, they were gone. He stood still for a dozen minutes, his face flushed, his head bowed. He walked outside and fired his revolver. "I got tipped off to something here," he told the hurrying patrolmen. "But they got away on me." He looked to see if the manacled "lighthouse" was in the areaway. He, too, was gone. "They had to leave the stuff—"

Many men on the force took money in this or some other way, he knew, deny it as strongly as they might. There was nothing despicable in it. The thing was honored by tradition. A crook was a crook after all—stick him as much as the traffic would bear. The chances were that, if arrested, by the help of a good lawyer and a humanitarian jury, the man would go free. If you didn't stick him, somebody else would. It was "honest graft."

That hardly weighed with O'Connell, for he knew the thing was wrong. He could not have arrested Barney, anyhow, because of his own stool-pigeon. And he needed that money; he would have sold his immortal soul for that money, on account of his wife, Di.

The second occasion was less hard, and the third was easy. He took money without hesitancy now, on condition that the crooks took no loot with them. That was a salve to his conscience. He compromised only with men who were burglars and who robbed the rich. For murderers, for men wanted on account of shameful crimes, for the pickpockets who robbed street-cart traffic, there was no mercy from him.

"It's honest graft," he tried to convince himself.

But something died in him. He had no longer pride in the presents he made the *Colleen Rue*. Strange lines grew about his mouth, and his eyes were sullen sometimes. He was always attentive to Di, for he loved her intensely, every minute, every day. It gave him joy to bring her to theaters, to Fifth Avenue restaurants for dinner, to spare nothing for her. Long ago she had given up asking if he could afford these things. She took it for granted he could.

"It's not every man has O'Connell's luck," some of the police commented, "to marry a wife with a barrel of money."

"She must have brought him a quarter-million," went the shrewd estimate. "He

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Time went on, and there was no diminution in his caring for the *Colleen Rue*. He still admired her. He still had joy of her. In him was the eternal reverence. But as he walked the pavements at night, no longer the old song sang in his soul and mind and veins, so that, somehow, listening, he could hear it:

"As I roved out one summer morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me.
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what I should do—"

But all he could hear about his head and his heart was the beating of the Furies' wings.

VII

HE dropped his wrestler's bulk into an armchair in the little sitting-room furnished in white and gold. His jaw was set; the lines about his mouth had deepened into a bitter triangle; his eyes were heavy and shamed.

"If you play square—" he muttered to himself venomously.

Though only four in the afternoon, the place was dark already—a heavy January darkness. Outside, sleet was falling, neither rain nor snow but a dismal premonition drizzle, a setting for disaster.

O'Connell had returned two hours earlier than he had said he would, and Di was not at home and the servants were out. The unspoken charge of Decker at the Waldorf bar had sent him forth into the murkiness a broken man.

He had met the Western athletic promoter by appointment down-town to talk over representing America in an international wrestling tournament in London. Decker's cool, gray eye had taken him in from head to toe.

"I'd send you like a shot," he had told the detective, "if I were sure you'd be on the level."

"What do you mean?" O'Connell's face had flushed.

"What I said—if I were sure you'd be on the level."

Two years ago, if Decker had said that to him, Decker would certainly have left the room a dead man. A chill struck into O'Connell's heart. Decker knew! And O'Connell had no right to resent the remark. He turned on his heel and walked out.

"If I were only on the square!"

All the way home, whither he had gone unseeing as a wounded animal makes for its lair, it seemed to him that people were pointing him out. It was as though everyone knew. He could meet no man's eyes.

As he sat there in the sitting-room, a great bitterness rose within him. So here he was who had been the pride of his people! A grafting cop! A man whom sportsmen would not trust! He buried his face in his hands.

"I'm through," he said.

Well, there was one way out. They might call it the coward's way, but it was the only one. And people would never know. An accident while cleaning his revolver. He put his hand in his hip-

pocket and pulled out the deadly blue weapon. Di would get his insurance—a big sum. That was all she cared for, he thought, perhaps with bitter injustice. From another pocket he drew forth a roll of bills. There were five hundred dollars there.

"From the loft burglars at Marie's," he laughed bitterly.

So intent had he been he never noticed that his wife had entered the room and was gazing with terrified, white face at the expression of his eyes and at the blue weapon held loosely in his fingers.

"What are you doing with that revolver?" She faced him quickly.

"Nothing," he answered smiling.

"You were going to kill yourself!" Her voice was panting. She dropped her muff and leaned across the table to him. Her voice had become very gentle. "Why, lad?"

He was silent, his head bowed. Her eye caught the roll of bills on the table.

"Is it on account of money?" she asked. An intuition flashed like wireless to her brain. There was a catch in her voice. "Jerry, is this—is this graft?" He was still silent. "Why, lad?" Her voice was as soft as though talking to a child.

He said nothing, but he looked up. His eyes went harshly about the white-and-gold apartment. They rested on the long marquise ring of diamonds and turquoise on her right forefinger, on the silver-fox furs she had thrown aside. He laughed. She never winced.

"Is this all?" she pointed to the money on the table.

"A drop in a bucket," he laughed again. "I've taken twenty times as much—ten thousand!"

He could no longer watch her eyes, there was so much pain in them, and he lowered his head. The dusk crept in more and more, and the little French clock on the grand piano ticked remorselessly. It seemed to him that each of those seconds were being told off his on nerves, so acute the jar was. The revolver slid from his fingers to the carpet.

"Because you loved me," she was beside him, bending over his bowed shoulders, "you gave me these things." He neither spoke nor bowed his head; but she felt in her heart the answer was, "Yes." She slipped into a chair beside him and drew his crisped fingers toward her. A minute passed slowly, its seconds seeming to go on in a stilted, tense processional. Against his rigidity he felt her seeking to flow all about him, as balm flows over a wound. Dusk rolled into the room in a strange, dark mist.

"And didn't I love you, my heart? Didn't I love you?" her voice was crooning to him. "And you never knew. Don't I love you now? Wouldn't I give my soul that you shouldn't be hurt?"

She caught both his hands in one of hers and tried to turn his face toward her, but his rigid muscles prevented that. She kept her arm about his neck.

"Listen," she whispered: "Do you know how I love you? Did you ever know how I loved you? Did you know I loved you in Ireland? Did you know, when we lost everything in Ireland, that I came here to be in the same continent you were on, although you should never know it. And when we were married, I seemed happy. But I was not happy at all."

Cosmopolitan for May, 1919



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It seemed to him that the arm round his neck and the hand in his hands were not material flesh but intangible soul-substance, that she was not whispering in physical accents but that her soul was pouring out some mystic message.

"I was not happy, heart, because you didn't need me. All I could give you"—her voice caught for an instant—"was myself, and that was not enough. I wanted to help you. I wanted to give, give, give all the time, for that is what love is." She gripped his shoulder fiercely. "I've lain awake at nights, man o'mine—oh, night after night when you were out—fearing that some one would shoot you, and I not there to catch the bullet in my own bosom. I've waited and waited for you to get ill, so that I could nurse you. I've wanted us to be poor, so that my fingers could be scarred from working for you, and I would rather have those scars than diamonds out of Africa."

He had, he knew not how, come closer to her, and from hand to hand there flowed a mysterious fluid that seemed to merge them into one another until they were one.

"And now my time has come." A subdued, triumphant trill came from her lips. "That money shall go back, every cent, not to those it was taken from, but to the poor of the world. And everything we have shall be sold. And we shall be poor. And I will work, as I worked when I came here. And you will put your gun in your pocket and your shield beneath your coat, and go on your way stronger than ever before." She put her arms about him triumphantly. "I'm glad," she said cryptically, "because I love you so."

The tenseness of years dropped from him like a cripple's support, and he felt broken, like a wounded man.

"I thought, when we were poor and you had not what you had in Dublin and London, you would turn on me," he confessed.

She drew back from him in a faint shiver, but a moment later her arms came about him again, infinitely tender.

"I thought," he breathed through the dusk, "that when you had heard I grafted, you would have put me aside as though I were an outcast, drawing your skirts from me."

She said no word, but her arms went about him in the darkness more closely than before, and she moved a little in front of him, as though to shield him from the world.

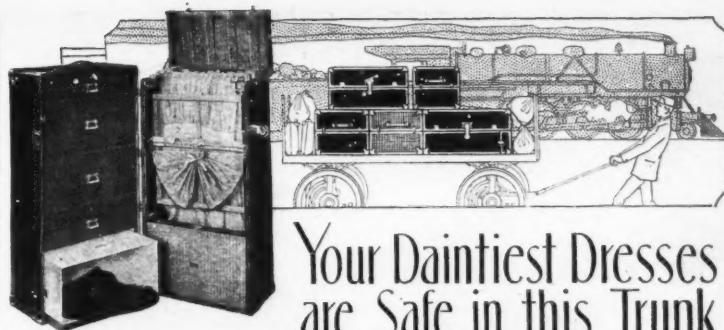
And somehow, too, he sensed there was a great pride in her heart.

"I loved you so, Di," he said; "I loved you so—and I never knew!"

He raised his head, looking over her shoulder, for he could not as yet bear to see her face.

Outside on the street, the great incandescent lights were turned on, and as their warm rays shot their way into the dark of the room, he felt that warmth and light were hunting the darkness from his heart.

"You see," the fearless detective was all but sobbing, "I never knew." He looked toward the windows, and he saw the sleet change in the beam from wet, cold, and disastrous drops into petals falling from a tree of gold; and it seemed to him that in his soul also the same miracle had happened.



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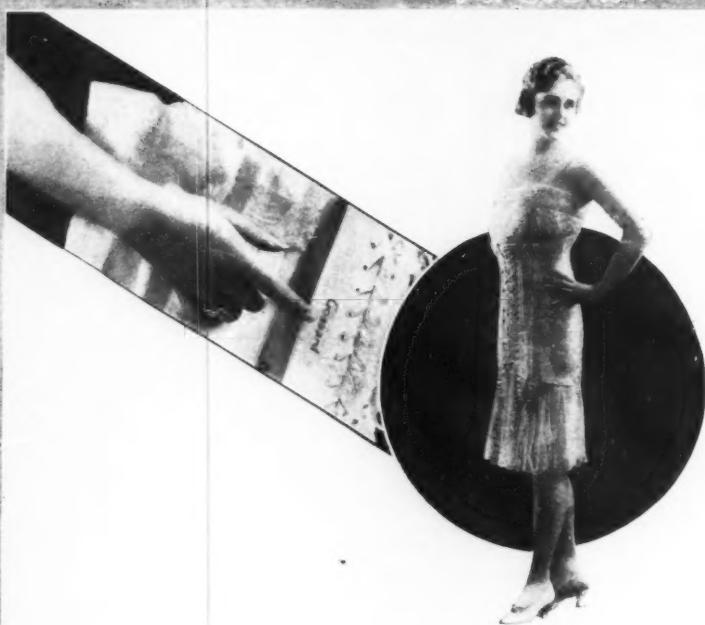
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Figure*



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Large Below
Waist*



*Ideal Figure
Large Above
Waist*



*Ideal Figure
Curved Back*



*Ideal Figure
Short Waisted*

Lost Loraine Loree

(Continued from page 26)

anything about it until morning. With the decision came relief. There was poignant pleasure in the thought that she could spend the night along with the rose-colored diamond!

For another hour or more she stood turning the smiling thing in her hand, twisting it, flashing it this way and that. It was the size of a good-shaped pea, only flatter and exquisitely cut. Its rays seemed to mesmerize her eyes and paralyze her will. At last she finished undressing and approached the bed. Kneeling down, she murmured her prayers as usual, but mechanically, her eyes fixed all the time on the heart of rose-pink fire lying before her. An unrequested phrase thrust itself into her mind:

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

She could not remember where such an odd injunction came from. It sounded like the Bible and reminded her of her childhood, so she thrust it out of her mind again quickly. Neither the Bible nor her childhood chimed in with the rose-red diamond. She got into bed, taking the stone with her, and lay awake a long time watching it. At length, when her eyes grew heavy, she slid it under the pillow just beneath her head. But even in sleep her hand jealously guarded the treasure.

As soon as she woke, her first thought was how lovely it would look in the morning light. Eagerly she drew it forth and plunged her gaze once more into its mysterious depths. Hitherto, her happy custom had been to rise and seek the breakfast-table with healthy interest. But to-day she broke her habit and stayed long abed with her fascinating companion. She felt no hunger or thirst but for its beauty. Besides, it was safer in her room. She had an idea that if she once opened her door, the delicious thing might be ravished from her grasp. Who knew? Perhaps a hateful detective waited in the corridor! A plan must be formed by which she could thwart any evilly-intentioned person and keep the diamond in her possession. After all, it was hers. Plainly it was hers. Was there not a sort of magic predestination about the whole affair? Quelch had said, when the diamond lay in her palm, that it seemed as if it wished to be there—as if it knew it had been sought and found for her. And, lo!—she had found it. It had come to her—followed of its own accord! If that was not lawful possession, she would like to know what was. Surely a natural preference on the part of the diamond should rank higher than any mere stupid diamond law!

The question next arose as to where to keep it out of the range of vulgar and prying eyes yet in her close and constant company. The answer was: A tiny bag to be slung round her neck and hidden in her bosom. Diligently she hunted for a scrap of silk and a needle and cotton. Then, as the air in her room was close, and the belighted balcony, which ran all round the square-built hotel, seemed steeped in silence and solitude, she stepped out of the French window and seated herself in a basket chair. The diamond lay in her lap and blinked at her lazily while she sewed. She felt like a happy young mother making a dainty garment for her baby.

So peaceful and preoccupied was she that Mrs. Cork, coming suddenly round a corner, was upon her before she was aware. She caught the treasure up in her clenched hand, but not before the shrewd eye of the other had spied it out.

"But how lovely!" she cried. "What is it?"

"Only a little pink topaz of mine," said Loree calmly, and held it fast and hidden. But her heart beat wildly and her cheeks were pinker than any topaz ever found on an island in the Red Sea.

"Ah," said Valeria Cork, "I've never seen a pink topaz close enough to really examine it."

This was a plain hint, but Loree sewed furiously, her left hand clutching both stone and silk.

"And what is the little bag for?"

Without hesitation, Loree answered firmly,

"To wear a piece of camphor in round my neck."

"But there is no epidemic about, is—"

"No; it is just a superstition of mine."

Brusquely she rose, stuffing sewing and stone into her pocket. She glanced at her inquisitor coldly. We usually dislike people to whom we are obliged to lie.

"How dreadfully ill you look!" she remarked, with an accent on the "dreadfully." A faint color came into the elder woman's cheek. She had looked upon the face of forty, and to-day the fact was painfully revealed. The contrast between herself and the girl in all the bloom and heyday of youth was striking.

"Bad heads take time to get over," she said curtly, "and it is stuffy in one's room."

"Ah, yes. Where is your room?" asked Loree eagerly. Anything to get away from the subject of topazes and camphor-bags.

"On the hot side of the hotel," said Mrs. Cork dryly. "We can't all afford the best side, like you."

This was the first Loree had heard of a best or worst side, but not the first time it had been brought home to her that, where she was concerned, Pat never considered the best too good.

"I should have come round to you last night if I had known where your room was," she said thoughtlessly.

Valeria Cork looked surprised.

"Why? Did you need anything?"

"Only to borrow an aspirin tablet," said Loree, looking sweet and pure and good, and as though she had never told a lie in her life. And, in fact, until this morning, lying had not been among her faults.

"You had better come round now; then you will know where I am if you want me any time," suggested the other, and they strolled idly round the balcony. There was no one about except a negro flicking dust from chairs and glancing with sleepy black eyes into the open bedrooms as he passed.

Mrs. Cork's room was indeed tiny, and not to be compared with Loree's for comfort. She proffered cigarettes and gave her visitor the most comfortable chair. There were beautiful ivory articles on the dressing-table, but they were yellow from

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use and the monograms faded. The silk wrapper she was wearing had a faded loveliness, too. All her possessions wore an air of yesterday, as of things bought in prosperity and never renewed. The only up-to-date object was a photograph of a hopeful-looking boy in his teens. On inquiry, Loree discovered that this was her only son, and was vaguely surprised to hear the name of the public school he was at—one of the most expensive in England. He had his mother's handsome eyes, but not their haggard glance.

The two women gossiped awhile; then Loree rose, saying she must dress for luncheon. Mrs. Cork announced her intention of lying down again, as her headache was returning.

In her bedroom, Loree hastened to finish the little bag and place her treasure in it. When it lay in her warm bosom, she felt excited yet curiously content. The prickle of it against her skin was as pleasing to her as the rasp of his hair shirt to the saintly hermit. She went down to lunch in a kind of dream of joy. Quelch was not there. He always lunched at his club. There were but few people about, and those casual and uninteresting. No one looked like a detective. Loree felt secure, but not calm. Her feverish desire was to be alone with her twinkling treasure once more, and she wasted no time in getting back to her room. Late in the afternoon, she dressed hurriedly in a delightful frock of transparent blue muslin the color of asphodels, and prepared for her drive with Quelch. When she glanced into the mirror just before leaving, she saw that, like Bathsheba, she was fair to look upon. But it was a new and glittering beauty that she had. Her cheek glowed; her eyes burned. Pat Temple would hardly have known his wife.

Quelch's eyes told her even more than the mirror. As she came down the main stairway, she saw him standing in the hall, reading a letter which had just been handed to him from the office. Its perusal seemed to afford him pleasure, but nothing like the unfeigned gladness with which he looked up at her. Neither he nor anyone else could have guessed from outward and visible signs that the sweet vision in diaphanous draperies of Madonna blue carried a canker at her heart—a canker in a little silk bag.

The racing car was at the door—a keen-nosed, silvery affair, with no seats, only flat cushions of sleek gray silk. They had to climb over the sides and sit cheek by jowl on the floor, and there was a great sheaf of scarlet roses for Loree's lap. It is no use denying that these charming attentions touch women deeply. Only stupid men underrate the magic influence of gifts, especially the fragrant gift of flowers. Those roses scented all the afternoon.

Quelch had the art of communicating himself without words. Loree was acutely aware of his insolent pride in her beauty as they drove through the streets. Men possess to a curious degree this scratch-brain delight in the lust of the eye and pride of life. In Africa, perhaps they indulge it more than in most places. Climate may have something to do with it, but it is a dull affair to be a plain woman there, and to be a pretty one singularly intoxicating. There was something barbaric in the warm, bold satisfaction of Quelch's eyes as they rested on her. She had the sense once



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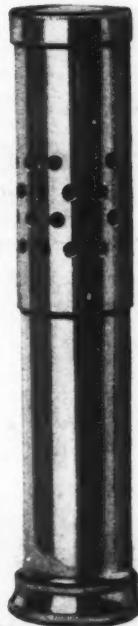
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more of living life to the full, and that old dream of hers of driving triumphant through the streets of Rome seemed curiously fulfilled. It was not strange to hear him say, very low,

"Don't you feel that we have been together before somewhere?"

She did not answer, only smiled. A blue ripple of her gown resting on his gray-clad knee acted like an electric current between them.

The Rhodes Memorial stands a little way out of the town—a rather enchanted-looking Asian temple, built of sandstone from the Matoppo Hills. They climbed its steep stairs and stood gazing from marble-pillared openings at a great vista of empty veld and a far line of hills. The Boers occupied those hills during the siege, and peppered Kimberley with fifteen hundred shells from their Long Tom, being blithely answered by Long Cecil, the big gun made in the De Beers workshops. Quelch recounted the tragic fate of Labran, the maker of this gun, who was killed by the second response from Long Tom.

Afterward, he fell into silence. It was Loree who talked lightly and incessantly. She had become aware of the danger of silence. When you are loitering on the perilous precipices where the fire-flowers grow, words are little ropes and holds by which you keep your footing. But Quelch smiled like a man who has his feet on firm ground, and enfolded her always with his bold yet subtle glance.

She was vaguely thankful for the presence of a man reading on a bench, and when Quelch wanted to drive her out into the empty veld, which the sinking sun had flooded with blood-red light, she resisted the adventure, murmuring that she must return and write a letter to catch the night post for Rhodesia. His face darkened at the words. Pat Temple had never been mentioned between them, but Loree felt no doubt that he knew where her husband was and all about him. One of the first things you learn in Africa is that everyone knows your private affairs nearly as well as you do yourself.

So the drive into the veld was renounced, but home was reached only by a route both long and devious. Loree missed the post for Rhodesia by just ten minutes. There was time for nothing before dinner except a few moments' secret genuflection at the shrine of a rose-pink idol. And after dinner time flew past in the same astonishing fashion of the previous evening. Mrs. Cork's headache had evidently persisted, for she did not appear, and they neither missed nor mourned her. Instead of sitting in the veranda, where the rest of the world was liable to note the silences that now held between them, they walked in the garden among the wet roses and languorously scented night-flowers. Playing with danger is fascinating anywhere, but in Africa the *mise en scène* is always specially arranged for this pastime.

Next morning, by the early post, there was news from Pat. He had been down with a touch of malaria, and the Wingates were looking after him. Ethel Wingate was a remote cousin and her husband an old school-friend. They had not much money, Pat wrote, but it was wonderful to see their happiness. They had been married ten years and never parted a day, weathering storms and sunshine together.

It has made me think a bit (the letter ran) and realize that while one is busy hustling about the earth, piling up a fortune for the future, one may be missing something more important in the present. What do you think, darling mine?

Loree was disturbed by the question, as a happy dreamer might be disturbed by a shout in the ear. She had closed the door of her thinking mind for the time being, and did not wish to open it, for fear of what was crouching there—a little drab-faced thing called conscience. She desired no communication with that thing, or with her soul, which was a soul obsessed. The best way to forget Pat's query was to get out the little idol that lay in her bosom and lose herself in its sparkling loveliness. But, somehow, it did not look quite so beautiful as before. Its luster seemed dimmed. Its fires had paled a little. This annoyed her. She felt as if she were being cheated in the value of something for which she had paid a heavy price.

Discontent seized her, and she went down to lunch feverishly anxious for any excitement that would revive the delicious spell under which she had lain for forty-eight hours and which now appeared to be dying off. Quelch was sitting in the hall, gossiping idly with Mrs. Cork and watching the staircase. His habit of lunching at the club, for reasons of his own not far to seek, had been renounced. If ever a man took a woman into his arms with his eyes, he did it as Loree came toward him. The excitement she sought was supplied. Hot color surged in her cheeks and glowed to her hair.

Valeria Cork's cynical eye computed the situation, and she smiled somewhat dryly behind her cigarette. She was looking better, but still proclaimed her inability for dissipation of any kind, and refused Quelch's invitation to the theater that night. He had a box for "The Gay Lord Quex." Loree hesitated to accept alone. But they both seemed to think it surprisingly simple of her to suppose that there were any conventions to outrage in South Africa, also that, as a married woman, she did not do as she pleased. Put on her pride in this manner, of course she decided to go. Something fluttered like a frightened bird behind that door of her mind (or heart, or soul) which she had so carefully closed. It might have been the little drab-faced conscience. However, a fascinating champagne cocktail drugged it into silence, and they enjoyed a merry lunch together.

The afternoon was spent about as busily as the lilies of the field spend their afternoons. She rested a good deal, shook out her best gown for the evening, tried a new way of doing her hair, and brooded over the diamond in an effort to recapture the first fine early magic of possession. In this she was not altogether successful, but, at any rate, she managed to obliterate from her memory Pat's query and the general wistfulness of his letter. That, at least, was something accomplished, something done to earn a night's amusement.

Certainly the lilies of the field could not have been fairer than she, descending at sight, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," and wearing Pat's rope of three hundred and sixty-five pearls. The only color about her was her radiant hair, but hiding under her heart a little pink god smiled and sparkled in secret.

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She looked *ravissante*. No wonder every man in the hotel found a good and proper reason for being in the hall while Quelch put on her wraps and conducted her to the car. Many a glance of admiration came her way, mingled with undisguised envy of her companion. Afterward, some grinned with joy at the prospect of the indomitable Quelch riding to a fall; some derided the absent husband, and some pitied the woman. But the two in the car recked nothing. Quelch's philosophy was that if you are strong enough, will pay high enough, and play a waiting game skilfully enough, you can get most things for yourself, even unto your heart's desire. Loree's experience of waiting games and players who compute the value of every gambit was absolutely nil, and her philosophy, such as it was, took no account of the disintegrating influences of climate, flattery, sparkling things, and the pits that vanity digs for the feet. She was entirely occupied with being beautiful and desirable and admired of all men, especially the one at her side. It seemed as if the earth was for her and the fulness thereof. It is a delusion many women have while walking on the edge of the ravine where the fire-flowers blow.

If Quelch's methods had been less fine, she might have been safer. Because he was so very quiet and gentle, refraining even from touching her hand, she inclined to believe herself very wise and secure. Yet, in the closed and silent car, there was a certain breathlessness. Once she had a sensation of drowning in the scent of roses. Arrival at the theater was almost like a rescue.

Surrounded by people and lights and noise, she became very brilliant and gay. Her remarks sparkled like the jewels on the white shoulders of the women in the audience. All eyes were turned to the lovely red-haired girl alone in a box with Quelch. She got more attention than Pinero's play. But on the return drive she was less sure of herself. Quelch's eyes, as he had watched and listened to her all the evening, made her afraid, and the intimate silence of the car was a fresh plunge into the sea of roses that had power to suffocate. Her gaiety became a little forced. She sat apart in her corner, as if attempting to isolate herself. In her companion, there was no departure from the gentleness he always used; but, half-way home, in his tender, velvety voice, he asked a question:

"Do you remember saying there were other women like you in the world?"

"Of course." She essayed to laugh lightly, but the silence that followed had nothing reassuring in it. The car drew up at the hotel entrance before he spoke again.

"If I thought there was another, I would seek her by day and night, and never rest until she was in my arms—mine!"

The chauffeur opened the door. Quelch helped her to descend, and they entered the dim hall. Without meeting his glance, she bade him good-night and passed swiftly up-stairs, well aware that he remained standing there, following her with his eyes. Breathlessly she closed and locked the door upon herself. But she could not shut out the agitation of her veins or the wild beating of her heart. Fright had come into the room with her. The thing had gone too far—grown too big for the manipulation of the little hands she had thought so clever. She sat staring at

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them, and at the white reflection of herself in the glass. Flirtation had overswept the neat confines laid down by her and come washing over in a big wave that nearly overwhelmed her. This would never do. She must get back to where she was before, on the safe and unassailable rock where she had always dwelt as Pat Temple's wife. It was incomprehensible that she had ever lost her footing from that rock, and she could not quite remember how or when it had occurred. Somehow, the little pink idol was mysteriously connected with the event. It occurred to her now to calm her troubled musings by a sight of it. Gazing into its deep-pink fire-lit heart, her agitation passed; at last she rose and began to take off her gown. But in the middle of undressing, her movements and her glance became fixed. On a small writing-table at the foot of her bed something was glittering alluringly. For a moment she stood rigid, then flew to it, as a foolish bird flies to the snare. All the stars in heaven seemed to have come down to lie there linked together by a silvery thread.

It was a chain of diamonds, flexible and long as her chain of pearls, and of a loveliness and brilliancy indescribable. Tenderly, adoringly, she gathered it up. It ran like fire and water through her fingers, flashing, laughing, winking. When she held it altogether in her two palms, it was as though the sun had set in a pool of crystal dew. When it slipped down over her red-brown hair to her throat and shoulders and the shadow of her bosom, her beauty seemed enhanced to unearthliness. She gave a long sigh, and something went fluttering out of her. It might have been the little pale-faced conscience. Perhaps it was her soul taking wing. Whatever it was, she neither recked nor reasoned. The work begun by the rose-red idol had been accomplished by the chain of stars. She was lost.

How did those diamonds get there? Dare she keep them? What price must her soul pay for them? The second half of *Lost Lorraine Loree*, which answers these questions, will be in *June Cosmopolitan*. It will be well to get your copy early, for *America's Greatest Magazine* is also America's fastest-selling magazine.

Saint's Progress

(Continued from page 59)

resignation has been due to you. It is not so. You know, or perhaps you don't, that, ever since the war broke out, I have chafed over staying at home. My heart has been with our boys out there, and sooner or later it must have come to this, apart from anything else.

There is one thing I must tell you: Leila has gone back to South Africa; she came round one evening about ten days ago to say good-bye. She was very brave, for I fear it means a great wrench for her. I hope and pray she may find comfort and tranquillity out there. And now, my dear, I want you to promise me not to see Captain Fort. I know that he admires you. But, apart from the question of his conduct in regard to Leila, he made the saddest impression on me by coming to our house the very day after her departure. There is something about that which makes me feel he cannot be the sort of man in whom I could feel any confidence. I don't suppose for a moment that he is in your thoughts, and yet, before going so far from you, I feel I must warn you. I should rejoice



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to see you married to a good man; but, though I don't wish to think hardly of anyone, I cannot believe Captain Fort is that.

I shall come down to you before I start, which may be in quite a short time now. My dear love to you and Gracie, and best wishes to George.

Your ever-loving father,
EDWARD PIERSON.

Across this letter lying on her knees, Noel gazed at the spidery movement on the wall. Was it acquiescence that the old lady knitted, or was it the reverse—a fight drawn out to death itself, twiddling and dancing to the tune of the needles like the gray ghost of human resistance to fate? She wouldn't give in, this oldest lady in the world; she meant to knit till she fell into the grave. And so Leila had gone! It hurt her to know that; and it pleased her. Acquiescence—resistance! And now daddy—why did he always want to choose the way she should go? So gentle he was, yet he always wanted to! And why did he always make her feel that she must go the other way? The sunlight ceased to stream in; the old lady's shadow faded off the wall, but the needles still sang their little tune. And the girl said,

"Do you enjoy knitting, Mrs. Adam?"

The old lady looked at her above the spectacles.

"Enjoy, my dear? It passes the time?" "But do you want the time to pass?" There was no answer for a moment, and Noel thought, "How dreadful of me to have said that!"

"Eh?" said the old lady.

"I said, 'Isn't it very tiring?'"

"Not when I don't think about it, my dear."

"What do you think about?"

The old lady cackled gently.

"Oh—well—" she said.

And Noel thought, "It must be dreadful to grow old and pass the time."

She took up her father's letter and bent it meditatively against her chin. He wanted her to pass the time—not to live, not to enjoy! To pass the time. What else had he been doing himself all these years, ever since she could remember, ever since her mother died, but just passing the time? Passing the time because he did not believe in this life—not living at all, just preparing for a life he did believe in. Denying himself everything that was exciting and nice, so that, when he died, he might pass pure and saintly to his other world. He could not believe Captain Fort a good man, because he had not passed the time and resisted Leila; and Leila was gone! And now it was a sin for him to love some one else; he must pass the time again. "Daddy doesn't believe in life," she thought. "Daddy's a saint; but I don't want to be a saint and pass the time. He doesn't mind making people unhappy, because the more they're repressed, the saintlier they'll be. But I can't bear to be unhappy or see others unhappy. I wonder if I could bear to be unhappy to save some one else—like Leila. I admire her—oh, I admire her! She's not doing it because she thinks it good for her soul; only because she can't bear making him unhappy. She must love him very much. Poor Leila! And she's done it all by herself, of her own accord." It was like what George said of the soldiers. They didn't know why they were heroes; it was not because they'd

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been told to be. They just had to be, from inside somewhere, to save others. "And they love life as much as I do," she thought. "What a beast it makes one feel!" Those needles! Resistance—acquiescence? Both, perhaps. The oldest lady in the world, with her lips moving at the corners, keeping things in, had lived her life, and knew it. How dreadful to live on when you were of no more interest to anyone, but must just "pass the time" and die! But how much more dreadful to "pass the time" when you were strong, and light and life and love were yours for the taking! "I shan't answer daddy," she thought.

II

I

THE maid who, one Saturday in July, opened the door to Jimmy Fort had never heard the name of Laird, for she was but a unit in the ceaseless procession which passes through the boarding-houses of places subject to air-raids. Placing him in a sitting-room, she said she would find Miss 'Allow. He waited, turning the leaves of an illustrated journal wherein society beauties, starving Serbians, actresses with pretty legs, prize dogs, sinking ships, royalties, shells bursting, and padres reading funeral services testified to the catholicity of the public taste but did not assuage his nerves. What if their address were not known here? Why, in his fear of putting things to the test, had he let this month go by? An old lady was sitting by the hearth, knitting. "She may know," he thought; "she looks as if she'd been here forever." And, approaching her, he said,

"I can assure you those socks are very much appreciated, ma'am."

The old lady bridled over her spectacles.

"It passes the time," she said.

"Oh, more than that! It helps to win the war, ma'am."

The old lady's lips moved at the corners; she did not answer. "Deaf," he thought.

"May I ask if you knew my friends, Doctor and Mrs. Laird, and Miss Pierson?"

The old lady cackled gently:

"Oh, yes! A pretty young girl—as pretty as life. She used to sit with me."

"Where have they gone? Can you tell me?"

"Oh, I don't know at all."

It was a little cold douche on his heart. He longed to say: "Stop knitting a minute, please. It's my life to know." But the tune of the needles answered, "It's my life to knit." And he turned away to the window.

"She used to sit just there—quite still."

Fort looked down at the window-seat. So—she used to sit just here, quite still.

"What a dreadful war this is!" said the old lady. "Have you been at the front?"

"Yes."

"To think of the poor young girls who'll never have husbands! I'm sure I think it's dreadful."

"Yes," said Fort; "it's dreadful." And then a voice from the doorway said:

"Did you want Doctor and Mrs. Laird, sir? East Bungalow, their address is; it's a little out on the north road. Anyone will tell you."

With a sigh of relief, Fort looked gratefully at the old lady who had called Noel as "pretty as life."

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—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

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Fort went out. He could not find a vehicle, and was a long time walking. The bungalow was ugly, of yellow brick pointed with red. It lay about two-thirds up between the main road and cliffs, and had a rock garden, and a glaring, brand-new look in the afternoon sunlight. He opened the gate, uttering one of those prayers which come so glibly from unbelievers when they want anything. A baby's crying answered it, and he thought with ecstasy, "Heaven, she is here!" Passing the rock garden, he could see a lawn at the back of the house and a perambulator out there under a holm-oak tree, and Noel—surely Noel herself! Hardening his heart, he went forward. In a lilac sunbonnet, she was bending over the perambulator. He came softly on the grass, and was quite close before she heard him. He had prepared no words, and just held out his hand. The baby, interested in the shadow falling across its pram, ceased crying. Noel took his hand. Under the sunbonnet, which hid her short hair, she seemed older and paler, as if she felt the heat. He had no feeling that she was glad to see him.

"How do you do? Have you seen Gratiot? She ought to be in."

"I didn't come to see her; I came to see you."

Noel pointed to the baby.

"Here he is."

Fort stood at the end of the perambulator, and looked at that other fellow's baby. In the shade of the hood, with the frilly clothes, it seemed to him lying with its head down-hill. It had scratched its snub nose and bumpy forehead, and its blue eyes stared up at its mother with solemn intensity; the fatness of its cheeks caused those eyes to have no under-lids.

"I wonder what they think about," he said.

Noel put her finger into the baby's fist.

"They only think when they want something."

"That's a deep saying; but his eyes are awfully interested in you."

Noel smiled.

"He's a darling!" she said, in a whisper.

"And so are you," he thought, "if only I dared say it!"

"Daddy is here," she said suddenly, without looking up. "He's sailing for Egypt the day after to-morrow. He doesn't like you."

Fort's heart gave a jump. Why did she tell him that, unless—unless she was just a little on his side?

"I expected that," he said. "I'm a sinner, as you know."

Noel looked up at him. "Sin!" she said, and bent again over her baby. The word, the tone in which she said it, crouching over her baby, gave him the thought, "If it weren't for that little creature, I shouldn't have a dog's chance."

"I'll go and see your father. Is he in?"

"I think so."

"May I come to-morrow?"

"It's Sunday—and daddy's last day."

"Ah! Of course." He did not dare to look back, to see if her gaze was following him, but he thought, "Chance or no chance, I'm going to fight for her tooth and nail."

In a room darkened against the evening sun, Pierson was sitting on a sofa, reading. The sight of that khakied figure disconcerted Fort, who had not realized that there would be this metamorphosis. The narrow face, clean-shaven now, with its deep-set eyes and compressed lips, looked so much more priestly now, in spite of this brown garb. He felt his hope suddenly to be very forlorn indeed. And rushing his fences, he began abruptly,

"I've come to ask you, sir, for your permission to marry Noel, if she will have me." He had thought Pierson's face gentle; it was not gentle now.

"Did you know I was here, then, Captain Fort?"

"I saw Noel in the garden. I've said nothing to her, of course. But she told me you were starting to-morrow for Egypt; so I shall have no other chance."

"I am sorry you have come. It is not for me to judge, but I don't think you will make Noel happy."

"May I ask why, sir?"

"Captain Fort, the world's judgment of these things is not mine; but since you ask me, I will tell you frankly. My cousin Leila has a claim on you. It is her you should ask to marry you."

"I did ask her; she refused."

"I know. She would not refuse you again if you went out to her."

"I am not free to go out to her; besides, she would refuse. She knows I don't love her, and never have."

"Never have?"

"No."

"Then why—"

"Because I'm a man, I suppose, and a fool."

"If it was simply 'because you are a man,' as you call it, it is clear that no principle or faith governs you. And yet you ask me to give you Noel—my poor Noel, who wants the love and protection not of a 'man,' but of a good man. No, Captain Fort; no!"

Fort bit his lips.

"I'm clearly not a good man in your sense of the word; but I love her terribly, and I would protect her. I don't in the least know whether she'll have me. I don't expect her to, naturally. But I warn you that I mean to ask her, and to wait for her. I'm so much in love that I can do nothing else."

"The man who is truly in love does what is best for the one he loves."

Fort bent his head.

"That's true," he said. "And I shall never trade on her position. If she can't feel anything for me now or in the future, I sha'n't trouble her—you may be sure of that. But if, by some wonderful chance, she should, I know I can make her happy, sir."

Pierson touched the lapel of his tunic.

"Captain Fort, I am going far away from here and leaving her without protection. I trust to your chivalry not to ask her till I come back."

Fort threw up his head.

"No, no; I won't accept that position."

Pierson came slowly up to him.

"In my view," he said, "you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her."

"You can't expect me to take the priest's view, sir."

Pierson's lips trembled.

"You call it the 'priest's view'; I think it is only the view of a man of honor."

Fort reddened.

"That's for my conscience," he said stubbornly. "I can't tell you, and I'm not going to, how things began. I was a fool. But I did my best, and I know that Leila doesn't think I'm bound. If she had, she would never have gone. When there's no feeling—there never was real feeling on my side—and when there's this terribly real feeling for Noel, which I never sought, which I tried to keep down, which I ran away from—"

"Did you?"

"Yes. To go on with the other was foul. I should have thought you might have seen that, sir; but I did go on with it. It was Leila who made an end."

"Leila behaved nobly, I think."

"She was splendid; but that doesn't make me a brute."

Pierson turned away to the window, whence Fort knew he could see Noel. He turned back again suddenly and said:

"It is repugnant to me. Is there never to be any purity in her life?"

"Is there never to be any *life* for her? At your rate, sir, there will be none. I'm no worse than other men, and I love her more than they could."

For fully a minute Pierson stood silent before he said:

"Forgive me if I've spoken harshly. I didn't mean to. I love her intensely; I wish for nothing but her good. But all my life I have believed that for a man there is only one woman—for a woman only one man."

"Then, sir," Fort burst out, angry, "you wish her—"

Pierson put his hand up as if to ward off a blow.

"We are all made of flesh and blood," Fort continued, "and it seems to me that you think we aren't."

"We have spirits, too, Captain Fort." The voice was suddenly so gentle that Fort's anger evaporated.

"I have a great respect for you, sir; but a greater love for Noel, and nothing in this world will prevent me trying to give my life to her."

A smile quivered over Pierson's face.

"If you try, then I can but pray that you will fail."

Fort did not answer and went out. He walked slowly away from the bungalow, with his head down, sore, angry, and yet relieved. He knew where he stood; nor did he feel that he had been worsted—those strictures had not touched him. Convicted of immorality, he remained conscious of private justifications, in the way that human beings have. Only one little corner of memory, unseen and uncriticized by his opponent, troubled him. He pardoned himself the rest; the one thing he did not pardon was the fact that he had known Noel before his liaison with Leila commenced, had even let Leila sweep him away on an evening when he had been in Noel's company. For that, he felt a real disgust with himself. And all the way back to the station, he kept thinking: "How could I? I deserve to lose her! Still, I shall try; but not now—not yet!" And, weary enough, he took the train back to town.

The conclusion of *Saint's Progress*
will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.



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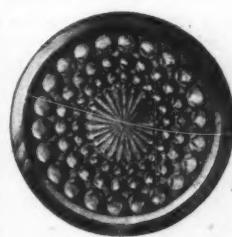
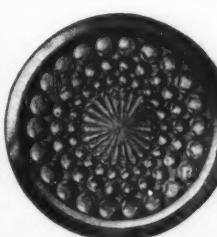
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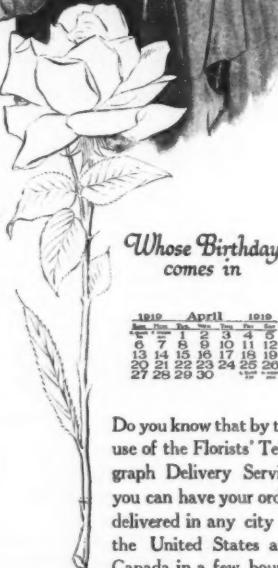
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The Last Adventure

(Continued from page 39)

But Dan doubted if he could catch up with her now. She had started off at a good pace, and he could not hobble so very fast.

While he was debating the idea, Hamlet-wise, without coming to any active decision, the other man on the bench, who was not troubled with so many mental processes, got up suddenly and started off in the direction in which the girl had disappeared.

That put the spurs to the American officer's decision. Not ten seconds behind the straw hat, Daniels set out in determined pursuit, limping along at a pace he would not have believed himself capable of.

He couldn't say exactly why he followed. There wasn't any reason. He did not know the girl or the man, would not be justified in following them, even if he did, and did not have an idea what he would do if he should catch up with them. The chances were that this was not the girl his friend had wanted to find, anyway. Other girls wore their hair in that fashion. No; there was no sense to his action—it was only a sort of psychic hunch that he was going on, an impulsive answer to the call of Opportunity.

Whatever impulse it was, it drove him rapidly enough, so that he soon overtook the whiskered interloper.

By that time, however, they had left the promenade terrace proper and had begun to mount the incline that led to the town on the heights. The grade made the American officer slow up a little, and the white hat gained a better lead. But there was no one else on the walk between them, and there was little danger of losing the view-halloo for some time.

And then the straw hat stopped.

Daniels rather guessed why, and his suspicion was confirmed, a moment later, when he drew nearer and found two figures on the sidewalk. The other one was the girl in the black cloak.

He slackened his pace even more, so as not to pass them too rapidly, and as he slowed down, the folly of his pursuit struck him fully for the first time. What sheer nonsense for him, a logical person, as he was firmly convinced, to be chasing phantom moths on the esplanade of a fashionable resort!

But as he wavered toward turning back, a low cry from the group ahead of him drove his logic back to its shelter, and he stepped forward briskly once more.

It was the girl who had spoken, and she had said simply, "*Non; non!*" but there was an unmistakable note of distress in her voice that could not be ignored.

The man's hand was on the girl's arm, and he was apparently attempting to lead her off from the main thoroughfare to one of the numerous bypaths. The girl was trying to pull away.

Impulse, in command of the American's movements, made him step up to the two and break the man's grip with a twist of the wrist.

"Allow me, *mademoiselle*," he said, offering his own arm.

The man in the straw hat got his cue immediately and faded into a bobbing white dot headed down the hill. Daniels paid no further attention to him. Neither

need anyone else, except, perhaps, his suffering wife, who probably has to trim his whiskers from time to time and sew an occasional new ribbon on his jaunty straw head-gear.

But the girl remained, her hand on Daniels' arm resting quite tranquilly, just as if it had always been there and belonged there by right. And his felt an agreeable content with the confiding way that she allowed herself to be taken in charge.

What next? It suddenly occurred to Dan that he had no idea what to do with his white elephant. Perhaps the best plan would be to ask the lady herself where she wished to be delivered.

That involved using the unwieldy medium of the French language, but Dan struck out manfully.

"*Mademoiselle, si vous voulez, je vous—Mais non. Je fais ce que vous voulez, mademoiselle. Si vous avez le désir de—*" He stopped and floundered. "Darn! What the Sam Hill is the word for 'go home'?"

"*Aller chez vous*," suggested the girl practically. He did not notice it so much then, but he afterward recollect that her very first words to him had that same tender, musical note that he was always to associate with her voice.

"You speak English?" he asked, startled by her comprehension of his question in that language.

"One little, *monsieur*. I studied ze language English for two years in ze school, *n'est-ce pas?* But you speak French very well, *monsieur*."

"I'd believe that," observed Dan dryly, "if I hadn't heard every French person in this polite country say the same thing to every American who could say '*Oui*' and '*Merci*' without the aid of a dictionary."

"Comment? I not understand when you speak it so fast." She spoke very slowly and deliberately herself, as if to set the pace. It was also evident that she had to search her memory for words. "I have not spoken ze English much since several years."

They were walking on up the hill. Nearer the top, the walk was swallowed up in the velvet shadows of trees.

For the first time, she noticed his limp.

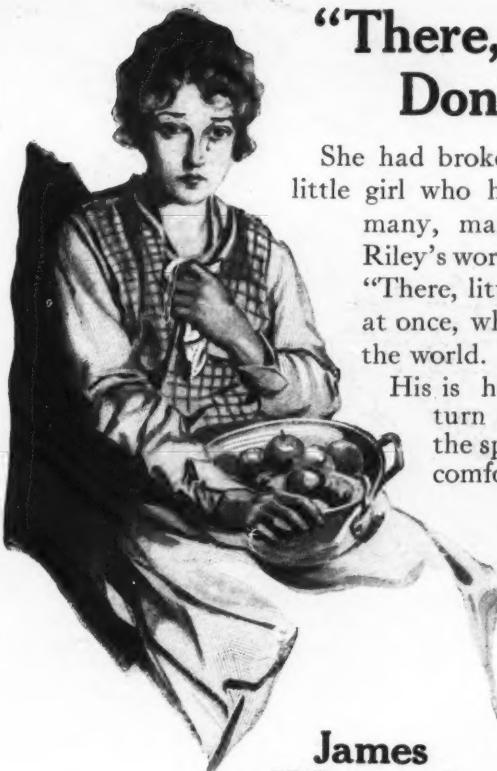
"Ah, *monsieur*, it is that you are *blessé*—wounded, *n'est-ce pas?* Forgive me that I should make you to walk so far."

"It's nothing to amount to anything," he responded. "Only, when I walk much, as I have to-day, I tire easily." He spoke slowly himself now, with appreciable pauses between words, better to allow each one to sink in and be classified by itself.

"Then you must sit yourself down one moment," she insisted solicitously. "There is one *banc*—one bench—somewhere all near to this place." She turned irresolutely an instant and then led him off the walk by a beaten path to a sort of a park bench overlooking the sea-wall. "Here you shall rest, *monsieur*." She sat down beside him. "It is well, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"It certainly is," Dan agreed fervently. It surely was not what he expected when he had allowed his friend, Rapley Harp, to set off alone in search of romance less than an hour before, but the situation had a definite charm of immediacy and opportunism that held enthralled his curiosity and interest.

When he thought of Harp starting out deliberately to comb the shadows for adventure and of himself stumbling upon



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it unintentionally and unawares, he laughed.

"For why do you laugh, *monsieur*?" she inquired instantly.

"At something you could not understand, *mademoiselle*. I beg your pardon for thinking of it at this moment."

She tried to look at him in the darkness as if to penetrate his secret.

"Wait one moment," she said, puzzled.

"Is it not that you are *ze officier américain* who sat himself near to me down there?"

She waved vaguely in the direction of the beach.

"Yes," Dan admitted reluctantly. "But how should you know that? You did not see me then."

"Sometimes," she answered gravely, "one knows something without seeing, without hearing, even."

Dan was constrained to admit this. He felt quite sure that this girl herself was a person whose presence one would instinctively recognize anywhere, but he did not attempt to explain his conviction.

"And you followed me, *monsieur*?" she pursued, when he did not offer any remark.

"Why?"

"I was coming this way, anyhow," Dan defended, not lying exactly, because it was possible to return to his hotel through town if one did not mind a long walk.

She accepted the explanation without further dispute.

"What hour is it, *monsieur*?" she asked next.

By way of reply, he extended his luminous wrist-watch. Better to see, she took his hand in both of hers. What thrilling fingers she had! Dan was not quite prepared for the shock. Perhaps it was because he had been in the army so long, far from the presence of women folk and had known feminine companionship only through the medium of letters six weeks delayed. Perhaps.

"Your hand, it is cold, one leetle, *monsieur*!" she exclaimed commiseratingly. "For why? Because you are *malade*—ill, *n'est-ce pas*?" With a gesture, she carried his hand to her cheek as if to warm it there. "You must, it is, of course, go to your hotel and take care of your good health."

"It's early yet, is it not?" Dan protested.

"I don't know," she answered.

"But you just looked at my watch."

"I did so," she admitted, with a little laugh, "but, *monsieur*, I did not see it."

"Who are you, and what are you?" Dan demanded, brushing aside the question of time as of relatively small importance.

"*17?*" she answered, and then pondered his question a moment before replying. "My name is—you may call me Jacqueline if you wish. Once, some one, in English, called me 'Jack,' and I do not mind. My father, if you will, was one general of France, long years ago, one engineer general, *n'est-ce pas*? My mother yet lives in Paris, and there is also one brother at the front—one soldier in *ze artillery*." She laughed. "That's all, *monsieur*."

He had not meant to pry into her family history.

"I asked of yourself, Jacq—" He hesitated a moment at using her first name.

"Jacqueline," she prompted.

"Tell me about yourself, Jacqueline."

"That is very simple. I am—how old do you think?"



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"Twenty-four," he hazarded.

"Twenty-three," she corrected. "But it matters not. I am young enough. And old enough, too. I have learned much. Once, in Paris, I worked in one office—typist—*n'est-ce pas?*—for one year. Later, I posed somewhat for one artist who makes designs for *La Vie Parisienne*. Now I am here at Biarritz for the summer. This winter, I go to Nice. Perhaps then the war will be over and I return to Paris. Who knows?"

Yes; it was simple, but not so very explanatory. It was vague as to details. Dan tried to be shocked a little at the idea of posing for illustrations for *La Vie Parisienne*—because he had seen that sprightly magazine—but failed utterly. Things seemed, somehow, to be different here. Nothing really mattered at all.

In return, he told her a little about himself, tried to make her understand the country he lived in, failing in this because she could not get the American point of view. He was surprised to find that he comprehended her lack of understanding. Some of the things he told her sounded unfamiliar even to himself. America was indeed a remote country.

It must have been half an hour later that she rose from the bench.

"Now it is necessary that I should go home—really," she said. "No; you should not accompany me," she added, when he proposed to go with her. "Your hotel is over there, I think." She pointed unerringly in the direction and laughed a little. "You are wounded, and my *pension* is many minutes far from here."

"But I don't mind," he insisted, "and if some one should—"

"I have no fear," she replied to his thought.

"Nevertheless, I may as well go, anyway."

"Perhaps," she said slowly, almost reluctantly, "it is I who do not wish that you should, because I do not want you to know where I live."

"But why?"

"Because, *monsieur*, it will be much better should you forget me soon, very soon, but—oh, surely not before to-morrow morning." She held out her hand to him in token of farewell.

For some reason quite foreign to his habit and nature, Dan took her palm in both of his and raised her fingers to his lips.

The result was quite surprising to him—to both, perhaps. She drew her hand back suddenly and pressed it to her own face. Then she started away.

"Good-night," she said, when she was the length of the bench from him.

"Good-night."

"*Monsieur?*"

"Yes."

"If, when you sat down beside me that first time by the beach—you remember?—if you had spoken to me then, I would have answered you and would not have run away."

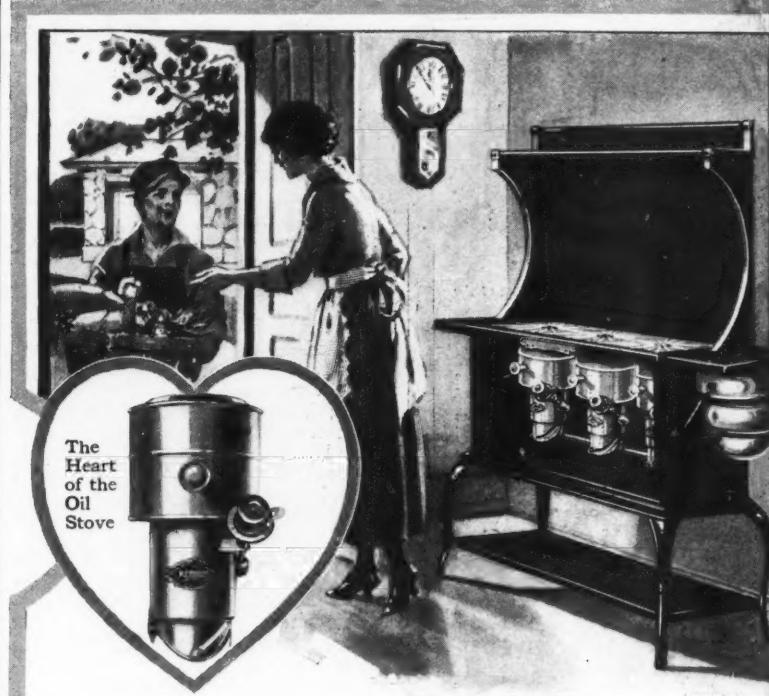
"Why, Jack?" He advanced a step toward her, but felt rather than saw her gesture motioning him back. "Why?"

"Because—because I was so very, very lonely—for—some one—like—you—and—"

"And what?"

"And—I—never—met—one—before."

Then she was gone.



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At the hotel, Daniels found his friend, the artilleryman, in bed. But he was not asleep, and he opened one eye as his roommate came in.

"Well, Don Juan, what keeps you out so late at night? I suppose you found some old fossil French attorney on a vacation, and you got all tied up in a discussion of how to bend the laws of your respective countries without breaking them. Gad, I wish I could amuse myself with bloodless facts the way you can!"

Daniels was relieved at not having to answer Rap's first question, and he let him ramble on and answer it himself.

"Just why are you in so early?" he demanded of the man already in bed. "Didn't you find romance in the shadows as you expected?"

"No; I didn't find a thing but disillusionment, as usual. I wish that, just once in this life, I could end a day as optimistically as I began it. The world is hollow; woman is a mockery, and—"

"Just what in particular is biting you now?"

"I'll tell you what." Rap sat up in bed, the better to emphasize his point. "Do you remember that girl in the green-silk bathing-suit?"

Daniels steadied himself, and then answered in his usual voice:

"Yes. Did you see her again?"

"No; but I asked some people about her, and guess who she is."

"Couldn't do it, old top. Who is she?"

"She's the *meilleure amie*, the protégée, to put it politely, of a French general. He leaves her here while he's at the front. And the word has gone out to keep 'hands off.' She couldn't be more inaccessible to acquaintance if she really were a queen." He beat his pillow savagely. "My luck makes Job's career look like an adventure in contentment." He threw himself face downward in his pillow.

Daniels turned out the light to preclude further conversation. He had several things to think out.

It took him all night to do it.

V

The ultimate result of his cogitations was the sensible and definite determination not to see this person, Jacqueline, again. As that was apparently her own wish also, judging from her reluctance to let him know where she lived and from her advice about forgetting her, it would doubtless be easy. Of course, even an acquaintance with her was out of the question—for Barbara's sake. Even now he remembered guiltily how he had touched this French girl's fingers with his lips the night before. Why, he must have been mad!

Still, it was with something like a sigh that he banished his night of rioting thoughts and greeted the dawn and his own cold, logical self.

"I wish," said Rap enviously, when they were at breakfast, "that I had an anchor somewhere the way you have. Here you are, calm, collected, and contented, and I'm still raging inwardly with disappointment over that girl I've never met. To think that she is way out of reach, much more so than if she were married—in this country, I mean; so don't be shocked. And you sit there, cool and refreshed, looking as if you had never seen the chasm that opened and closed beside you."

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"Do I look as fresh as all that?"

"You do."

"Good!" Daniels mentally congratulated himself on his acting abilities. If there were any nerves in that dining-room which ought to be yelling in siren protest, his were those very nerves. The day began auspiciously, then. Later, he would take a nap, and by dinner-time life would be back in its beaten orbit once more.

They went out on the beach for a morning stroll. It lasted until lunch-time and included a lazy dip in the sea.

Daniels was vastly relieved because they did not encounter Jacqueline. His experience did not offer him any guide as to what to do if they did. Probably she would not recognize him at that or, even if she did, would not acknowledge it. Their acquaintance had begun and ended in deep shadow.

The afternoon was just as lazy as the morning. The young men loafed together in bantering companionship.

"This place is certainly good medicine for you," declared Rap seriously. "I never yet saw you take so much interest in people. Why, to-day you look into every girl's face as if you were searching for some one. That's quite the proper attitude. I've always done it myself. But it's a great improvement in you. The eager eye, the concealed but ready smile, and all that sort of thing are vastly becoming to you, old horse."

The infantryman made a hasty resolution to conceal still further his ready smile and to dim entirely his eager eye. He had not been conscious that he was looking for anyone, but Rap's accusation clarified to his own mind a certain mental uneasiness that was keeping him out in the open, on the most frequented terrace, when he ought really to be taking a nap or writing home. What he had been doing, as he now acknowledged to himself, was to search every face that passed, anxious, yet fearing, to find the one that belonged with the voice he had met the night before. It was only curiosity, he told himself—curiosity to see in the light of day the thing that had almost shaken him from his ideals. Helpful disillusionment would be swift and certain, he felt sure.

But, so far as he knew, she had not appeared on the beach all day.

Nor was she there that night, although he rather consciously looked for her, and once, when Rap had gone off on his restless search for romance, he even went back to that bench where the adventure had begun.

Lightning failed to hit him again.

He arrived at the hotel long before his friend, and fell asleep in his chair, trying to think of something to write to Barbara. There did not seem to be a single thing in his experiences that would interest her in the least. He had realized that more poignantly when he had gotten her photograph out of his grip and set it up before him.

It was before that portrait goddess that Rap found him bowed, his head on his arms, sound asleep, with the lights full on. Rap picked up the picture of the American girl and examined it curiously. Dan had shown it to him before, but he had not been much interested. She was a good-looking girl, all right, beautiful even, but either the picture did her an injustice or she was cold, emotionless. Rap shook his head a little as he replaced the photograph

and touched Dan gently on the shoulder to waken him.

The next day was pretty much a repetition of the same thing as the one before. All days are much alike at Biarritz. There is little to do, and everyone enjoys doing it slowly.

But a more definite obsession to get another glimpse of the girl who called herself Jacqueline took hold of Daniels and would not be denied. He cast shame to the winds, and began frankly to look for her, either alone or on restless strolls with his friend, who was amazed to find Dan the motive power of the party. Of course, the latter said nothing of his quest, and Rap certainly never would have guessed. He, Rap, appeared to have gotten over his own disappointment in first-class shape and was now engaged in juggling three or four simultaneous flirtations.

But Jacqueline seemed to have disappeared. Either that, or else Dan had passed her in the crowd without knowing her.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after their arrival, as they were walking down from the hotel after luncheon, they were accosted by a blind and crippled beggar. There was nothing unusual about that, because France abounds in mendicants of all conceivable descriptions.

Rap passed him by.

"Couldn't think of it, old chap. I'm afraid I might change my luck."

"What do you mean—'change your luck'?" Daniels demanded, when they had walked on past.

"Don't you know that superstition?"

"No."

"I thought everyone did. The idea is that if you give something to a crippled beggar, you are sure to change your luck, that's all. He has to be a bona-fide cripple, or it doesn't work."

"I trust, then, that you will wait a minute for me."

Dan left his friend and turned back for an instant to the waiting-post of the beggar, to whom he gravely presented all the change in his pocket. Rap looked at him in astonishment.

"I hope you don't mind my saying that you are one of the most entertaining darn fools I ever met," he said, when Dan came back. "You interest me extremely. No; don't tell me why you did that. It would spoil the charm. Besides, I'll have a peach of a time all the afternoon trying to guess."

"You never will."

"Perhaps." Rap looked at him quizzically. "But I've got you for five francs that I do."

"Check."

Going back to the hotel that same afternoon, on the way to dinner, they met her. And, having met her, Dan wondered how he could ever have doubted his ability to recognize her at any time or any place that their paths should cross.

She was dressed differently, of course. This time she had on a short, tailored walking-skirt, white stockings and shoes, the latter sensible, low-heeled affairs, a trim, white-wool sweater with blue stripes round the bottom and on the sailor collar, and a close-fitting tam-o'-shanter kind of cap, such as she had worn that night. This was a blue one, and on one side was embroidered a glistening golden butterfly.

But the girl was the same. Dan suddenly discovered that he had known all the time



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how she would look and exactly what she would do. For she recognized him, too, and smiled with a pleasure so genuine that he forgot all about Rap and went across the walk with outstretched hand.

"I have looked for you every instant since you said good-by." That wasn't the least what he had intended to say, but it happened to be the truth, and it rolled off his tongue as if he had been rehearsing it for weeks.

The sentiment seemed not displeasing to Jacqueline, for she held her rare smile a moment longer, long enough for Dan to dis-

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"Yes, of course." She laughed herself at her evident intention of yielding from the very first. "Now hurry and overtake your comrade. He is growing impatient. *Au revoir* until—when? Nine o'clock, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Nine—yes."

When Dan overtook Rap, the latter regarded his friend solemnly, and finally reached out and touched the hem of his blouse with reverence.

"Hereafter, when I speak to you I shall always say, 'sir,' and, if you wish, I'll guard your neck while you sleep. Because, sir,

THE man who wrote this truly remarkable story, "The Last Adventure," has just returned from France with his regiment. The day he landed, he came to our office. For three hours we listened not to battle-stories but to his accounts of the contact of our men with the French—his views of that indefinable something that was in the air over there the last two years.

And when, at the end, he told us: "No use planning to go to find what we found. It isn't there any more. It never can happen again," we demanded to know why. He told us. He is the only person we have found who could. And we were so interested that we had him go at once to a hotel room and write the whole story. It kept him from going home for a week, but it was worth it. For you'll never read anything more interesting than

It Never Can Happen Again

By Frank R. Adams

In June *Cosmopolitan*.

cover that her teeth were even and perfect and that her lips were red and soft-looking. He glanced swiftly to her eyes, to find if they were the disillusioning feature he was looking for, but found there only agreeable disappointment. They were unwaveringly youthful and smiling, luminous-gray, like an unusual jewel of crystallized smoke. And her cheeks were those of a child, guiltless of rouge, with a few tiny, healthy-looking freckles under the eyes.

"Why, monsieur, is it that you have search for me?"

"Why? Because I wanted to make sure that you were not a ghost—not just a pleasant dream that I had had."

Her smile faded swiftly.

"Perhaps it would be better, much better, monsieur, if you should not search too hard to find if your dreams are true."

"You did not want me to speak to you to-day, Jacqueline?"

"*Au contraire*"—her smile came back—"I've wanted nothing else so much. But it would be better not."

"Why?"

"Because I fear that I bring you the *malheur*—the bad luck, *n'est-ce pas?* Always I bring bad luck to those I like."

"And you like me?" That was the deuce of a question for a man like Lieutenant Daniels to ask of a comparative stranger, but it slipped out eagerly.

"Very much, of course."

"And you will meet me this evening at that same bench where we sat at the top of the hill?" he pursued.

"For why?"

"I don't know why. But you will?"

"It would be better not."

"But you will?"

you are a fool, you know, but you're a glorious one, and every second of your life from now on is precious."

"Why? What do you mean?" Dan asked, half innocently, half incredulously.

"What do I mean? Why, I saw that girl's smile when she recognized you, and it is my misfortune to know something about women's smiles." He shook his head sadly. "This one has almost made up her mind to care for you."

"Care for me?" Dan echoed. "Don't you think that caring for one is impossible for a woman of that type?"

"Whoa, Dan! Your heart didn't say that. When it comes to caring, there are only two types of women—those who care and those who don't." Then Rap added to himself, "In your life, you have met at least one of each." Aloud, he continued, "After you have paid me the five francs you owe me, you may tell me the complete details of how you first met her and why you have been holding out on me."

VI

SHE came to meet him a little shyly at the bench. It was quite dark, but he sensed her presence and even her mood before she came forward in the friendly gloom. It seemed quite natural that they should kiss, for he had the feeling of having known her always and of having always cared.

"And now," she said, in French, "we shall always after this speak in my language. It is better for you to practise—is it not?—and I wish to bring to you some little thing that will be of value to you. Besides"—when he protested his limitations in the language—"I do not wish that

many people should know that I understand English. And so, when we are with others, it will be necessary to speak French."

He thrilled a little at her matter-of-fact assumption of the conclusion that they would be much together. It seemed perfectly natural and eminently desirable.

So, at her request, he manfully engaged the French language in deadly combat. Never once did she laugh at his outrageous blunders, but painstakingly corrected him with an air of sweet seriousness that charmed him to greater efforts. And he surprised himself at the progress he made. She complimented him upon the improvement he had shown even in one evening.

"*C'est parce que j'ai si bonne une institrice,*" he declared.

"*Mais non,*" she corrected and, repeated the phrase he wished to use but in idiomatic French. "*C'est parce que j'ai une si bonne institutrice.*"

He tried it after her, but she found fault with his pronunciation of the last word.

"No—no!" she expostulated, in French. "For the second syllable, fix your lips as for a kiss—"

"Do I get it?"

"If you say the word correctly."

"I'm going to forget that word often." Thus, in half fooling, half earnest, they pursued a halting and often halted conversation about nothing in particular. Dan had a whimsical idealism in his make-up that he managed to convey, even through the medium of mangled French, and she found him a charming novelty.

Later, they sat in an almost unbroken silence, listening to the swish-swish of the waves. She had curled her feet up under her in some way, and rested, content, against his shoulder. Her hand lay in his without fluttering. Once she pressed his fingers to attract his attention.

"We have no right to be so happy when so many of our countrymen are sad," she said slowly. "But I can't help being happy, my very dear, and perhaps it will be all right because, when you are gone, I shall be so much more unhappy. I am stealing all the happy moments of my youth just to spend them with you."

She did not expect a reply, and he gave none save a slight return pressure on the hand that lay so tranquilly in his.

It was like that the gray dawn found them when it brought to the twittering birds the usual tidings about the early worms. She was not asleep, only resting quietly and happily. With a pretty gesture, she got up and faced him.

"To-morrow, perhaps, I shall see you."

"Every to-morrow," he assured her, with husky earnestness.

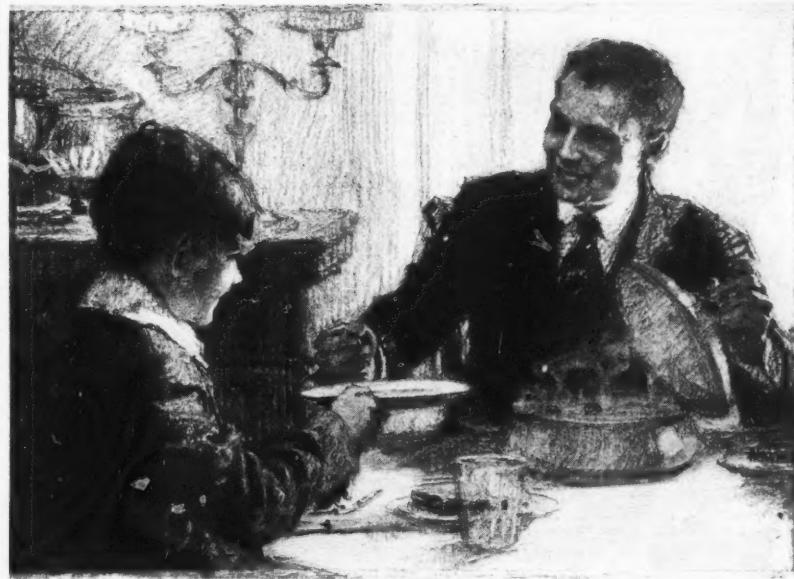
"Of to-morrow we can be sure, because it is already here. After that—" She shrugged her shoulders. He kissed her reverently before she started out, quite by herself, for her *pension*. And afterward he sat for a long time on the bench—alone.

VII

SHE found him on the Casino terrace before noon. He was with Lieutenant Harp, and the latter met her with mingled awe and admiration.

"Man, you certainly are lathered with luck," he told Dan, in an aside.

"Easy," cautioned the latter. "She understands English."



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Jacqueline was frankly pleased with Rap's homage, but she made it quite plain in a dozen ways that she welcomed him as a friend of Dan's solely. Every once in a while she would have something to communicate to the latter, and she would lean forward and whisper it in his ear, or else she would touch his hand, almost accidentally it seemed, and yet each touch had the force of a proprietary caress.

She seemed quite as fresh and unwearied as ever. And she did something Dan had never noticed a Frenchwoman do before. She sat in the sunlight by preference, and allowed the pitiless glare of midday to search for the defects in her charm. Never was a person more assured of her perfection than this same Jacqueline of the golden butterfly.

She wore her symbol this day on the hem of her frock, a simple, girlish, one-piece affair of rose silk, with a cap of velvet to match the same sort of a cap she had worn before, different in color only. From under it her abundant short hair escaped in an unruly wave. Her arms were bare—no gloves—and, except that she carried a slight bamboo walking-stick, there was no touch of sophistication about her. Her eyes, by the grace of God, were the sweet, smiling eyes of a girl of sixteen. And yet—

"I wonder if you appreciate what you've got," Rap mused, when they were alone at lunch. "Heaven or hell dropped her at your feet in a psychologically perfect moment. I only hope that you will understand as well as I might have." He shook his head doubtfully. "This afternoon I shall get just jingled enough to forget that all the rest of the world is a drab and uninteresting picture, full just of people, people, people."

The afternoon was a pleasant adventure, too. She came along the beach looking for Dan. It was obvious that he was the object of her search from the way her eye lighted up when she saw him and the contented assurance with which she settled down beside him, her hand where she could touch his from time to time when she wished to call his attention to something.

It was that afternoon that he remarked the fact that she did not use perfume. It came about by his picking up her handkerchief, which she had carelessly dropped, and pressing it to his lips before returning it. Perhaps all his perceptions were particularly alert. At any rate, in some subconscious fashion, he noticed the absence of scent. Not that he had much experience in that line, but something told him that it was unusual. Why, even Barbara used an expensive imported extract. He knew, because he had been allowed to give her a bottle of it on her last birthday.

And yet Jacqueline conveyed to every sense the suggestion of springtime's rarest bouquet without even this conventional feminine artifice.

Only once did their talk become at all personal. In some way, she came to ask him how he liked the women of France, and he had told her the truth in asserting that he had never been attracted to more than one—herself.

"And I hope, perhaps, that you like me a little, too," he added.

"I care for you a little more to-day than I did yesterday," she said soberly, looking not at him but over the turquoise sea, "but not so much as—" She hesitated.

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"As you care for some one else?"

"Not so much as I shall care for you to-morrow," she finished.

The simplicity of her creed left him silent. For some reason or other, he had not been expecting pure poetry from her lips.

VIII

"I suppose you have discovered by now," Rap said, early in the second week of their stay, "something that I found out a long time ago, namely, that a Frenchwoman is a good deal more of a child than an American girl of the same age. She is more impulsive, more easily amused or hurt, and seems to require more petting. I have an idea, somehow, that woman suffrage will never be much of an issue in France. I wonder how it will seem when we get back."

Dan admitted the truth of his companion's statement. One of the most charming things about Jacqueline was her sophisticated childishness.

"We have nothing like her type in the United States," Rap continued, a slight note of regret in his voice. "At home, we are either respectably good or disreputably bad. There is no middle ground except, possibly, the clandestinely bad, which is merely the border line over which only a gentle push is necessary to land one in the undesirable class. But here we have the adorably naughty, a cultivated flower that languishes when transplanted to more sober soil. Can you imagine Jacqueline at Palm Beach?"

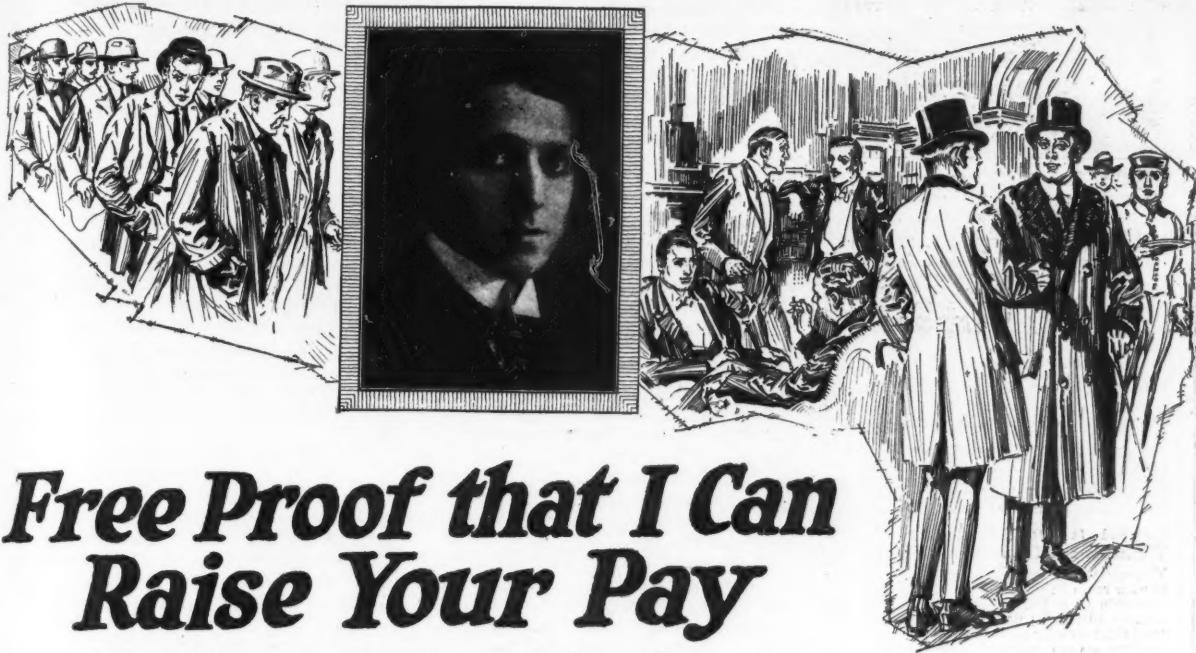
It seemed to Dan that he had known Jacqueline always, that since meeting her the only interesting things in his life had happened. There was only one reason that he could see for being away from her for an instant even, and that was to get the full wonder of her smile when they met again. That smile of welcome and almost of relief just fitted round the curves of his heart and made it more tightly her own.

Each day was long in companionship, but the sequence of those that were past piled up inexorably larger than that of the pitiful few that remained. He had told her, of course, of his imminent return to duty, but she had made no reference to it then or subsequently. It piqued him a little to think that their relations were so casual that she could contemplate their termination without comment. He tried, however, to emulate her indifference and to take what pleasure he might from the fleeting moments.

They went on excursions to near-by towns, to the mountains. They dined together, walked together, swam together—because Jacqueline cut down her splendid stroke to match Dan's temporarily crippled one—and sat together by the hour on the beach.

Dan and Rap were to leave Sunday morning to report back for active duty. Friday evening, Jacqueline developed a headache and, after a struggle against it, went home to bed, leaving Dan a little unreasonably bitter and absolutely at a loss as to what to do with himself. It gave him a slight foretaste of how difficult it was going to be to get along without her.

She had promised to be on the beach in the morning, and there he found her, a little heavy-eyed for the first time in their acquaintance, and feverish, too. She had not slept the night before, she said, and really was ill. Dan was quite con-



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But to-day all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what

it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as \$2,000.00 a week.

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I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused

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nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

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vinced of that, and, not being exactly a brute, he sent her home to lie down again and try to get over it.

"If you feel any better, come back this evening to the same place," he told her, the "same place" being the bench at the top of the hill where they had first become acquainted, "but if you don't, I'll surely see you for a moment in the morning."

The prospect of spending his last evening at Biarritz without her was almost unthinkable. As a matter of fact, he did not really contemplate it seriously. He felt pretty sure that she would be there. That is, he felt sure until dinner-time.

The two officers had decided to eat, that last evening, in the English Grill-room. That was a restaurant in the basement of another hotel.

"To-morrow, by this time, we'll be half-way across France," Rap announced, after they had ordered their meal and the waiter had brought their wine. "And in forty-eight hours we may be under fire again."

"I only hope so," Dan responded.

Rap got the idea.

"A change will be good for us all round." He raised his glass and inspected the contents with simulated criticism. "May your identification-tags never be parted, old-timer!" It was the army toast, and Dan drank it gravely.

"Not that it makes so much difference, at that," he said. "I've had a lot of fun out of life that I didn't know existed. If I should be bumped off now, I don't know that I would have any kick coming on the balance-sheet. I've got some memories that they can't take away from me with lead or steel or gas."

"H'm. Any regrets?"

"Not a regret."

"Good!" Rap looked at his friend curiously. "Such a statement could never have issued from your lips two weeks ago. You have changed much. Some people liked you as you were. I was one of them. But, as you are, all men and some women, I think, would follow you to hell. I don't believe, however, that you are going to be quite so happy for the rest of your life."

"Nor do I; but I would rather be unhappy much than never to have been so happy for a short time. That isn't my own phrase exactly. I heard Jacqueline say it. She has a way of saying things gracefully."

"To hear you speak of her, a mere casual bystander would get the idea, somehow, that this person Jacqueline was well-nigh a perfect specimen of God's own handiwork."

"She is."

"Then here's to her! I'd like to drink it standing with one foot on my chair, as we do in the artillery, but I'm afraid it might attract attention here in the *salle à manger*, so I'll subdue my enthusiasm." He raised his glass. "To Jacqueline!"

As it happened, Rap need not have worried about attracting attention by standing up just then. Because, at that moment, a rather splendid group of French officers entered the grill-room and a flutter of respectful admiration breathed over the diners. These officers were newcomers. Dan did not remember having seen them before. One, in particular, of the officers seemed the object of marked deference on the part of the others and also of the hotel employees. He was a man of fifty, quite gray, with pleasant eyes, rather, and a firm, stern mouth. Not large, he was power-

fully built, however, and radiated physical energy and mental dominance.

"I wonder who he is," Dan remarked idly, as the group were seated at a table. In common with every other military man in the place, Dan and Rap had risen and saluted as the others passed.

Rap looked at his friend quizzically.

"Don't you know who he is, son?" he asked.

"No," Dan replied, puzzled. "I may have seen his picture somewhere, but I can't place it. Who is he?"

"As you can see, he's a general of the French army. His name is —"

"Wait a minute, old man!" interjected Dan, trying to steady his voice from the shock his intuition had given him. "I can almost guess. He's the one man in all the world whom I would least like to see, isn't he?"

Rap nodded commiseratingly.

"I had heard that he was expected, but I was in hopes that he would not arrive until after we had gone away. Have some more of the Sauterne. It has considerable kick in it to-night, and we might as well be drunk and disorderly as the way we are."

Dan shook his head.

"No, thanks. I suppose it would look conspicuous — wouldn't it? — if I got up and left the table without finishing dinner, but it certainly is going to be hard to go through the motions."

"Not a bit of it. This is really going to be good for you in the long run. You knew this chap existed, but until you had really seen him, your heart would never quite have believed it. You might have gone away with an entirely wrong impression, which would have made you unhappy for a long time. Now you know exactly what's what; the incident is closed, and you can go on your way just as if nothing had happened. Rip those pages out of your life, son. It's war-time surgery, and it will hurt for a little while, but in the end it will cure, clean and sound."

"Look!" said Dan faintly. "Here she is! Look — and then tell me that time or anything else could cure me of that!"

Jacqueline stood in the doorway at the foot of the stairs that led down to the grill-room. Dressed more elaborately than the Americans had hitherto seen her, she seemed none the less like a child who had strayed into the grown people's dining-room by mistake.

The face of her was pathetically pale, but even more beautiful so, and her eyes seemed to be burning up in her head, they were so bright. Her lips were parted a little with expectancy, and her dress, open at the throat as always, disclosed a hammering pulse-beat. The frock was smoke-gray rajah silk with chiffon at the arms and neck to blend the line between fabric and flesh. She wore no gloves, and no jewels except that at her wrist was a band of black velvet supporting something that glittered in the light — a green-and-gold butterfly.

Rap looked at her as his friend directed, and also because it would have been impossible to look anywhere else.

"Would you," Dan insisted, "tear any pages out of your life simply because her name was the only thing written on them?"

"I wouldn't," Rap admitted reluctantly, "but God help you if you don't!"

Jacqueline's eyes passed over the tables, passed the one at which the Americans



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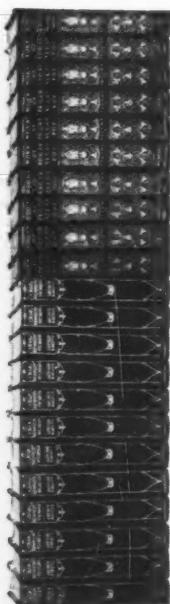
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were seated without a flicker of recognition, and rested finally on the party with the general. To that table she advanced with a smile, and was welcomed with what seemed to the Americans to be slightly too much effusiveness.

A place was made for her at the general's side on one of the leather seats that bordered the walls, and he drew her quite close. The conversation round her immediately became gay and inconsequential, although it was noticeable that she took no great part in it herself. Never once did she look toward Dan and his friend.

IX

WHEN they left the grill-room, Rap proposed a tour of the promenade, and Dan idly consented. He did not know of anything else to do. He was lost and dismayed by the unforeseen smashing-up of the fairy fabric of life that he had been building. It had been a structure without a logical, sound foundation, without any foundation at all, in fact, but it was such a beautiful edifice that its collapse left a tremendous and unlovely void.

The gaiety of the promenading throng depressed him still more. It seemed impossible that people could be happy while his own happiness was crashing about his ears. Finally, he excused himself to Rap, and proposed that the latter seek whatever amusement he had planned without counting him in on it.

"I'll take a stroll by myself," he had suggested.

"You're sure you're all right?" Rap had questioned.

Dan laughed.

"Of course, Rap. I'm still an American, and also an officer in the army. Those high rocks overlooking the sea do not tempt me in the least. I have several duties left in life which I intend to perform, even if my sense of humor does appear to be somewhat damaged just at the present. Let me get off by myself for a while, like a bear with a sore head. You know that, if you were in my shoes, you wouldn't want to go on mixing with a crowd of people who did not care."

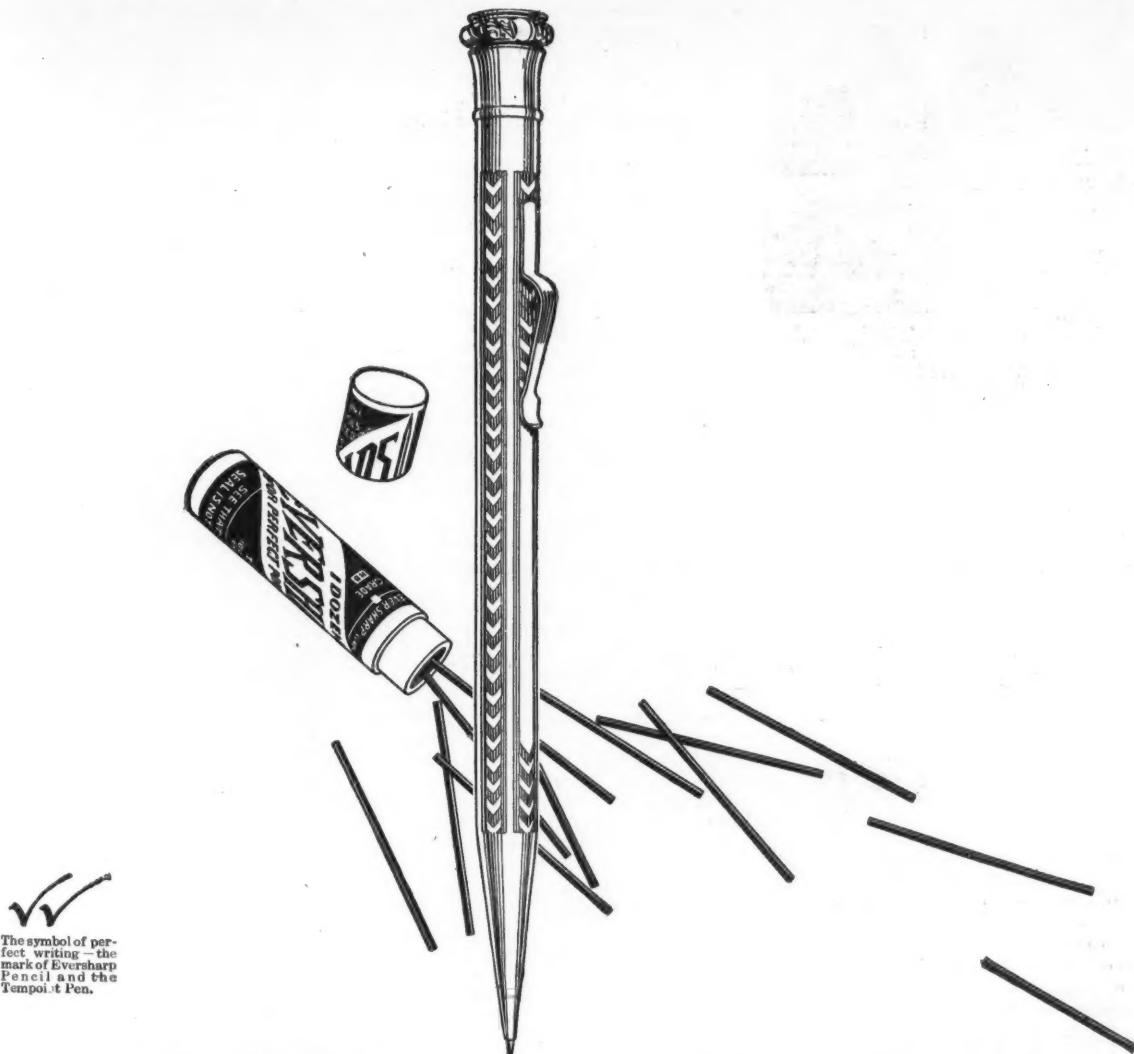
So Rap had to let him go, and Dan, without particularly heeding his steps, sought the dark paths that led away from the promenade and eventually arrived at "the same place"—that bench near the sea-wall at the top of the hill where Jacqueline and himself had so often met.

It was quite empty, and he sat down. As he raised his hand to put a cigarette to his lips, the first of many that night, he noticed, by his luminous wrist-watch, that it was nine-thirty. Even that gave him a painful memory-stab, because it had been to look at that watch that her hands had first met his.

Still, nearly all the memories of her that he had were worth keeping, and passing them in review was a pleasurable pain. They, at least, were something that could not be taken from him.

The idea of going to the hotel and to bed never once occurred to him. The crowd on the promenade waned and finally disappeared altogether. The ground in front of him was strewn with cigarette butts. The air grew cooler, but he was cold already and did not notice it.

It was midnight, perhaps, when he was roused from his benumbing reverie by the



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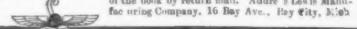


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knowledge that she was near. He had not heard a sound or seen anything, but he rose from the bench, and presently a figure detached itself from the deeper shadows and crept into his arms.

"I knew that you would be here," she said simply, "knew that you would be here whether I came to you or not." With a little sigh, she relaxed wearily in his embrace. "My very dear, but it is good to be with you, if only for a heart-breaking instant."

She said nothing about how she had gotten away to see him, nothing about the general. She never had said anything about that part of her life.

Dan kissed her eyes. They were wet.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I did not think there were any tears left," she said. "I thought that I had cried them all out before coming to find you. But there must have been more in my heart than I knew of."

"But why?"

"For the same reason, oh, my very dear, that I have not slept these two nights."

"Because I'm going away?" he hazarded incredulously.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Very dear, you have not been very wise not to know, not to find out. Still, I worship you because you are not wise. But it does not matter why I care for you, does it? That is only one of the reasons, anyway, and your Jacqueline is too tired to think of any more. Just hold me tight against your heart, because to-morrow—"

She could not finish the sentence but hid her face on his coat. There he held her, not moving and not speaking until she had quieted down. Then they sat on the bench for a long time, quite close together, her head on his shoulder and her hand in his. Once he thought she slept, but, as if in answer to his thought, she looked up and pulled his lips nearer to hers.

"My very dear!" she whispered, and that was all.

Dan kept a firm clutch on his own thoughts to keep from straying to that endless to-morrow that was unrolling before them. He knew that if he let himself realize that this was the very end, he would break down completely.

Sometimes her clasp on his hand tightened, as if in panic. He knew that, at such times, she was facing a dark moment in the future when she was going to need him and he would not be there. Then she would relax again, reassured by his very tangible presence.

Some time after dawn, Rap found them.

"Do you know what time it is, Dan?" he asked quite casually.

"No." Dan looked at his wrist. "My watch says two o'clock, but it must have stopped."

"They do when you forget to wind them. Anyway, it's after five, and you've got an order from your Uncle Sam in your pocket that says you take a train out of here at six-something. Your baggage is all packed and in a cab over the hill there."

"Thanks," Dan told him, with a look of eloquent appreciation. "I'll be with you right away."

Rap withdrew without offering his own farewells to Jacqueline.

The latter had listened, apparently uncomprehendingly, to the colloquy between the two officers, and, for a moment, she neither said nor did anything to indicate that she understood. Then she turned up her tearless face to Dan's and pulled him close with her arms.

When he had walked to a turn in the path which would hide him from view, he looked round. She was standing by the bench, gazing uncomprehendingly at her two empty hands.

As he started to go out of sight, she raised those hands to him a little way and then dropped them helplessly.

His heart heard her whisper,
"My very dear—"

Horses' Rights for Women

(Continued from page 75)

for women" in Colorado, and presented a bill in the legislature providing that any woman who was about to become a mother might make a private application to our court and receive a sufficient maintenance for her to bear her child in circumstances of health and comfort that somewhat approached the conditions enjoyed by my friend's horses on his stock farm. When it was discovered that this bill included the relief of unmarried mothers, all argument was useless. I was "encouraging immorality." I was seriously regarded as a questionable character. The bill never came anywhere near consideration by the legislature. It was damned in silence. The same bill is before the present legislature, but its fate, for the same reasons, is still in doubt.

The same pious horror at first greeted a similar attempt in England to help the mothers of illegitimate children there.* Yet the situation in London was appalling. The young man, facing the prospect of imminent death at the front, turned eagerly to any last pleasure that life had to offer.

*England has recently passed the Maternity and Child Welfare Bills.

The young woman, pitiful with the sense that he was about to die in her defense, gave herself to him. In London alone, I was assured that, conservatively, there were eighty thousand young girls—not professional prostitutes—meeting the soldiers on the streets and love-making with them. Some of the military authorities put the figure as high as a hundred and fifty thousand. I heard it said in an address at a public meeting that two hundred thousand babies of unmarried mothers had been born in Great Britain during the year, but I was unable to verify the statistics. I was also unable to prove a statement that one-half of these illegitimate children died in the first year of their lives.

It was obvious, however, that here was an enormous waste of young men and young women and young children. What was society doing about it? Society was prosecuting the young women and destroying the children. Faced with the terrific waste of life on the battle-field, nature was urging the youth of the nation to make up her losses, and society was blindly punishing them for yielding to her. The whole thing was criminally absurd and pitiful.



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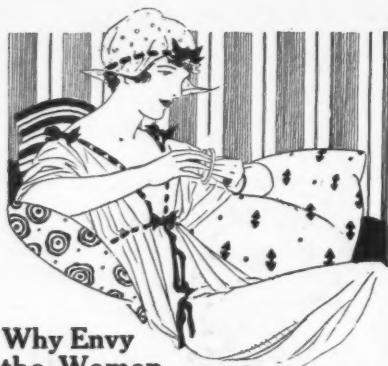
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I went to some of the London courts to see the machinery of destruction in action. I found that the girls were brought in under a criminal charge, but there was no charge against the soldiers. The court procedure presupposed that all the girls were professional prostitutes. It was impossible for the judge to talk privately with any of them; their "constitutional rights" protected them from such an attempt to have them "give evidence that might incriminate them." And even if the judge could have found out the truth from them, he could not act on it humanely without "compounding a felony." The girls were arraigned as enemies of society. The aim of the trial was to protect society against them. And all this went on in spite of the fact that what was really needed was to protect them against society.

Here again we were facing war-time conditions that were only an exaggeration of similar conditions prevailing in times of peace. In the Denver Juvenile Court, we have a law by which such cases are tried under a chancery, not a criminal-court, jurisdiction. The young girl is brought in as a ward of the state, to be cared for and protected—not as an enemy of the state to be prosecuted. As a result of our methods, many of these girls have come to us seeking help or have been brought by others whom we have assisted. Out of our experience in such cases, I should say that the war-time conditions in London are not a great exaggeration of the ordinary conditions in any of our American industrial towns. Again and again in my court, I have conducted long investigations into the moral conditions among girls in certain shops and factories and industrial plants; and invariably I have found that what the girls themselves confidentially assured me was probably true—that fifty per cent. of the working girls were having sexual relations with young men, not professionally but for the sake of automobile-rides and tickets to the theater and a "good time" generally. The war had brought this sort of thing into the open, and, of course, increased it. The problem is the same old problem of youth and natural impulse and the desire for entertainment and excitement—the desire of the young to have some of the joys of life. The method of handling it in London, as here in America for the most part, was the same old stupid and blundering method of prosecuting the patient instead of treating the disease.

Even in Colorado we have no effective way of forcing the young man in any of these cases to make reparation to the girl if he has wronged her, or to help support the child of which he is the father, or to help care for the girl if he has given her disease. We can attempt to punish him by bringing a criminal case against him, but in a recent period of ten years only five hundred and twenty such cases were brought to our district attorney. After eliminating the cases that were not strong enough to take into court, a hundred and seventy-two out of the five hundred and twenty were filed; in these one hundred and seventy-two cases, there were only twenty-two convictions, and of the twenty-two—what with appeals and other legal obstructions—there were only ten sent to prison. That is to say, under the criminal procedure, ten men were punished in our county in ten years, and about one hundred and fifty

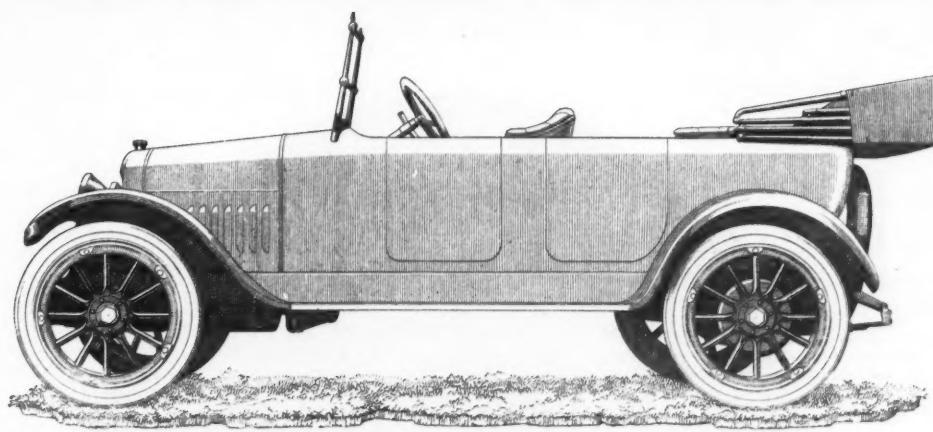
girls were punished by the public exposure incident to a criminal trial.

Criminal prosecution is a failure. Juries will not convict. The girls are unwilling to appear. The evidence is rarely conclusive. And sending the young man to the penitentiary is of little avail in any event. We are trying to get a law that shall permit the Colorado courts to hear these cases under a chancery jurisdiction, treating both parties as wards of the state, hearing the cases in private, as the evidence in many divorce suits is heard, and making a disposition of the case that shall be fair to the injured party and in the best interests of the state. Such a law would permit us to have the girl protected from ruinous publicity, to have her cared for in childbirth at the expense of the child's father, to have her treated at his expense if she were merely ill, and generally to rectify the wrong-doing of both parties and save them from social destruction instead of hastening them into it.

And this brings me to another peace-time problem which the war has made only too manifest—the problem of venereal disease. It was handled in the army with the greatest intelligence. The men were given lectures and instruction in its dangers and taught how to avoid them. They were compelled to take injections to keep them immune and to use prophylactics. The latter were given out to them by the thousands. And, as a result, the percentage of venereal disease among the men of the American Expeditionary Force was the lowest in the history of war.

But, by comparison, little was done to protect the young women. They were left generally at the mercy of their ignorance. Yet venereal disease among women is more destructive to the future of society than it is among men, because it ordinarily renders the woman incapable of bearing children. And what was happening in England and France and Italy was a protection to men and a progressive sterilization of women.

Here again, society, in the face of the enormous loss of life in war, was merely committing suicide. It has been doing the same thing in the recent years of peace. By failing to protect women in industry and in the new conditions of life under our present industrial régime, society has been destroying future generations by neglecting the mothers of to-morrow. Our laws and our governments have been busily protecting only property rights, although the war has shown that not property but men and women are the valuable assets of a nation, and that, of the two, the women are the more valuable and the least conserved. Our reconstructed world will have to look to that. We shall have to see to it that women have not merely "dogs' rights" or "horses' rights" but human rights. And America will have to do it, as the nations of Europe are learning to do it, or America will be hopelessly defeated in the competitions of peace that are now beginning. It was the women of Great Britain and France who made it possible for the Allies to win the war. Properly protected and conserved, the woman-power of those nations will so add to their public health and strength and happiness that America will not be able to live in the same world with them unless America undertakes equal measures of industrial reform and social improvement.



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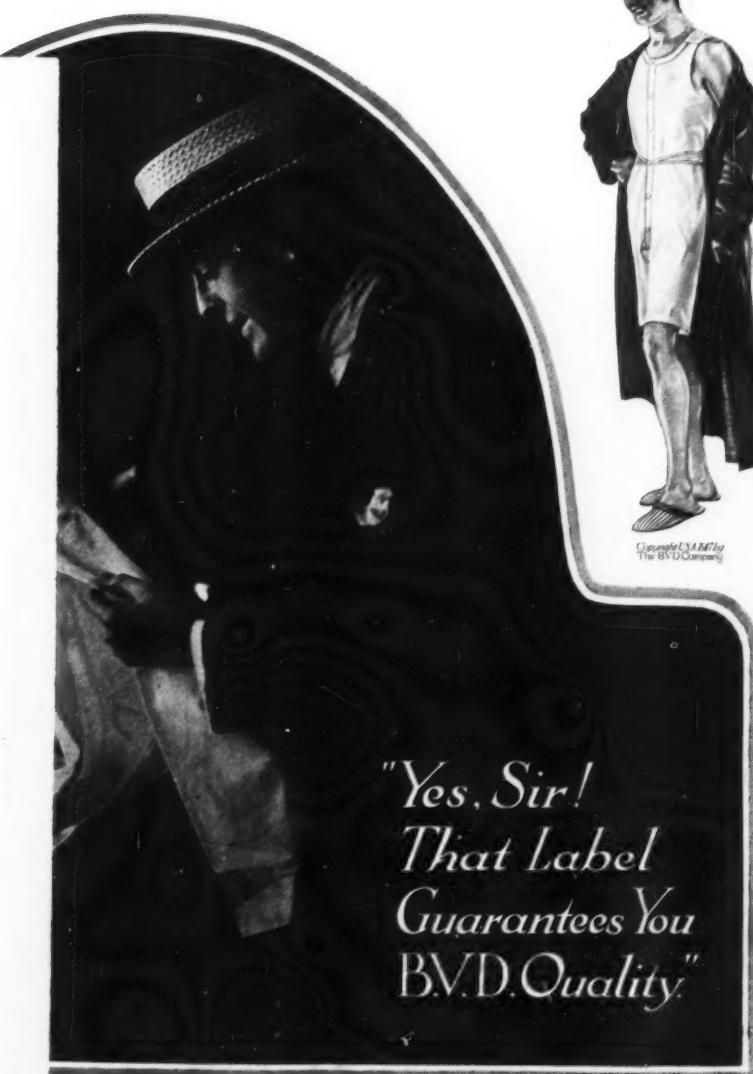
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